

SIGHT AND SOUND

twenty-fifth anniversary number

CONTENTS INCLUDE : The Critical Issue: a discussion between
Paul Rotha, Basil Wright, Lindsay Anderson, Penelope Houston.

British Feature Directors: an index to their work
Huston at Fontainebleau

The Film Quarterly



"FOOTHOLD ON ANTARCTICA"

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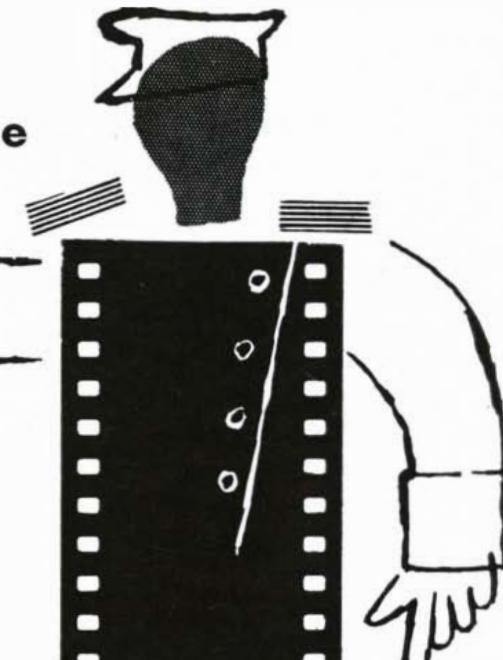
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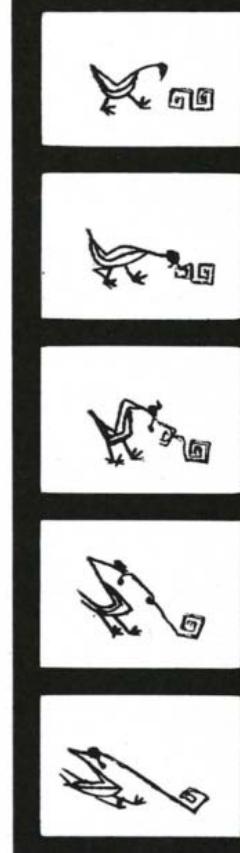
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NAME

ADDRESS

1944



S.S. General Reinefarth, leader of Hitler's troops who suppressed the Warsaw rising of 1944.

'I was in an S.S. Warsaw round-up'

I CANNOT agree with ex-S.S. General Reinefarth's version of S.S. activities in Warsaw (*The mystery mayor of nudist island*). Ex-S.S. men all blame each other. If Reinefarth was not aware of Auschwitz, then who in Heaven's name was? Who sent all those Poles there? It was not General Karminski, blamed by Reinefarth. Karminski was shot for helping the Polish underground, not for atrocities. Reinefarth says the Germans fed the Poles in Warsaw. I disagree. I was there. We were driven like cattle and executed like mad dogs. I was once rounded up but escaped. My parents were shot by the S.S. and I haven't forgotten Auschwitz or Belsen. If this is the way to forgive and forget—then I hate it.

R. HUGHES (MRS.),

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Letter in *Illustrated*, 12/7/58

1958



Burgomeister Reinefarth, mayor of the West German holiday island of Sylt.

ITV SCRUBS AN EX-NAZI 'Then and now' documentary film cancelled

A FILM showing how a former S.S. General is still today active in public life in West Germany will not be seen on commercial television tonight.

The documentary film, which is largely based on nazi film archives, was withdrawn at short notice yesterday from the programme "This Week".

It was made by Andrew and Annelie Thorndike, the East German film makers responsible for "The German Story".

Their new production tells the story of Lt.-Gen. Heinz Reinefarth, who as an S.S. officer was in charge of some of the troops and police responsible for the brutal suppression of the 1944 Warsaw uprising.

At the end of World War Two, Poland asked for his extradition—without success.

Today he is the mayor of the Friesian island of Sylt. Hence the film's title: "Holiday on Sylt."

Daily Worker, 8/5/58

TV film attacking SS man dropped

Commercial T.V. has decided after talks with the Foreign Office to drop a film, "Holiday on Sylt", which shows brutal scenes of the Nazi occupation of Poland.

The film, to have been screened tonight, attacks a former S.S. General.

Daily Express, 8/5/58

CENSORSHIP BY SOMEONE OF THE FO?

By J. W. Murray

DAILY CINEMA Political Correspondent

Alleged Foreign Office censorship of films is to be raised in the Commons by Mr. Stephen Swinler, M.P.

I understand that the matter arises from the sudden cancellation of the showing of a film called "Holiday In Sylt", which was to have been shown by Associated-Rediffusion on ITV on May 8.

The film was produced by an East German film company and was supplied to A-RD by Plato Films, who have supplied others.

ITV calls off a German 'Horror on Holiday' film

By ANDREW SMITH

A FILM attacking a former SS general who is now a mayor has been withdrawn from tonight's ITV programme, "This Week".

THE EX-SS GENERAL is Dr. Heinz Reinefarth, who is the mayor of the German North Sea island of Sylt.

THE FILM, "Holiday in Sylt" has a commentary prepared by Defa, an East German film company.

The film starts innocently enough. But then it switches to the horrors of the Warsaw rising against the Germans in the war and recalls that Reinefarth was an SS general there.

Associated Rediffusion, the London ITV programme company, consulted the West German embassy about the film, and . . .

Daily Herald, 8/5/58

WHY DROP THIS FILM?

LAST WEEK Associated Rediffusion cancelled an item at one day's notice, without explanation. They had planned to show an extract from the East German documentary *Holiday on Sylt*, made by Andrew and Annelie Thorndike, in *This Week*.

This film, distributed in this country by

Plato Films, uses material from captured Nazi film archives to show that Heinz Reinefarth now the mayor of Sylt, a prosperous West German holiday island, was responsible for the massacre of thousands of civilians during the suppression of the Warsaw rising in 1944.

Tribune, 16/5/58

HOLIDAY ON SYLT

is an 18 minute documentary compiled from captured Nazi film archive material. It is Part 1 in the series THE ARCHIVES TESTIFY, in which war criminals and prominent Nazis who are at present holding positions of power and authority are exposed.

The English version of this remarkable film has been in Britain four months.

It has still to be seen by the British Public.

- Was BANNED FROM A TELEVISION PROGRAMME AT 24 HOURS NOTICE ON MAY 8th.
- Was THE SUBJECT OF A SERIES OF QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO THE FOREIGN SECRETARY ON JULY 2nd and 14th.
- Has RECEIVED MORE COMMENT AND ATTENTION IN THE NATIONAL PRESS THAN ANY OTHER DOCUMENTARY IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA.
- Was THE MAIN FEATURE IN THE JOURNAL "ILLUSTRATED" ON JUNE 7th, AND SUBSEQUENT ARTICLES AND LETTERS (one of which is reproduced above) ON JUNE 28th and JULY 12th.
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SIGHT AND SOUND

The International Film Quarterly

VOLUME 27 No. 6 AUTUMN 1958

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE was founded in the autumn of 1933, *SIGHT AND SOUND* was already a year old. Both the magazine and the Institute stemmed more or less directly from the same root: the influential findings of a commission set up in 1929 to report on the place of the film in national life, to "consider suggestions for improving and extending the use of films for educational and cultural purposes and to consider methods for raising the standard of public appreciation of films." The motive power for all this came largely from the Institute of Adult Education.

So it was as a magazine mainly concerned with the cinema in its more strictly educational aspects that *SIGHT AND SOUND* came into existence, and as an organisation with vaguely defined, and for that reason potentially far-reaching, terms of reference that the Institute joined it a year later. The whole enterprise, to begin with, must have had its own quality of missionary evangelism, accompanied by elements of the missionary's fear of being swallowed—in this case by the cannibals of Wardour Street. In fact, Wardour Street initially had its own apprehensions, that the new organisation might interpret its policy of encouraging good cinema as a licence to try to suppress what it disagreed with. Written into the Institute's constitution was a clause forbidding any interference in censorship matters—for fear that the Institute might contend for standards stricter than those operated by the British Board of Film Censors.

In fact, suppression, censorship, discrimination against the commercial cinema was not the Institute's policy. It could not, of course, work without the trade. "Raising the standard of public appreciation of films," said the report of the 1929 Commission; "promoting public appreciation of what films at their best can be," said the Radcliffe Report on the Institute of 1949. Over twenty years, the theory remained unchanged; but the methods of interpretation have varied with the organisation's resources. The National Film Theatre, for instance, provides a direct route to show the films of the world to, at the moment, a potential audience of 40,000; the indirect approach, the more specifically educational job of working through schools, teachers, adult education centres, runs parallel and remains no less relevant. The National Film Archive and the Institute's information department have both developed to provide the essential tools—the films themselves and the collection of records—without which the operation would be both meaningless and impossible. And *SIGHT AND SOUND*, no longer nailing its educational colours to the mast, now reaches the public that its more severely evangelical content of earlier years denied it.

In twenty-five years, the tentative ideas of the late 'twenties have been given substantial shape. The Institute now has more members than ever before; this magazine has never had more readers. And this at a time when the cinema as a whole is still watching its audiences drift away. It is this which gives a particular stimulus and significance to the Institute's future policies. It is not—and never has been—its job to stand sentry over some theoretical and abstract conception of the-film-as-an-art. Pioneering for good cinema in 1933 means something other than it did in 1958, when the whole terrain was still largely unexplored. Now the apparatus exists: the specialised cinemas, the film society movement, the increased emphasis on film teaching in schools, the potential of television, which can paradoxically bring much of the cinema to the widest of audiences.

So the job becomes increasingly complex: as entrepreneur, to bring the best in the cinema to an audience; as educator to stimulate that audience; as guardian, to ensure that the achievements and records of this transient art are preserved. The work of the Institute touches the industry at numerous points, not least in encouraging that "minority" public with which the trade in its days of power had no need to bother and which now increasingly concerns it. It equally touches the public itself. However you define "the place of the film in national life," the Film Institute has essentially become a part of it.

CLOSE UP

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world FILM news



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Herbert Kline

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HERBERT READ
JOHN GRIERSON
PAUL ROTHA
IVOR MONTAGU
ERIK CHISHOLM
BASIL WRIGHT



THE CRITICAL ISSUE

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN **Paul Rotha, Basil Wright,
Lindsay Anderson, Penelope Houston**

Since its foundation in 1932, primarily as an educational journal concerned with visual aids, SIGHT AND SOUND has gone through many changes in policy and attitude towards the cinema. Meanwhile, other film magazines have come and gone. In 1932 Close Up, the famous monthly founded in the 'twenties, was still being published; Cinema Quarterly was coming up, to be succeeded by World Film News and during the war by Documentary News Letter. After the war, from 1947 until 1952, came Sequence. These are only some of many; and the purpose of this discussion is to bring together people associated with some of these papers to talk about the trends and currents in film writing during the thirty years or so of film magazine journalism in Britain. The published material has been edited from a tape running to approximately two hours.

HOUSTON: I'd like to begin by asking a question. The picture people of my generation have of the late 'twenties—when films like *Potemkin* and *Mother* were shown for the first time, when there was the great controversy over sound, when the Film Society was founded and *Close Up* was being published—it's a total impression of something more exciting than anything that has happened since. Is it a correct picture?

WRIGHT: Of course it's correct. Surely at that point everybody was discovering the film as an art—it was something new, coming as a revelation to kids like myself who were growing up at the time. The feeling of unlimited possibilities of discovery in this new medium was very, very strong. And *Close Up* was the paper which was the expression of all that. It was clearing the critical ground in an area where there had been practically no film criticism before.

ROTHA: When you mention *Potemkin* and the Russians, by the way, don't overlook the tremendous impact the Germans made on us with their films of the Golden Period, and the French *avant-garde*, and Flaherty.

ANDERSON: I think, looking at the early numbers of *Close Up*, that the films mainly written about were one or two little *avant-garde* productions (which were, I believe, the work of the people putting out *Close Up*) and also the films of the French *avant-garde*, people like Man Ray and Renoir and Cavalcanti. The Russians came in a bit later.

ROTHA: *Close Up* discovered the Russians first in Europe mainly because, if I remember rightly, they had their first big showings outside Russia in Germany. They had a commercial house in Berlin to which *Close Up*'s editors went. The discoveries would probably have been made anyway, but the point was that *Close Up* was a useful appetiser—and it had the good fortune to be edited in Switzerland. But it was still very much a discovery of our young generation, a young man's cinema. I hate to remember it, but I was only 22 when I began to write *The Film Till Now*.

WRIGHT: We ought really to get this period quite fixed. There hadn't been all that many films made—that is, if we're talking about works which had some status in the world of

film art. Also the cinema was still, apart from a few examples like *Birth of a Nation*, thought of as a lower-class form of entertainment. The importance of a paper like *Close Up* was that it reflected the discovery of young people that if they wanted to be creative they needn't try to be playwrights or novelists—here was a new medium which was still virtually untouched. This is what happened to me. It was only after I started to review films in a perfectly flippant way for the *Granta* that I suddenly saw a film called *The Lodger* by Alfred Hitchcock. It hit me smack between the eyes: this was a new form of expression, and I got the itch for the cinema. We had to smuggle Russian films into Cambridge, I remember. Bertrand Russell used to show them secretly in his rooms. This was the mood that *Close Up* reflected—and that is why to people reading it now it can be a very irritating paper.

HOUSTON: Was there a feeling about that this was something revealed to the few?

ROTHA: Oh yes. It was very much a dilettante magazine, and we all knew it as such.

ANDERSON: It's interesting, all the same, that the people writing in it didn't conceive of themselves as cut off from any practical work in the cinema. There's an article in the first number, for instance, which talks about the development of a cheap projector, and something about the need for a good text-book on film-making. All this very much in terms of practical interest, as opposed to the kind of magazine which is solely concerned with the cinema in a critical way. Also in the first issue there's an editorial which talks about rumours which were current at the time, or a current myth, of a revival of the English cinema. It says that the people of *Close Up* did not believe in it, saw no hope of it, even though they would have liked to; and they talk about the Philistinism of this country—something which is a very familiar phénoménon to all of us—complaining that they saw themselves as a minority. But I don't think they enjoyed being a minority, even though they may not have been very good popularisers.

ROTHA: I think it's worth repeating, though, that our interest in the 1920's, as distinct from the 1930's, was very largely an interest in the film as an art. I know that my own interest right up to going into documentary was an aesthetic one.

HOUSTON: The interest in the Russian films, then—in *Potemkin*, for instance—was mainly an aesthetic discovery?

WRIGHT: It was an aesthetic interest which was forced into politics by the fact that the then Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson Hicks, moved heaven and earth to prevent the film being shown even by the Film Society. This happened in other countries too. You couldn't divorce the political element from it, because this was a case of a film being used as a political weapon . . .

ANDERSON: Of course *Close Up*'s tone was primarily aesthetic. But I was very interested to see later, in 1933, an article by Nancy Cunard which wasn't in fact about films at all. It made a reference to a film called *Cabin in the Cotton*, a picture about a lynching, but otherwise the article was entirely about

the Negro problem in the South and about the Scottsboro incident. The editors of *Close Up* didn't regard it as extraordinary that such an article should appear in their magazine.

WRIGHT: But you said 1933, and *Close Up* was just about to die. They were running out of money; their sales—which were never very large—were going down . . .

ROTHA: And it's four years since the start of the documentary movement.

WRIGHT: What was happening, you see, was that the social, semi-political impetus of the documentary movement was taking over. *Cinema Quarterly* was coming up, and later when we got the money we bought up *Cinema Quarterly* and converted it into *World Film News*.

ANDERSON: The one thing *Close Up* hadn't done, it seems to me, was to discuss the economics of the industry. That was the really big difference, I suppose, between it and the later magazines.

ROTHA: Particularly *World Film News*, which concerned itself very much with trade politics, apart from its high standard of review. It's roughly from this period that trade politics assumed an extreme importance in the whole of this story, and I don't think we can consider film criticism and the publication of these journals without thinking of them in their context of the industry itself, as well as audiences and government. By this time *SIGHT AND SOUND* had been founded, and in 1933 the Film Institute. In its early days, the Institute and *SIGHT AND SOUND* were very closely associated with the then developing educational film market . . . But the development of the non-theatrical film was not really brought about through the B.F.I. or *SIGHT AND SOUND* but through the documentary movement, which by then had made its first big impact with the Empire Marketing Board, the G.P.O. Film Unit and Strand Films. And as far as criticism and journalism were concerned, it's fair to say that at the period we're now discussing *SIGHT AND SOUND* itself had little important impact and was positively anti-documentary!

WRIGHT: What I think vitally important about the 'thirties is, if I may use Lindsay's phrase, the total commitment of a lot of film-makers in documentary to critical writing and attack writing. Critical writing meant criticism of films from our point of view, which was mainly the sociological one; attack writing dealt with what we conceived to be the general mal-organisation and skulduggery of the industry—I don't mean just the British industry, but the film industry everywhere. I don't think one can stress too much the immense amount of writing done by about ten people during that period. I clearly remember a point in the 'thirties when I was doing a weekly column in the *Spectator*, simultaneously filling a page in *Country Life* under a pseudonym, and like everyone else writing for *World Film News*, mostly in the middle of the night. All this in addition to making films. It was a period of fantastic activity, and this isn't reflected by referring only to a couple of papers. We were everywhere.

HOUSTON: And that is certainly unlike anything that has happened before or since.

ANDERSON: Certainly unlike today. It conjures up the idea of a period which is just more creative, in which there is more feeling of progress, and you therefore put yourselves in the service of that progress . . . which is not, I think, the feeling of today.

WRIGHT: It's true of course that there was a basic policy laid down by Grierson and we all knew where we were going. We didn't know what sort of film we were going to make next—that depended on a sponsor of some sort—but we knew what our intention was. It was a period of experiment, and it was much easier to write criticism because everyone was in an experimental mood.

ROTHA: We had something else to fight for, Lindsay, which was our own work, the films and what they stood for. We

fought very hard for it, by writing, by film-making . . . preferably both.

WRIGHT: The other stimulus to criticism—the same stimulus we had in our film-making—was that there was a slump on, millions of unemployed, malnutrition, and nothing was being done about it. We were agin' the government—a government which we now know, looking back, was doing everything we said it was doing. We wrote political articles; the whole tendency of our films was against the regime. Now the Federation of British Industries, the B.F.I., the British Council Films Department, were on the other side of the fence. In reading the critical stuff of that period, particularly *World Film News*, you can see that the whole battle was waged completely in the open.

HOUSTON: On the other hand, I understand that you, Paul, and John Grierson both wrote for *SIGHT AND SOUND* then.

ROTHA: If we were invited to write for *SIGHT AND SOUND*, which we regarded as an organ of the enemy, why not write for it?

ANDERSON: This is interesting, because we have reached a stage at which the *SIGHT AND SOUND* you are talking about is published by the B.F.I. and is therefore financed chiefly by public money. So *SIGHT AND SOUND* is a magazine of the Establishment, while the other papers are magazines of independence . . .

HOUSTON: All the same, did you feel on the whole that you were winning?

WRIGHT: We were certain that we were going to win. That is why you can't divorce the sort of critical writing we are talking about from the trade political set-up of the time—because in order to maintain experiment in the aesthetic of the cinema, and to express sociological issues through the film, we had to fight to maintain a solid financial background through which films could be financed, whether it was by the government or the big public utility corporations. We were all geared to a total battle front in favour of better films; and that change had gone parallel with the growth of documentary.

HOUSTON: Do you think that if these magazines hadn't existed, if you had all confined yourselves to film-making, British documentary would still have followed much the same course?

WRIGHT: The development of the non-theatrical market, certainly, was done by propaganda, by constantly writing about it. You know Grierson's famous statement that "there are more seats outside the public cinemas than there are inside"? That has to be repeated 47 times in 47 articles before you get it across.

ROTHA: The two things go absolutely together. In order to make the films we wanted to make, we had to be propagandists. You talk about writing articles—you never turned down an invitation to lecture, even if you only got your train fare there and back . . . !

ANDERSON: I think to some extent it's a false distinction, this one between film-making and writing. In a certain climate, when the time is sufficiently alive, when there is a battle to be fought and the possibility of victory at the end of it, you don't make these distinctions . . . 'I'm a film-maker and not a writer . . .'

ROTHA: And I doubt very much whether this could have been done by one person, unaided. There was a small group of us, consisting primarily of Grierson and Wright, Arthur Elton, Edgar Anstey, Stuart Legg and myself. Each of us knew what the others were doing; and that is a unity that doesn't seem to exist since the war.

WRIGHT: And we all used the same pub. That's important . . .

ANDERSON: It's rather interesting to recall some of the first articles in *World Film News*. There was one called 'Technicians Organise', about the A.C.T.; then an article on

markets, another on film societies, and a manifesto about B.B.C. Television—signed by Cavalcanti, Grierson, Cedric Belfrage, Thorold Dickinson and Graham Greene—which said, “we ask an assurance from the B.B.C. that the new medium will be used to create.” The emphasis was very much on the cinema in its practical and social context.

WRIGHT: It's worth remembering that *World Film News* published the first really major attack on the censorship, and also that it published an analysis of the British film industry which in fact triggered off the big burst, the industry collapse of 1937. The moment that the issue came out the National and Provincial Bank sent for copies. In two days they'd withdrawn their support. And, if you remember, *The Star* published the gist of the article over a whole page with banner headlines . . .

HOUSTON: We seem now almost to have reached the war period. That brings us to *Documentary News Letter*, doesn't it?

ROTHA: Let's here put on record how *Documentary News Letter* came into being . . . In the early part of 1939, foreseeing the possibility of war, the Government set up a shadow Ministry of Information; I think most of us knew who were the key people there, and we didn't feel they were the people best equipped to mobilise a film information service if this country should go into total war. Sure enough, war broke out, the Ministry of Information came into being overnight . . . and we who had given—what?—the last ten years of our lives to using the film for propaganda were ignored. As usual, we said “Right, let's get out a paper; that's the only thing we can do, the only weapon of criticism we have.” *World Film News* had gone out of being for various reasons. . .

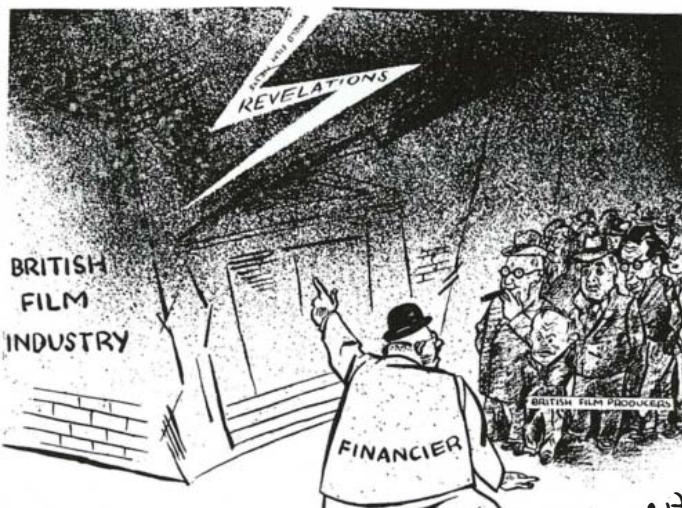
WRIGHT: It had gone bust.

ROTHA: . . . The first issue of *Documentary News Letter* was in January, 1940. It was roneoed on Boxing Day, because I remember helping to do it myself. We all wrote for it, anonymously, and of course to begin with it was a vitriolic attack on the Ministry and its lack of a film policy or organisation. The success of that first issue justified our going into print; and by March or April changes had been made in the Ministry. We—the people running the paper and Film Centre—were asked to prepare a full memorandum on the use of films in wartime, which I believe I'm right in saying was kept by the new director in his right-hand top drawer for the rest of the war. The paper itself of course continued right through until 1949.

WRIGHT: It succeeded in getting some of the key posts in the Ministry for our own people . . . I think during the war the aesthetic side of film criticism rather went by the board as far as we were concerned. We were all too busy making films to have much time for writing, and our critical writing was mainly concerned—very often constructively—with the way the Information Services were being run, the type of films that were being made.

ROTHA: It has occurred to me that there's one aspect of our writing in the 1930's and 1940's which we've overlooked. That was the education of our possible sponsors. During the war, of course, 95 per cent of our production was sponsored by the Government. We assumed that the Government would maintain an information service after the war in which films would still play their part; as it happened, we were incorrect—since 1946 films haven't been used as widely or intelligently as during the war. But all our writings in this period were built up to this aim, of trying to get new sponsors in industry and public organisation. I think something we've missed in documentary during the last ten years is this vital education of the sponsor.

WRIGHT: Could I add something to that? I remember saying to friends of mine after the war, when Labour came in with a sweeping majority, “Now, chums, our troubles are just beginning.” What I meant was that we were no longer



“IS THIS THE BIG ‘HIT’ WE’VE BEEN WAITING FOR ?”

Among other distinctions, “*World Film News*” was one of the first papers in Britain to employ Vicky. This cartoon appeared in 1937, at the time of the paper's industry analysis.

again' the government. And it proved to be true, because the Labour Government had far less conception of the use of film or of information services than the Tories.

ANDERSON: There's an interesting article by Grierson which I read recently. It's called “The Challenge of Peace”, and it's evident from the article that he completely misunderstood what that challenge was going to mean: he felt that what had been said in the 'thirties and demonstrated during the war was so self-evident that no-one could misunderstand the lesson. In fact, the lesson absolutely had not been learnt . . . At the end of the war we were faced with a different situation: documentary had become respectable, the leaders of the revolt during the 'thirties were themselves established. So that when a new magazine appeared after the war it represented something different—a revolt against the documentary tradition, a sort of contemporary echo of *Close Up*. And that was *Sequence*.

HOUSTON: But far from taking up the torch, as it were, from the documentary magazines, *Sequence* threw the torch on the ground and stamped on it.

ANDERSON: In a sense, yes. I think this discussion shows how we are all part of history as well as being independent agents. One sees, I mean, the inevitability of *Sequence* being what it was, whereas at the time it appeared that we were completely free agents . . . which we were also. But it was a pity, however inevitable, that *Sequence* had to react against a great deal of the critical writing of the 1930's. Like *Close Up*, it was a magazine started by amateurs of the cinema; and it represented a sort of rediscovery . . .

ROTHA: I think that's very fair; and it's important to remember that the anti-documentary attitude, which may have appeared for a while in *Sequence*, was partly justified. *Sequence* appeared in 1947, two years after the war. Documentary had already begun to go into its decline, and if one looks at the last few issues of *Documentary News Letter*, one finds that they are deadly dull—as dull as most of the documentaries being made then. I must confess that as a documentary film-maker my sympathy was with *Sequence*.

WRIGHT: Also I don't think Lindsay had quite brought out the value of *Sequence*, which was a call to order in the direction of the aesthetic value of the film, the things which for one reason or another we had to underplay during the war years. It was about time the documentary people were given a shake up; and it was about time that a paper appeared which talked in a refreshing way about the beauties of this

damned art we are all concerned with. *Sequence* was devoted in a wholesale way to the renaissance of cinema which was taking place all over Europe after the war, and that's why it made its impact—it was what people wanted.

HOUSTON: And when *Sequence* reviewed a film like *Bicycle Thieves*, it was not in the way you, Lindsay, would write about a *Bicycle Thieves* now, or the way Paul or Basil would have written in the 'thirties. It was again an aesthetic rather than a social discovery.

ANDERSON: It was both in a way. I think I am tempted to be unfair to *Sequence* because I perceive its deficiencies very strongly. But although the emphasis was never on the structure of the industry, or on social questions, I think this element existed in the magazine. It wasn't esoteric. At the beginning, though, *Sequence* was more concerned with the rediscovery and reaffirmation of the poetic quality of the cinema (I prefer the word poetic to aesthetic) than with fighting the immediate practical battle of getting films made.

HOUSTON: Do we think—does anyone think—that *Sequence* might in fact have done a more valuable job if it had taken up where the documentary magazines left off?

ANDERSON: Here I feel that I have to make a sort of attack on the documentarists and the documentary tradition. Because the documentarists who fought that long, courageous battle during the 1930's had in fact got there. They were disappointed, and rightly so, at being let down by the Government; but they were, after all, in key positions. It was very much easier for them to do something about the quality and kind of documentaries that were being made than it would have been for a collection of young amateurs of the cinema who were stimulated chiefly by foreign films. It's worth remembering that *Sequence*, again like *Close Up*, started with a sort of reaction against the myth of the English cinema—particularly the feature cinema—which was being created by the critics and industry just after the war. Part of the essential policy of *Sequence* was an attack on that myth.

ROTHA: Lindsay, I'm going to take up the cudgels with you, such as they are. There's a lot of truth in what you've said, but I do think you over-estimate the position of influence that some of the older members of the documentary group had after the war. There's an important thing I want to mention here, because I don't know whether it has ever gone on record or not. At the time when the war was still on, but we all knew that the end was coming, there was an offer made to the Rank Organisation at Pinewood by some of the major directors and writers of the Crown Film Unit, plus a number of independents in documentary. They offered a complete programme of people and pictures, small budget pictures, to the Rank Organisation. Had that offer been accepted, I think we would have had a different British feature industry today. But the offer was never taken up. . . . In other words, in 1945 or so, there was still a unity within the documentary movement. The offer was made by a group, as a group. But from that moment people began to go over one by one to features; there was a dissipation of creative talent.

WRIGHT: And it was at that time that people stopped going to the same pub . . . But coming back to the question of criticism, and again in answer to what Lindsay said about the 'trahison des narks', or whatever you like to call it, if you look back at the writing of the immediate post-war years, you'll find that what we were trying to do was to develop the international field. We were trying through UN and UNESCO to build up a new type of film-making on the great international issues of food, health, international organisations of all kinds. And in fact, we failed . . .

ANDERSON: Here we are getting on to the connection between film-making and film-writing, the point at which film-making can't be separated from criticism. And here too the division between the generations that was apparent with *Sequence* is equally apparent in its film-making extension through a

movement like Free Cinema. There has been no handing on; instead, there's a sort of war between the generations, which is extremely regrettable and wasteful. Perhaps this is a result of the war itself, breaking any continuity.

WRIGHT: But why is it regrettable? Take an analogy: when post-impressionism exhausts itself you get cubism as a reaction.

ANDERSON: Because in a medium like the cinema we just can't afford this. Because the practical difficulties of making films are too great.

HOUSTON: Can we come back to criticism, and perhaps to SIGHT AND SOUND as it appeared after 1949, when the Film Institute generally was reorganised and the magazine underwent its own revival under Gavin Lambert's editorship? What he brought into SIGHT AND SOUND, I suppose one might say, was the more aesthetic element of *Sequence*. Since I took over the editorship, I think the magazine has swung rather the other way. But if we wanted now to produce a fighting magazine, in the sense that you were fighting in the 1930's, where is the new generation of film-makers, in documentary or features, who will take the lead in writing?

ROTHA: Don't worry about that. We will find the makers of films all right; there are young people around today who could make films just as exciting as we made.

HOUSTON: But there don't seem to be people around who feel as you did then, that the way to stimulate interest in the pictures they want to make is through a magazine. SIGHT AND SOUND itself, of course, is subsidised by an official organisation and is bound up to a point to be an official publication. It seems to me that this may be the moment for an anti-SIGHT AND SOUND paper, that there's a job a non-official, non-subsidised, magazine could do, which we can't quite do ourselves and which is a necessary job at any time.

ANDERSON: That's extremely fair, and I think there is a point here which needs to be made quite plainly. Since Gavin Lambert took over SIGHT AND SOUND, and since he came from *Sequence*, there is a feeling about that SIGHT AND SOUND itself has taken over, so to speak, from *Sequence* and fulfils its function. What is not commonly known is the extent to which SIGHT AND SOUND does not—all right, cannot—do the same thing, because it is not an independent publication:

ROTHA: I support the theory that there's a need for a second, non-official paper—there always has been the need. But it is defeated today by the sheer economics of paper, printing, publishing, and so on.

ANDERSON: But the terribly depressing thing to me in the last few years has been the feeling that in any kind of extremist or uncompromising statements one is trying to make, one is not backed up by a lively younger generation. To this extent it seems to me that the movement represented by *Sequence* and Free Cinema has been a failure. Because the young generation of documentarists now is essentially conformist. They are working within a tradition that has been established by the sweat and blood and toil and tears of people like yourselves in the 1930's, and they are themselves content to accept a safe job when they find it. Of course, the difficulties are greater now, costs have gone up, and so on. But you, Paul, were after all prepared in 1939 to spend your Boxing Day roneoing copies of *Documentary News Letter*. You will not find a younger generation of film-makers now who are prepared to give up their Boxing Day to roneoing anything.

ROTHA: I think they would if they believed in it.

ANDERSON: } Why don't they believe in it?
HOUSTON: }

WRIGHT: What are they going to believe in . . .? I can't help you because my own interest has come round more to the aesthetic of cinema. If I write now I like to write about films from the aesthetic and not the sociological aspect, and when I make films I find that—with the exception of *World*



Left to right: Paul Rotha, Basil Wright, Lindsay Anderson

Without End—they are concerned with other aspects of expression than the sociological. Now I have no idea what the younger generation wants to do in the way of making films; and I'm afraid that, apart from a few articles in *SIGHT AND SOUND*, I don't see anything written by the post-*Sequence* generation that stimulates me very much. I'd much rather read someone really solid, like Dilys Powell, who has kept up a very high standard of critical journalism over a number of years. In a way that's an awful criticism to make.

HOUSTON: I think the important question is, why is that? It's not as though we were turning down articles by young filmmakers. We are not getting good articles of this sort sent in, and to find them requires quite a bit of effort on our part.

ANDERSON: I'd like to make a partial defence of the people who haven't written these articles. It's only a partial defence, because I think they ought to write them, and if they're rejected they should bloody well start their own paper. . . . But it is a vicious circle. The kind of atmosphere and tradition which *SIGHT AND SOUND* has built up is not likely to lead these people to think the magazine would be interested to print their kind of article. Also it seems that this is where the critical problem touches on the whole social problem, the climate in which we are living. It seems to me part of the stagnation which many people have been feeling in Britain during the last ten years.

HOUSTON: Is this a social stagnation, or is it a Western cinema stagnation, a feeling that the most exciting things in the cinema now are not happening in the English-speaking countries, or even in Western Europe?

ROTHA: I don't think that is true.

ANDERSON: It is not true of France. Here you have a magazine like *Cahiers du Cinema*, terribly erratic and over-personal in its criticism, which has been enraging us all for the last five years. But the great compensation is that its writers make films, that three or four of its critics are now making films independently. And this means that they have a kind of vitality which is perhaps finally more important than critical balance.

ROTHA: I hope they will remember, as indeed I hope the generation which came out of *Sequence* will remember, to go on writing about films as well as making them.

ANDERSON: I agree with you, but one's beginning to feel that it is a hopeless struggle. This is where I'd like to refer, Paul, to your last book. Reading it, and all the things that have been said and cried about the British cinema during the past

twenty-five years, there seems to be a limit to the length of time that one can go on repeating the same thing. . . . sooner or later, people will begin to feel a kind of despair about it.

ROTHA: But we haven't given up hope, after all these years—so there's no earthly reason why you should.

WRIGHT: And if we are talking about the younger generation, it seems to me that it may not be so much a question of despair as of plain lack of interest in the fundamental issues of the film as an art form and means of expression in general. Are they, perhaps, more influenced by television, and is the minority audience for good films going to be made up of the middle-aged, who were nurtured in the world of pure cinema?

ROTHA: I think, too, that we should remember the economics of all this. Coming back to film-making, it is so much more difficult today to raise the money to make even the humblest film; and, secondly, at no time in the 1930's was the industry in this country in such a monopolistic grip as at present. You could always somehow get a hole-and-corner distribution for your films; today, that is virtually impossible.

WRIGHT: To return to writing. . . . if there are young people who want to make a world in which it is more possible to produce films, even on the humblest budgets, I would have thought writing was the first and only way to do it.

HOUSTON: Would you say that not only are there no people around who want to write, but that perhaps there aren't people now who want to read this sort of thing?

ROTHA: On the contrary. I think the circulation of your own magazine is enormously encouraging, and that responsible books about the cinema have a bigger sale now than at any time in my experience. I put that down partly to the tremendous growth of the film society movement, both here and overseas.

ANDERSON: I agree with that. I think there is a public. But I also think we have reached a stage at which the cinema has become respectable, which it was not in the 'twenties and hardly in the 'thirties, and that always somehow takes the excitement out of anything. It has created a large but essentially passive public of film appreciators. . . . and people who go along to the National Film Theatre to see the films which have been well reviewed in the *Sunday Times* or the *Observer*.

WRIGHT: What we seem to need at this stage is an anarchic paper, run by a group of probably rather scruffy young men between about 17 and 22, who will let off squibs and roman

(Continued on page 330)

In the Picture

Australian Notes

James MERRALLS writes: Four overseas companies, one British and three American, have announced plans for making films in Australia during the next twelve months. Harry Watt has recently been in Sydney writing the script and selecting locations for "a mystery with a city background" to be made for Ealing-MGM. Fred Zinnemann is to direct Gary Cooper in *The Sundowner*, adapted from the best-selling Australian novel by Jon Cleary. Early in 1959, two independent American companies will produce in Melbourne screen adaptations of Australian works already well-known overseas. Stanley Kramer Productions are filming Nevil Shute's hydrogen bomb fantasy *On the Beach* with five (as yet unnamed) "leading American stars". A film based on Ray Lawler's play *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, featuring James Cagney, Rita Hayworth and Burt Lancaster, will be made by Hecht-Hill-Lancaster for United Artists release.

It is instructive to contrast this activity from abroad with the indigenous Australian cinema. Not one feature film was entered in the Australian Film Awards competition held in conjunction with the seventh Melbourne Film Festival this year. No entry was received because no features were made in Australia in the year. Indeed, the last wholly Australian feature—I except, of course, essentially English films such as *Robbery Under Arms*, *The Shiralee* and the "Smiley" series—Cecil Holmes' portmanteau *Three in One* (1956) has not only been denied a circuit release here, but has been confined to suburban "art houses" and has so far failed to recoup its modest cost of £8,000.

Had there been an Australian film industry with the capacity to make a film of *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, Lawler would almost certainly have entrusted his play to it. As it is, however, the Australian cinema is sadly deficient in money, technical resources and, though it does not like to admit it, creative talent. Our only studios, Pagewood in Sydney, were recently sold for demolition and sub-division. For once television cannot be blamed, as Pagewood was never profitable and is reported to have lost £100,000 for its former owners, the Carroll-Fuller theatre chain.

The Melbourne *Age* recently commented in an editorial: "Although Australians are among the world's most assiduous filmgoers, they rarely see a film about themselves; if they do, it will almost certainly be made by American or British companies. For a young country, with a sense of national awareness, this is little short of tragedy." What can be done? Cecil Holmes, the director, has suggested four measures to alleviate the present position: the imposition of a "production tax" of 1d. on each cinema seat; a quota system requiring 20 per cent screening time for Australian films; the easing of import duty on film stock and equipment; and the extension of Commonwealth Bank credit to *bona fide* producers.

The organisers of the Melbourne Film Festival have sought to encourage Australian production by initiating annual awards. Unfortunately, few of the entries in this year's competition merited any consideration at all; and the best film, the Melbourne Repertory Film Unit's experiment in sound and colour *Sunday in Melbourne*, showed signs of having been made on a very limited budget. John Heyer's *The Forerunner*, which gained the Open Award, failed to live up to the high expectations held for a film by the director of *Back of Beyond*: it seemed too much a mish-mash of documentary styles, from Pare Lorentz and Joris Ivens to Humphrey Jennings, and showed little originality in its treatment of water conservation problems in eastern Australia. *Sunday in Melbourne*, though, revealed its young director Gil Brealey as a sympathetic observer of loneliness in a big city and as an intelligent film-maker with a

sensitive feeling for film rhythm. He is twenty-four.

The Melbourne Festival performs a valuable function in drawing attention to work such as Brealey's; but until a professional Australian cinema develops as our drama has done our young directors cannot hope for work other than in short documentaries and experimental films. And the gap between those and feature films is a great one. Meanwhile there are practical lessons to be learnt from Fred Zinnemann, Harry Watt and their confrères.

Film of the Mad

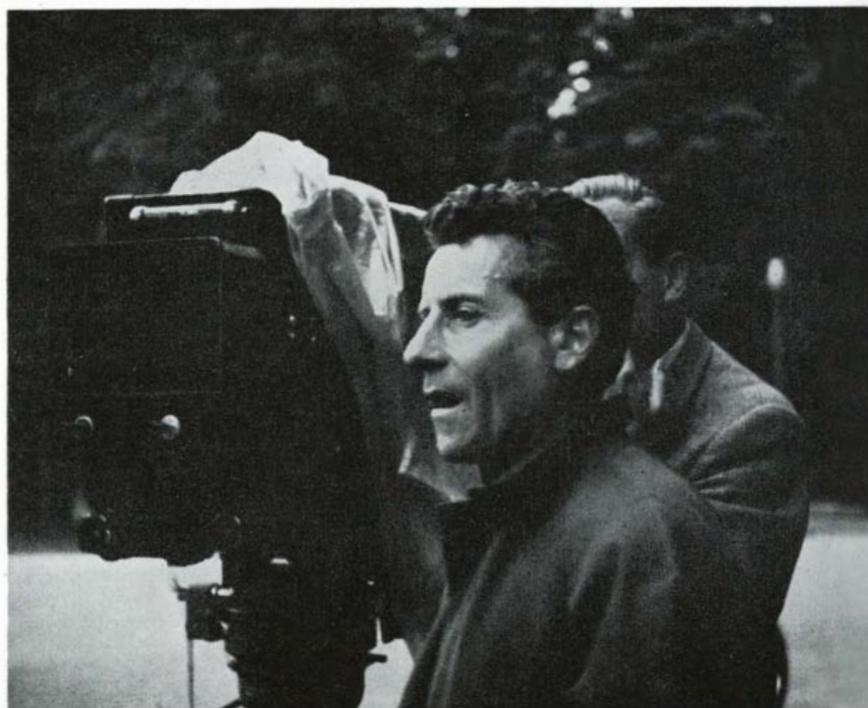
CYNTHIA GRENIER writes: The top-flight French documentarist Georges Franju has just finished his first feature film, *Tête Contre les Murs*, a study of life in French mental institutions. The story concerns the unjust incarceration of a young man in a mental institution at the instigation of his father, his attempts at escape and experiences with the forms of treatment offered in a variety of such institutions. Franju has tried within this story to represent the old methods of handling neurotic and insane patients in contrast with the newer techniques of therapy; Pierre Brasseur plays the role of the old guard doctor, Paul Meurisse is the doctor of the new school.

Franju is delighted that he is the first French film-maker ever to be allowed to film within an actual asylum. For three weeks he, his actors and crew lived in the asylum at Amiens. At the end of that time, "we were all more than a little mad ourselves," he claims. Curiously, although Franju selected all the extras for the film himself from agents' photographs, he later learned as he worked with them that all had some record of having either been in a mental institution or under psychiatric treatment.

One of the most terrifying moments of the film, brilliantly shot by the veteran cameraman Eugene Schufftan, is an attack by one inmate on another with a saw. For one brief second in a close-up the saw slashes open a man's face. Franju is worried that the scene may not be violent enough. His producers feel it may be sufficiently powerful to earn the censor's scissors. "Although the actual saw was only rubber and the teeth treated with make-up blood," says Franju with a happy little grin, "the extra who had to take it in the face was pretty terrified just the same."

Spanish Notes

FRANCISCO ARANDA writes: Michael Powell is currently working in Madrid, at the Chamartin and Sevilla Studios, on his new ballet film *Honeymoon*. A costly Spanish-British co-production, whose cast includes the dancer Antonio and Ludmilla Tcherina, it should provide the director with a chance to exercise his taste for the baroque. Antonio's complete version of de Falla's ballet "Love



Franju on location for "Tête Contre les Murs".
Photograph by Cynthia Grenier.

the Magician" will be included; and Massine has choreographed a ballet based on the legend of the Lovers of Teruel.

The shares of the firm UNINCI (responsible for the production of *Welcome, Mr. Marshall*) have been bought by a group of artists and technicians of the so-called New Spanish Cinema, thus forming a sort of co-operative in which the authors will be their own producers. They plan to make from four to six films a year, including several projects by Bardem and Berlanga, a dramatisation of Lorca's poem *La Casada Infiel*, by de Santis, and the Berlanga-Zavattini script *Five Stories of Spain*, to be directed by Berlanga, Bardem and three others. Both Luis Buñuel and Carlos Velo have been invited to return to Spain to work on it.

It is unlikely that Buñuel will accept this offer. Velo, director of *Torero*, is now working on Zavattini's script *Mexico Mio*. Described as "the first collective Mexican film," this follows Zavattini's system of "enquiry-witness" construction; and Mexican poets, historians, ethnographers, psychologists, biologists, economists, painters and musicians have all been enlisted for the project. A vast amount of raw material is being shot, which Velo will edit and build up into a dramatic feature production.

Italian Notes

ROBERT HAWKINS writes: The postwar success of the Italian film, and its subsequent and still recent crisis, have now been followed by a period which might be called one of hesitancy and transition. The list of interesting directorial talents has become increasingly restricted with the passing years, as more and more film-makers of value have given in to commercial security, while the burden of creation has only partly been taken over by the so-called young guard. In a financially unstable market where every penny is being made to count, experimentation—so widespread in the ten years after the war—is now relatively at a standstill; and consequently many youngsters of potential talent have been unable to get their projects past the script stage.

Only one of Italy's veteran directors is at work at the time of writing: Renato Castellani, on an interesting project called *Nella Città, l'inferno* (*Hell in the City*), provocatively co-starring Anna Magnani and Giulietta Masina. From a screenplay by Castellani and Suso Cecchi d'Amico, it concerns life in a women's prison. (Masina's interesting slate of future directors: Siodmak, Ingmar Bergman and Käutner.)

Lattuada has recently finished *The Tempest*, based on two stories by Pushkin, and has announced intentions of making *La Spiaggia Nuda* (*The Naked Beach*) and Melville's *Benito Cereno*, the latter a subject which has interested him for years. Visconti, as usual busy with theatre projects, plans a new film about small-time boxing for an eventual winter start; and de Sica should make his return to direction later this year with *The Last Judgment*, from a script by Zavattini.

The younger talents have suffered most from recent retrenchment moves and a generally sterile atmosphere. Francesco Maselli, after his promising debut, has made 43 documentaries while awaiting decisions on two feature projects (still unapproved), one of them with Magnani. Valerio Zurlini is about to start his second feature, *La Ragazza della Valigia*, about a 15-year-old boy's love for an older girl, while Mauro Bolognini is booked for a film version of Guido Piovane's *Lettere di una Novizia* (*Letters from a Novice*), to be followed—perhaps—by *La Lunga Notte* (*The Long Night*), from a script by Antonioni. Another vague but interesting plan: Franco Rossi's *Papa' s'e' innamorato* (*Daddy's Fallen in Love*), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Ontario Festival

ALAN HAYDOCK writes: Canada staged two film festivals last summer, at Vancouver (a half-hearted affair this one) as part of British Columbia's centennial celebrations, and at Stratford, Ontario. Neither threw up very much in the way of surprises—most of the films had already been seen at European festivals—but Stratford, which has shown films as a feature of its annual Shakespearean festival since 1955, did its best to get down to essentials. The only glamor during the two-week session was provided by visiting officials and wives from foreign embassies. Besides retrospective programmes of classics (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The General*) and an exhibition of early film equipment on loan from Eastman House, Rochester, there were four film forums, discussing such topics as the future of the industry, the usefulness of critics, and the film and theatre. The forums were poorly attended, but the more remarkable of the views



Laurence Olivier (General Burgoyne) and Kirk Douglas (Dick Dudgeon) in a scene from "The Devil's Disciple", directed by Guy Hamilton for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster.

expressed were printed the next day in newspapers across the country.

Leland Hayward, who attended the festival in connection with the showing of his production of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, said he had little use for critics. "They're most of them ignorant, and anyway, they're usually so dull." In an interview he confided that his long-term film ambition was to put *The Flying Yorkshirer* on to the screen. He has no other film plans at present, and is currently busy preparing the Ethel Merman musical *Gypsy* (from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography) for Broadway. Other members of the forums included Lothar Wolff, a long-time associate of Louis de Rochement, Arthur Knight of *The Saturday Review*, and Arthur Mayer, exhibitor, distributor and author of the book *Merely Colossal*. Mayer said he felt it was mistaken optimism to pin faith on the independent producer and to expect from him a series of medium-budget films on the lines of *Twelve Angry Men* and *Bachelor Party*. "It is a fact," he said, "that film companies in Hollywood are now no longer interested in making movies in this price range." Film producers, he added, have adjusted themselves to the present situation by playing safe, by concentrating production on cheap B-pictures and expensive blockbusters. He saw no likelihood of any change.

Finally, it is worth putting on record the critics' awards of the festival, decided by six Canadian film critics. They went to *Pather Panchali* (Best Film), Nikolai Cherkassov (Best Actor, in *Don Quixote*) and Giulietta Masina (Best Actress, in *Notte di Cabiria*).

Religious Revival

LESLIE HALLIWELL writes: Few readers are probably aware that de Mille's celebrated *King of Kings*, produced in 1927 and not commercially shown here since the early 'thirties, has for several years been touring church halls on both 35mm. and 16mm. under the auspices of Religious Films Ltd. If this seems an unlikely alliance, it is because the modern filmgoer tends to associate de Mille with Mammon rather than with God: yet when the film is allowed to cast its own spell, one is surprised to find how very neatly the hokum is blended into a dignified treatment of the last days of Christ. And, of course, the hokum itself has irresistible panache. The first reel describes a very superior orgy in which



Robert Hamer, Alec Guinness and Bette Davis on the set of "The Scapegoat".

the main participants are a number of toothless old lechers, a tame leopard, and Mary Magdalene. Hearing that Judas has gone to follow Christ, Mary, muttering "I'd like to see the carpenter who can keep my man from me," leaps to her feet, claps her hands, and commands: "Harness my zebras, gift of the Nubian king!" The reel ends splendidly as four frilled and tasseled animals draw on to the terrace a chariot in which Mary is magnificently borne away.

But this is the sugar on the pill. The rest of the film follows the pattern of the gospels and is straightforwardly developed with some exceptionally telling moments. It gives way to spectacle only twice, in the temple scenes (shades of *Intolerance*) and in the storm and earthquake which follow the Crucifixion. The infrequent elaborations are usually justified by their effect, as in the purging of Mary's seven deadly sins, which are seen as writhing figures in double exposure. Some episodes are handled with surprising reticence, as in the very subtle urgings of Satan, played by a cowled actor who seems to have strayed from *The Seventh Seal*.

Acting and even make-up are remarkably fresh and satisfying, the only major exception being Joseph Schildkraut's rather camera-conscious Judas. H. B. Warner as Christ does all that can be expected, though acting is not strictly required. This version has a music track with some unobtrusive sound effects; subtitles consist mainly of quotations from the Bible, with occasional cheats. All in all, *King of Kings* remains after thirty years an important page in anybody's history of the movies.

All Horrid . . .

ALTHOUGH IT WAS the Americans who first discovered the commercial value of "double-bumper-jumbo-horror-shock-shows"—*I Was a Teenage Werewolf* grossed over two million dollars in

11 months—the initiative has now passed to this country with the American triumphs of Hammer Films' *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Dracula*. The latest development has been the deal between Hammer and Universal International by which the British company has secured the rights of Universal's entire library of horror material. The first three remakes scheduled are *The Phantom of the Opera*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The Mummy*; later it is intended to remake *Caligari*. Almost simultaneously came the announcement from Mr. Buddy Adler, production head of 20th Century Fox, that he has instructed his story department to find as many horror properties as possible. This has been prompted by the huge takings of his company's 450,000 dollar picture *The Fly*, which has already grossed over three million dollars.

The boom has been magnified by publicity campaigns ranging from plain posters advising clients to "Bring your own tranquillisers" to lobby displays of coffins, guaranteed insurance of 1,000 dollars to anyone who dies of fright during *Macabre*, or the offer of a free burial to any person who suffers a similar fate during *I Bury The Living*.

Meanwhile, in Britain, the emphasis is on prestige. Mr. James Carreras, of Hammer Films, is proud of the quality and polish of his productions; more and more of our leading stage actors are appearing in horror films—Sir Donald Wolfit has starred in *Blood of the Vampire*, Michael Gough played a leading part in *Dracula*, while Michael Gwynn and Richard Wordsworth, a distinguished Shakespearian actor, appeared in *The Revenge of Frankenstein*. Future productions planned in this country include three for release by Eros Films—*The Grip of the Strangler*, with Boris Karloff, *The Trolenberg Terror*, and *The Fiend Without a Face*. Hammer have gone into production with *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and plan two more—*The Man in Half Moon Street* and *Frankenstein Created Woman*, starring Brigitte Bardot.

no change



Crisis Talk

The Cinematograph Exhibitors were discussing 'the continued decline in patronage of the cinemas, which was estimated at 21 per cent over the past two years. No doubt much of this is . . . attributable to the incidence of Entertainments Tax' . . . 'The habit of dropping into the cinema to pass the time, which was so marked a feature of the silent days, has definitely become a matter of history. Today the public is shopping for its entertainment.'—*Sight and Sound*, Spring, 1934.

According to the latest report of the Kinematograph Renters Society, there are today in this country 1,200 picture houses whose takings are less than £48 per week, and another 1,000 whose takings are less than £100 per week. With so many empty cinemas, it is not surprising to find that more attention is being given by the film trade today than ever before to trying to find out the tastes of the cinema-going public.—*Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1934.

Of the 35 million people in Great Britain over 15, the average number of people who do not go to the cinema was 20-21 millions. For every two eligible who go to the cinema, there are three who do not.—*Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1936.

What, then is my solution [to the industry's problems]? Not nationalisation but rationalisation.—Sir Michael Balcon, *Sight and Sound*, Winter, 1940.

Production

Back to the wall and fighting English commercial competition, Hollywood is showing faint but none the less significant signs of quality production . . . Some of the American companies are at long last realising the value of independent rather than mass-production, and the installation of independent producers . . . is likely to yield interesting results.—Paul Rötha, *Sight and Sound*, Autumn, 1933.

The Epic film is now so anxious to be big all the way through that there's not much time left over for sensible detail, under-emphasis, or even humble, adequate acting . . . The worst thing about the pseudo-epic is . . . the tricks and devices it generates to spawn over the screens of the next decade.—Alistair Cooke, *Sight and Sound*, Winter, 1934.

In this increasingly standardised and totalitarian world of films . . . we must pray for the advent of a tremendous individualist of whose productions film magnates may say 'there are no such films', but who will persuade the public to come and see and be conquered.—Anthony Asquith, *Sight and Sound*, Spring, 1938.

Social Orientation

The film must free itself from the vulgar mediocrity of a mob amusement, but in doing so it must not lose its strong inner connection with the people . . . Popular art must represent in artistic form the joys and sorrows that affect the great masses. Hence the film must not stand aloof from the hard realities of the day . . . Material sacrifices made in the service of art bring a return in ideal values. It must be a matter of course for every government to secure the artistic existence of the film by material sacrifices.—Josef Goebbels, quoted in *Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1935.

You may bet on it that every director has his social orientation in a time like this, for good or evil, for creation or chaos . . . It is the material of the social process which is dictating every turn and twist of cinema, even of commercial cinema.—John Grierson, *Sight and Sound*, Winter, 1935.

Nothing would be more calculated to arouse the passions of the British public than the introduction, on the screen, of subjects dealing either with political or religious controversy. . . . So far, we have had no film dealing with current burning political questions, but the thin edge of the wedge is being inserted and it is difficult to foresee to what lengths it may go.—Lord Tyrrell, President of the British Board of Film Censors, quoted in *Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1936.

I suggest that a film is good if, and only if, it represents the fundamental realities of today. And a fundamental reality of today is the urgent need for social reform. No artist in movie can afford to ignore social realities.—Paul Rötha, *Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1937.

We are living in an age of wrath . . . Since honest and creative thinking is completely dependent upon the grasp of the realities of its time, the artist today must be as angry as the age in which he lives—Etta Pollano, *Sight and Sound*, Autumn, 1939.

Television

It is most important that exhaustive television programme research should be undertaken now, before the vitality and novelty of the new medium is wasted, otherwise there is the danger that a makeshift standard of presentation . . . may become regarded by the public as being the most that television has to offer.—Len Lye, *Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1939.

There is no ground for supposing that home television will have a continuously serious effect on cinema attendance.—Richard Ford, *Sight and Sound*, Autumn, 1939.

Complaints Department

What will be the effect on cinema programmes of the longer feature films? It seems hard that . . . cinema patrons outside the West End of London should not be allowed to see films as the producers made them. It is preposterous that individual exhibitors should hack hundreds of feet out of a film in order to make room for another feature film.—*Sight and Sound*, Summer, 1936.

A Gala performance is usually allotted to an expensive but bad film . . . the two worst films of 1935 both had this curious setting of blue lights, squealing peeresses, policemen to keep back a crowd which wouldn't have assembled without the policemen . . .—Graham Greene, *Sight and Sound*, Autumn, 1936.

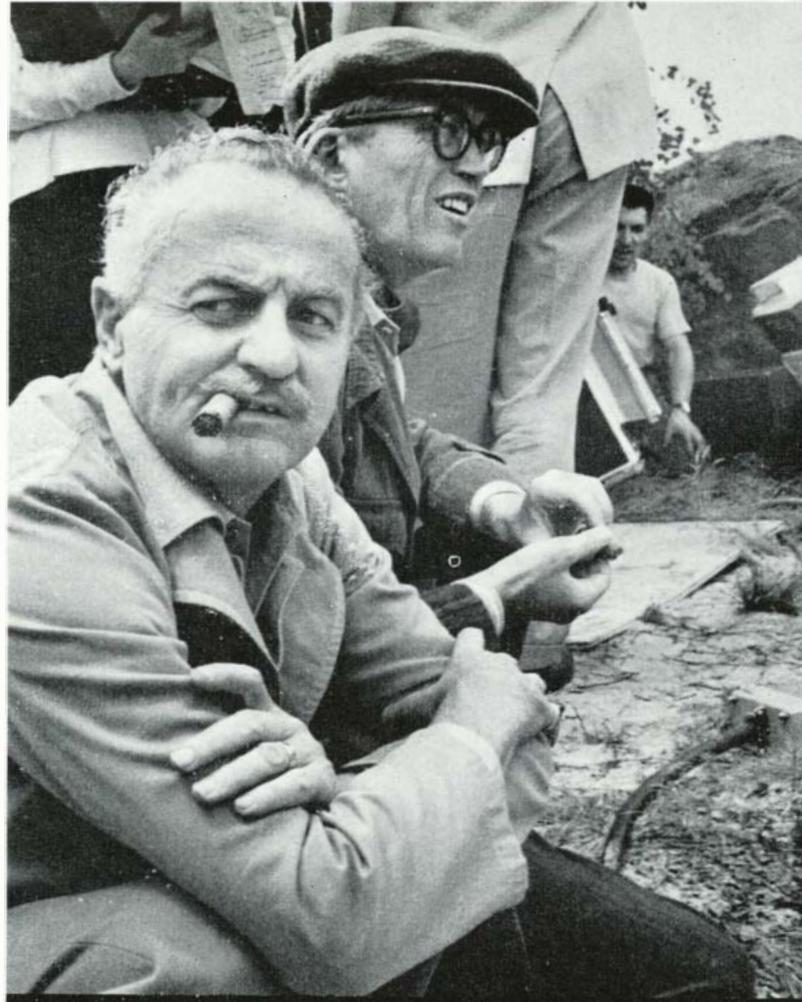
Prophecy Fulfilled

The degree and tempo of artistic progress have steadily increased during the short history of the Japanese film. We may not be guilty of too great an optimism if we predict its attaining to the highest level of international standards in the very near future.—Akira Iwasaki, *Sight and Sound*, 1937.

Hope Unrealised

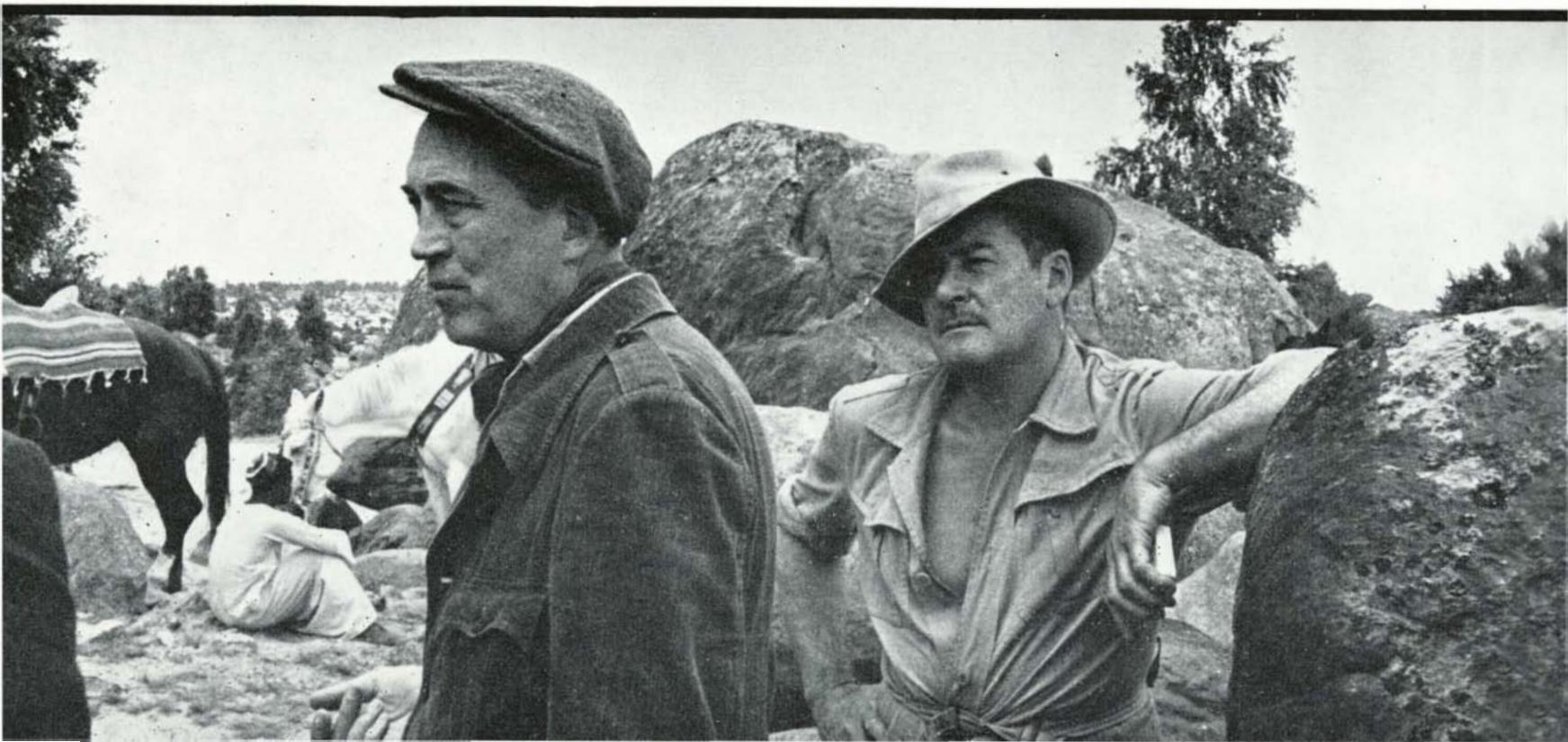
A process is being worked out for making the film into an instrument of unperceived propaganda. It is an attempt to influence the sub-conscious mind directly, by means of films which, as far as the audience is aware, are no different from ordinary films. Upon them, however, is superimposed a simple message to be conveyed to the eye through the sub-conscious mind . . . The success of this experiment could mean that . . . entire audiences could by the same method be brought to desire International Peace and Disarmament, etc.—*Sight and Sound*, Spring, 1935.

Written and
Photographed by
CYNTHIA
GRENIER



HUSTON

AT FONTAINEBLEAU



THE PICK-UP POINT was the *tabac* at the Rond Point de Trocadero. Time: 9 a.m., a July morning. Destination: a sandy plateau on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

At 9.30 a.m., a black Peugeot 403 pulled into the curb and a bright, curl-topped apologetic face popped out. "Margaret Gardner. I'm awfully sorry, but we had to go by the Studio first to collect some publicity material."

Making room on the seat beside her, she went on in a briskly friendly, very American voice. "Shooting's been held up over a week because Mr. Zanuck and the doctors wanted Juliette to have more of a chance to build up her strength. She collapsed the other week a couple of times in the studio, and they don't want a repeat. And Errol—that's Errol Flynn—slipped on a staircase a couple of days ago and hurt his back, so that held things up too while he's been out in the American Hospital."

As the 403 edged out of Paris, slowly advancing through the crowded morning markets towards the Porte d'Italie, she said, "Now, be sure to ask Mr. Zanuck how the production went in Africa. He gives lovely interviews. Very co-operative. He just loves to go into detail all about the problems out there. By the way, don't ask Mr. Huston about his last film out in Japan. He doesn't like to be reminded of it. He's lovely with the journalists, too, though not as good an interview as Mr. Zanuck. Today's going to be the sandstorm—Errol and Juliette caught in a sandstorm. You're not going to be taking any pictures for the French press, are you? Because I promised *L'Aurore* they could have an exclusive on the sandstorm."

Reassured, she settled back. Out on to the Route Nationale the 403 picked up speed. After passing Orly it turned off into a narrower roadway. Houses grew fewer, fields larger. Coming out of a tiny, shuttered village, the car cut sharply left past a freshly painted blue and white sign, "Racines de Ciel", spinning down what was scarcely more than a lane through the middle of a wheat field. After ten minutes of turnings through the wheat, another bright sign pointed into an approaching forest and the car swung off the lane on to a deeply ridged muddy path. Five minutes of bumpy forest crawling, a quick turn and the car was out in the open. The landscape ahead looked desolate under a flat, grey sky. Great oyster-pale boulders lumped together on fine beach-like sand. Small scrubby pine bushes pushed out here and there. The car shot from behind an extra-large boulder down into a kind of valley whose open floor was covered with two large orange tents, a couple of trailers, some trucks, lighting gear, a dozen or so other 403's, a group of men playing the French national pastime of *boules*, and some young, very black Negroes, tweed-clad and bare-legged. This was it. *The Roots of Heaven*.

The 403 came to a halt next to the other cars. "There's Mr. Huston; I'll take you over and introduce you."

Huston, gangling, tall and lean, was lounging against a station wagon watching the chauffeurs and grips throwing the little metal balls into the air, following their arc to where they landed with a soft thump in the fine sand. Clad in a bright, slightly faded blue denim suit of a vaguely military cut—somewhat like a Chinese general—lavender shirt, rust-coloured Shetland cap, soft tan chukker boots, he cut an original and quite elegant

figure. Face marked strongly but somehow decoratively by wrinkles and lines. Small, alert brown eyes. Short, tousled, almost white hair. Friendly, youthful grin with even white teeth.

"Does this really look like your African location?"

"H'm, pretty much." Huston scanned the boulder-marked hillside, nodding slowly. "Don't know how they found this spot, but they did a pretty good job of matching it up."

"Are those fellows there," gesturing toward the tweed-jacketed Negroes sipping coffee by the kitchen tent, "imported from the African location?"

"Uh-uh. They were recruited from St-Germain des Prés and the Dupont-Latin for us. It's curious," he said reflectively, "out there, in Africa, we'd work a lot with elephants on the film that had been born and raised in captivity, but every now and then you'd come on one of the wild ones. And you'd see the difference, although in general both looked pretty much alike. There was something softer about the ones brought up in civilisation." He paused, gestured with his head towards the Paris Negroes, "You know, I think it's something the same with humans too. Taming influence of civilisation."

This made him recollect the local chieftain of a district where they had been filming who had absolute power of life and death over his subjects. While ethically disapproving of such power, Huston seemed half to envy, half to respect, the older tradition that still lingered.

He watched the *boules* players for a time, squinting against the harsh, grey light of the sunless midday sky, smiling at a good play. "It's always a little odd, the last days of a film," he said finally. "The work's really all done; all behind you. There's just a few loose ends to be tied off. Every film is a kind of world. You're very close with people who, at the end of the film, you may never see again in your life. The end of a film is something like the end of a world."

How had this particular world come into being?

Well, he had read the book when it first appeared and knew he wanted to make it into a film, so he'd asked 20th Century-Fox to buy it for him. At the same time, Darryl Zanuck, who has a special arrangement with Fox to take an option to produce a film himself once every two years, had also read *Roots of Heaven* and taken his option on it. "After my experience with Selznick—all those memoranda!—I'd sworn never to work with a producer again, but I did want very much to make this particular film. So we met several times and talked it through, and finally agreed to try it. I still don't want to have to work with a producer again, but if I had to, I'd certainly choose Darryl. He's been very good, co-operative and decent throughout."

Huston speaks slowly, selecting his words thoughtfully, so as to communicate his thought most effectively. In speaking about nearly every subject, he exhibits what can only be called an intense intellectual curiosity.

Currently, one of his interests is planning out a possible film on Freud for the fall. "It would only cover the brief three-month period of his life in Paris when he met Charcot, and decided to what he wanted to devote his life. So many films and books have misused and misunderstood Freud's theories and ideas. Most people don't even realise what his real contribution to the

world is. That's what I'd like to set straight with this film if I can."

That reminded Huston of the correspondence between Freud and Einstein which recently appeared in a French monthly, in which Freud had said about thirty years ago that only fear of total destruction might restrain mankind from continuing wars.

"John! John!" A small, white-haired man rather resembling a Jewish William Faulkner, dressed in a safari suit and tan sweater, hustled over with a large cigar jutting upward from his mouth. He drew Huston to one side: "Juliette's feeling better now. The doctor gave her a couple of shots. I'm sorry she wasn't ready earlier this morning, but what with the shots . . . and you know how long it takes her hair to dry."

"It's all right, Darryl," said Huston soothingly. "We've got to wait for some sun before we can start shooting, anyhow."

"Oh! we'll have sun today all right," said Zanuck. "At the hotel back in the village there's an old woman who's lived here, right in this village, every day of her life, and she knows all about the weather in this part of the country. She says from the way the clouds were moving this morning, and the way the wind was blowing last night, that we can probably count on there being some sun today. She didn't say for how long, but sun we'll have, she says. And she's lived right on this spot for the past sixty-seven years, and if anyone knows about the weather here, it'll be her."

Zanuck rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet as he talked, peering in the direction of the biggish white trailer labelled 'Greco'. "I think Juliette's ready now, John." He hustled off towards the trailer to greet a small, trim woman with a mass of dark hair.

Huston smiled. "Let's take a look at what they're doing up on the hill," he said.

Up the hill was a steep climb between boulders, with feet pushing deep into the sand and turning up damp black under-soil, threaded with electric cables and studded here and there by a generator box. On top, circled around by the boulders, was the first camera crew headed by Huston's regular cameraman Ozzie Morris, the only man on location with a shirt and tie. Bunched by the camera were the first assistant, blond young Bobby Jacks, Zanuck's son-in-law; Angie, a fresh-faced, very English looking girl who had been with Huston seven years as his script-girl; Margaret giving worried instructions to the still photographer. At a short distance, a trainer was showing two Negro boys playing bearers how to hold a horse by the reins so it would not rear. Greco's double, a pretty thing who looked about sixteen, was disconsolately standing for a light check.

Dead centre in the middle distance sprawled Errol Flynn, an empty prop whisky flask at his side, the reins of a small Arab pony loosely dangling in his hand. From about fifteen feet away Flynn looked the fine figure of a swashbuckler he was for many years on the screen. Up closer he still cut a pretty muscular figure for a man of 49, but the face had a slightly disquieting aspect as if a thin layer of spongy tissue had been inserted between the skin and bone. An amiable, sardonic expression lit the face.

How was he feeling? Blank look from Flynn. His back . . . the stay in the American hospital?

"Oh, that," he said in an accent neither quite American nor British, but tinged with both. "Oh, my back acts up from time to time, I suppose. I went to the hospital because I started to get an attack of malaria. The shakes and all. I guess the recent jaunt to Africa brought it on. I had it about twenty years ago and would have thought I had immunisation. The doctors say it would have been much worse if I hadn't already had it." He shrugged.

The sun began to edge out from behind a mass of grey clouds.

"Places, everyone!"

Huston went into a huddle with Trevor Howard and Juliette Greco. Questions, nods of understanding. "We'll run it through once first, okay?" said Huston. "Juliette, honey, when you say 'Major Forsythe brought me here' glance over at Errol." Greco listened very intently as if afraid of not understanding everything. She bobbed her head. Howard, with a battered safari hat pushed back on his brow, nodded, shivering slightly in his cotton jacket open to the navel as chill unsummery winds blew across the unprotected plateau.

"Positions."

Howard took his stand behind one of the boulders, followed by two Negro boys as his bearers. "For Christ's sake," said Zanuck, "someone tell those boys to take off their jackets." The boys laid down their tweed coats out of camera-range, straightened up shivering, spears in hand. An assistant checked the foot-markings. Greco combed out her hair for the tenth time, carefully and artistically rumpling it as Zanuck hovered about her. Flynn lay back against a rock with closed eyes as the make-up man applied some artificial perspiration.

"O.K., let's go," said Huston.

Howard came around the boulder, hit the foot markings, looked in wonder at Greco. "Minna," he breathed. Greco stared at him wide-eyed. "Saint-Denis told me where to find you. Major Forsythe brought me here." Hers was the classic French accent.

"All right," said Huston. "Honey, don't forget now to look at Errol on the Major Forsythe line." Greco nodded impatiently.

The sun came out suddenly with almost shocking brilliance and warmth. The camera lights buzzed on. "Silence!" The assistants picked up the call, sending it downhill to the crew in the valley. "Camera." Howard came around the rock. "Minna." Greco gave her lines in a rush, looking straight at Howard.

"Cut." Huston walked over to Greco with Zanuck following. "Honey, you've got to look over at Errol when you say he brought you here."

"And look, honey, try to break up the second sentence a bit. You're saying it with exactly the same even beat all the way through." Huston demonstrated how she had spoken, hitting the beat with his cigar. Greco kept her head down, nodding at every word, the toe of her boot working into the soil around the foot-marker. "O.K.," said Huston, walking back to the camera. "Let's go again."

Second time through, she looked at Flynn but didn't break the rhythm of her delivery. Third time through, she broke the rhythm all right, but so it came out very measured. Fourth time, after another huddled consultation with Huston, more toe-scuffings and hair-tossings, the scene went off to Huston's satisfaction. "Think it's all right?" worried Zanuck.

"It'll do," Huston squinted at the sky. "Let's get one more shot while the sun lasts." The clouds were fast closing up. "Honey . . ." He looked about for Greco, who was vanishing down the hill. "Honey, quick, please. We want to get one close-up while the sun lasts."

She sauntered back, stopped by the make-up man, got a fresh going-over of powder, inspected herself in the mirror, joked with the make-up man in French and began to comb her hair. Zanuck came up. "Juliette." She turned away, working industriously with the comb. Huston looked at the sky, dropped his head, rubbed his neck slowly. Greco moved into position, peered wide-eyed and tremulous into the camera for the take. The sun vanished as if on cue with Huston's "Cut."

2

Lunch break brought the crew, stars, director and producer down to the bright red Chow-Tent. Inside, everyone looked an unearthly pale green, as did the food. Huston picked at the tepid roast lamb for a few minutes, pushed it away,



Tribal dance : " . . . around the car at a slow trot."

sipped the green wine, and brushed off some flies. "You know," he said, "when we were looking for locations in Africa, three of us went to call on one of the local governors. We were wonderfully received, given a fine welcome, a good dinner. We had some Scotch with us and we offered this to the governor, but he wouldn't hear of it. We had to drink his. Since it was dark and too late for us to go on to our next stopping place, we asked if he could put us up. He called a soldier, a young Negro boy, who led us out into the jungle holding a lamp before us. We must have walked for about half an hour in the bush." Huston paused to sip some more wine. "Finally, the boy stopped before a kind of small hut, gestured us in and set down the light. We looked about. No furniture, just an old automobile seat with the horsehair coming out in twenty places. No window panes, but bars on the windows. It must have been used once for a native jail. We turned about to tell the boy to take us back, that we couldn't spend the night here, but he'd vanished. We had no idea how to find our way back to the governor's. One of the fellows lay down on the automobile seat, and the two of us decided to sit up till morning playing cards. It was impossible to sleep on that floor. Then the insects started coming in through the open windows, drawn by the light. They bit and bit and there was nothing we could do about it. So we broke out the Scotch we'd offered to the governor and tried to drink as much of it as fast as we could. You might say for its anaesthetic effect. Just slugged it down as fast as we could swallow." Huston shuddered at the memory. "After a while, we didn't seem to notice the insects so much, and after a little more time, we didn't notice them at all. In the morning, the other fellow who'd slept was so badly bitten that he had to be hospitalised for a couple of weeks, and as it was we had to spend a few days in bed. . . ."

One of the French assistants poked his head in. "All ready for the war dance."

Out in the light of day a short distance from the Chow-Tent a truck, or rather certain elements of a truck, was mounted on a large wooden stand. Flynn's and Greco's stand-ins were sitting patiently inside for the adjustment of the lights. At one side, about fifteen Negroes dressed in what looked like chamois-skin loin-cloths were lumbering about, spears in hands. "No, no," moaned the French assistant, and demonstrated spear in hand the movements of the dance. "Let's try again." The Negroes stamped up and down, lethargically brandishing their weapons. With a wild boom, the tape-recorder suddenly blared out the cries and drum-beats recorded in Africa. The assistant clapped, "One—da—da; Two—da—da; Three"

Lights in place, Huston checked the scene through the viewer. Flynn and Greco took their places. Zanuck peered in at them. "Put some more sweat on 'em," he ordered the make-up man. "Remember how hot it was out there." About thirty French country folk had gathered to stare silently at the goings-on.

"Now, circle the car, fast." "Camera."

The tape-recorder sounded out with a strong beat, and the Negroes, flesh goose-pimpling with the chill wind, went around the car at a slow trot. "Cut." Flynn, looking out at them through the non-existent windshield, muttered, "Civilisation will do it every time."

Once again the music. Just out of camera range, the assistant clapped out the beat. Exhorting them, he leaped up and down in a frenzied, unavailing effort to rouse their savage blood. As they came by, the boys would grin sheepishly into the camera. "Now, look fellows," said Huston, "You're supposed to be hostile, furious at the

intruders, not a welcoming committee." This information was relayed to them in French. They all nodded, grinning. On the next take, the ones nearest the camera managed a few ferocious scowls, while those on the fringes tried to look into the car for a better view of Greco. Zanuck and Huston looked at each other. Huston shrugged. "We can use it . . . with judicious cutting."

Up on the hill, a horrific howl was heard, then shots. People scrambled upwards. Someone shouted, "Keep the people down, keep everyone away." The number two camera crew had been shooting a filler take of two hyenas imported from the local circus, and one had spiritedly bitten off the other's tail. The three animal trainers whipped and pounded the creatures apart, finally driving them into their cages with blank shots. The village children, who had clambered up on the rocks overlooking the wired-in area, stared wide-eyed.

Four o'clock. Grey-black sky. "We start tomorrow at ten," said Huston.

Day Two

Same pick-up point. Same ride out. Same threatening grey sky.

On arrival, Huston had joined in the *boules* game with the chauffeurs and appeared to be winning. Zanuck stood on the hillside brooding over the encampment. He told me how costly and complicated the production had been; how a whole city had had to be built in the jungle; everything flown in and out; the high rate of sickness. "Juliette's got low blood pressure, developed out there from all the heat. Doctors say she'll be all right in time, but it's a long process building up blood pressure. She's got to rest a lot. Brave little girl." Zanuck shook his head, looked at his cigar. "Just about everybody came down sick. Eddie Albert had sunstroke and had to be flown out. Quite a few of the crew



have had malaria since they've got back." He told how illness and technical difficulties had stretched the production out many weeks over schedule. "This will be the year's most expensive production with the exception of *Ben Hur*," he mused, not unsadly.

Up again on the hill. One close-up of Howard saying, "Minna." Zanuck fretted over Greco. "Dear, it's cold. Don't you want your sweater?" She twitched away from him. Brushing out her long black hair, she announced in French that she very much liked working in American films, such nice material comforts. She gestured down to Zanuck's Cadillac, placed at her disposal. Not like French films. (She has only played small roles in French films to date.) Americans couldn't talk French, she said. Such unpleasant accents; and so stupid. Very comfortable though to work for Americans.

Trevor Howard drank down two cups of tea, brewed by the English members of the crew. "Ah, feel much better." How did he like working with Huston? "John's a good director. He leaves a lot up to the actor," he said a little hesitantly. "Of course, I don't mind that. He lets you do what you want." How was it working for Huston in comparison with working for Carol Reed? A wise smile, and a headshake. "Ah, not for publication, I'm afraid. How about lunch in the village?"

The village—Noisy l'Ecole—turned out to be a few houses around a minor national highway. Luncheon was served on the terrace of the village's one hotel. Seated at a long table, Howard was telling Flynn about an incident he and Maggie, Zanuck's secretary, had witnessed the previous day. "There was this fellow who asked us for a match. I knew he didn't want it for a cigarette as he was already smoking. I gave him one, and do you know what he did? He sterilised a nail with it. Yes, a nail," he gestured with his fingers illustrating its size. "Isn't that right, Maggie?" he appealed to her. She nodded. "He took this nail, sterilised with my match, and drove it right into his arm." Howard mimed it out. "Right into his arm, by God, and you should have seen the look of exquisite pleasure that came over his face. To think of it, all the places I've been—the East, Africa, Hollywood, but I've never seen anything to match that for depravity right in a quiet little French town. And to think I contributed to it." He shook his head, half-mocking, half-serious.

On the terrace at a separate small table Zanuck had been eating a largely silent meal. Howard was saying, "I don't care if John does want it, I am simply going to refuse to say that line this afternoon. It's too silly for words. 'If you'd been in a Nazi concentration camp like me.' How can I read that sensibly? Besides, I'm very popular in Germany, or so my agent tells me. What'll my German public say? No matter, it's a stupid line; I don't intend to say it."

"Louder, Trevor," said Flynn, raising his voice and enunciating very clearly, "or Darryl will never hear that under no condition will you say that stupid line about the concentration camp."

Zanuck had now joined them; he smiled benignly. "We cut that line in Africa, Trevor. Look." He showed him the scenario. Howard, surprised, was mollified.

"You look worried, Darryl," said Flynn. "What's the matter?"

The matter was that Zanuck feared that the French might not want to release the film because of the theme of African nationalism that appears in the story, even though the book had won the Prix Goncourt a few years earlier and its author was at present French consul in San Francisco. Flynn observed that after all Zanuck had known there was this possibility from the beginning and that he should not start worrying about the problem on the last day of filming. Zanuck brooded that maybe the French would solve their

Trevor Howard

problems by November when the film was scheduled for release.

After lunch, Huston, Zanuck, Flynn, Greco and crew rode off down the main road with camera mounted on truck for a trip-through-the-jungle shot. The truck made the journey about five times in two hours. On the final trip, Huston jumped down, stretched his long figure. "Last day tomorrow" he said. "We're going to kill off Flynn. The agony and passion of Flynn."

Day Three

Same time. Same pick-up point. Direction: the other end of Paris, out through the Bois de Boulogne to Rambouillet. In the car with Margaret was the head publicity man on the film, Linn Unkefer. "Oh Lord, the time I had summarising the plot of this film into one concise paragraph," he said. "Take the story, set it down in not quite the right words, and the whole picture sounds silly. A man saving elephants. To get over the allegorical and humanitarian message without making it sound too highbrow . . ." he sighed.

The ride was much briefer than the two previous mornings. Tents and lights were set up on the thickly wooded shores of a large lake. The darkly menacing sky finally made good its threat and rain shot down in great drenching sheets, sending people scrambling into the Chow-Tent. Lunch consequently was served up as the rain thumped noisily on the tent. Huston sat patiently eating cherries, watching the rain. He suddenly mentioned the day in Africa when they'd stumbled, by pure chance, on a herd of six hundred wild elephants and got it all on CinemaScope. "It was the most wonderful sight you could see."

When it subsided to a quiet drizzle, Huston strode over to the specially constructed *papier-mâché* tree trunk which was to be the site of Flynn's agony. He studied the photographs passed him by Angie, his script-girl, and okayed the structure. Flynn, with a raincoat over his safari costume, looked a little dismayed about lying down in the mud. One of the prop men brought up a smallish rubber sheet which he slid under the straw at the base of the tree. Flynn grimaced, lowered himself gingerly on to the wet straw and stretched out, face down. Suddenly a worried yelp, and the toy poodle belonging to a young lady friend of Flynn's came bounding over to tug at his legs and lick his face. "Away with you, you silly dog," said Flynn. "I'm all right. Come on, away now." The dog retreated a few paces hesitantly, darted back yelping anxiously as soon as Flynn put his head down. "Someone put the dog in Flynn's trailer," ordered Huston. With the poodle safely away, Huston explained to Greco and one of the extras what he wanted. Flynn has been shot; Greco finds him, turns him over, sees him die; is seized by the hunter who killed him; she attacks, screaming 'you killed him,' and the two struggle briefly before her bearers separate them. Greco and the extra, a brawny young man, nodded. Flynn shivered, and shed his raincoat. The make-up man applied some blood to his mouth, spotted some in the gun-'wounds' on his back. Flynn flopped face down, calling out, "Is this the right position, John?"

"O.K., Errol," reassured Huston. "Remember, honey, you attack him when he grabs you by the wrist. All right, honey, Go!"

Greco ran up to Flynn, paused, screamed dramatically 'Beek' or 'Deek'. She turned him on his side. Flynn gazed up, artificial blood running from his mouth. "Thank you, my dear," he gasped and sagged back. The extra with rifle in one hand grabbed Greco by the wrist. "You keeled 'im!" she yelled and leaped at him, pounding fiercely with her fists, elbows, knees and feet, knocking him off balance and pulling them both to the ground in the mud with a noisy splash. The extra sat up a little dazed, staring in surprise at Greco, who stood up panting a little and looking very pleased. Huston looked rather surprised himself.



Final struggle : Juliette Greco with Negro bearers.

"Very good, honey. I'm sorry, though, you fell out of camera range. We'll have to run it again."

Once again, Flynn sagged in death, Greco was seized, and once again she lashed out with fists and feet, pulling them both down. The two Negro bearers cautiously moved in to pull them apart, and for a few moments Greco held the three men taut as she bent, straightened, bent again, kicking and yelling. "Cut," said Huston. "Look, I'm afraid we'll have to do it again. The bearers were smiling. We can't have that." Zanuck worried. "Don't you think this is too tiring for Juliette? Juliette, dear, you're not tiring yourself out?" She shook her head, beamed at Huston. "I'm not the least tired. Let's do it again." Four more times the scene was shot; each time Greco kicked and attacked with inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm, as if she were working off an enormous quantity of pent-up aggression. The extra and two bearers began to look worn. Finally, Huston was satisfied. "Tiger woman," commented Flynn admiringly. Greco flopped down in her chair, towelling off the mud vigorously. "Everyone always says I'm nice," she said, "But I've got an unpleasant side that people don't know about." And grinned contentedly.

The next hour was spent trying to get the dialogue of Flynn's death on to the sound-track. Airplanes flew over at regular intervals; motor bikes popped by; ten French Army tanks cranked along the main road; visiting babies began to cry. Basil Smith, the sound engineer, who had a plane for London in two hours, was getting desperate. An almost perfect silence was broken by Flynn's friend carolling "Errol" several times from the trailer. Finally, silence held good for the necessary three minutes.

The final scene of the film had Greco ducking from behind a tree as she heard shots. Huston kept repeating, "Look, honey, you're frightened. You've just heard shots. Look startled." Five takes later, Huston said, "Well, that's that." He and Zanuck clasped hands. "Eight weeks later, we have a film."

As Huston walked off towards his car, he looked back at the location, at the grips dismantling the lights. He cocked his head and smiled. "End of a world."

the festivals



Military tragedy: "The Forty-Four".

Karlovy Vary

HOWEVER friendly the general atmosphere among the visitors, the world situation cast something of a shadow over this year's Karlovy Vary Festival. One Middle East delegate spoke bitterly about the intervention of the West; DEFA's hard-hitting documentary *Operation Teutonic Sword*, about the political activities of General Speidel (now a leading figure in NATO), caused some concern, especially among the West Germans; and the non-appearance of a promised French film by Chris Marker, *Letter from Siberia*, was never clearly explained. The jury divided its awards equally among East and West, but some minor prizes seemed ill-judged and again there were suggestions of political expediency.

The special value of Karlovy Vary, though, is the opportunity for international encounters hardly possible elsewhere. Grigori Kozintsev, the director of *Don Quixote*, talked excitedly about the film of *Hamlet* he is contemplating and about his work with the older school of Soviet directors; Felix Mariassy spoke of the current problems and aims of Hungarian film-makers ("The important thing is to go on making films"); and Jiri Weiss sent cordial greetings to his war-time colleagues in Britain. From the West, Charles Frend scored a personal success; and Zavattini, de Santis, Paul Strand among others appeared in a series of open forums in which the cinema's treatment of contemporary

life was debated at great length and with some vehemence. This was a welcome new development, as was the technical innovation whereby everyone was given a pair of headphones containing tiny receivers which picked up dialogue translations in five languages, unaided by plugs or wires.

The success of any festival depends on the quality of its films; and the low standard of many of this year's official entries was noted during the Awards ceremony, when it was deplored that many countries had not apparently sent their best work—a fact borne out by the high quality of the out-of-competition screenings, especially from the East. Too many entries seemed to have been chosen for their political content, irrespective of artistic quality; an Italian film, *The Broad Blue Way*, was little more than a gaudy neo-realist pot-boiler; and one of the two Japanese entries, *The Seven Forgotten Ones*, came close to being a noisy Oriental equivalent. The French selection (*Cerf-Volant, Mon Oncle, Goha*) had already been seen at Cannes, with the exception of an important short called *Vivre*, a poignant *montage* of wars, revolution and human suffering culled from newsreels and accompanied by electronic sound.

Britain and America were again only sketchily represented. *Barnacle Bill* was quite well received (though a land-locked people must have had some difficulty in appreciating the exact function of a pier); and a series of American screenings offered several big musicals and *Moby Dick*. These drew capacity houses, yet the Czechs are still woefully ignorant of the best American cinema of recent years.

But Karlovy Vary's most important function, of course, is to provide a panorama of the East European scene—here there was plenty to discover. Apart from confirming the vitality of the Hungarian and Polish schools, this year revealed that the Czech industry has taken on a new lease of life after forsaking the heavy, dehumanised historical spectacles of a few years ago. Outstanding in this group was Jiri Weiss's *Wolf Trap*, based on a famous novel by Jarmila Glazarová. Set in the stuffy, oppressive atmosphere of a small provincial town, the story is centred on three characters: an elderly, neurotically possessive wife, her weak husband, twenty years her junior, and the beautiful niece who comes to stay with them. A strange, repressed love develops between husband and girl, but after the wife's death she leaves him, being unable to accept or understand his vacillations towards her. From this stark material, Weiss has fashioned one of his most personal films. The style is very sharp and economical, the contributions of designer and cameraman are brilliant, and Weiss has drawn a memorable portrait of the fearsome old lady from the stage actress Jirina Sejbalová. The casting of the husband is less successful: called on to play a weak character, the actor (Miroslav Doležal) fails to project this quality, substituting a single expression of forlorn sadness. Nevertheless, this is a *real* film, visually eloquent and expressive.

Two other *hors festival* films from Czechoslovakia dealt with topical problems, openly critical of the evils they exposed. *September Nights*, set among army personnel in a large camp, attacks the kind of bureaucratic mind that can see no further than official regulations; *School for Fathers* concerns a village school teacher who discovers that his predecessor had placed his personal gain before the welfare of his pupils. Both films proclaim the rights of the individual; and both employ a direct semi-documentary style refreshingly free from the didactic preaching associated with this type of subject.

As this year marks the Czech cinema's sixtieth anniversary, it was perhaps appropriate that a famous name of the past should appear on the credits of the Slovak entry, *The Forty-Four*. Its director, Palo Bielik, made his name in the 1930's as an actor (notably in *Janosik*). His latest film, a powerful reconstruction of an Army revolt against Austro-Hungarian militarism in 1918, won an Honourable Mention and the International Critics' Prize. Although there was nothing

markedly original in the handling of its early scenes, the personal story of its soldier-hero, crushed and humiliated by military pomposity, and the revolt itself, are presented with a fierce realism reminiscent of *Wozzeck*.

The six Hungarian films, presented both in and out of competition, all displayed great technical assurance. Some conveyed a bitter-sweet melancholy, as well as symbolic overtones suggesting that the events of the last two years continue to pre-occupy Hungarian film-makers. My own favourite, Felix Mariassy's *The Smugglers*, is a pre-war story about poor peasant families and the smuggling which went on across the Hungarian-Rumanian frontier. But the strength of the film lies in its subtle, delicately handled love story (with the beautiful Margit Bara) and in Mariassy's feeling for his peasant hero. One long scene, in which he wanders around a country fair, is marvellously sustained in atmosphere. The climax, with the lovers fleeing from the police as a lark flies overhead, is bleak and disquieting.

A crowded Budapest tenement is the setting for Ranody's *Danse Macabre*. Here we are introduced to an assortment of characters—young lovers, cuckolded husbands, rowdy children—all caught up in the business of life. These early establishing scenes do not entirely avoid some script clichés; yet when the climax arrives, the effect is shattering. A wartime grenade discovered by the children suddenly explodes, causing many casualties. Shot with almost newsreel accuracy, this event is transformed by the director into a painful comment on the impermanency of life and the vagaries of fate.

From Poland, surprisingly, came light relief in the form of a surrealist comedy. *Eva Wants to Sleep*, directed by Tadeusz Chmielewski, takes a tilt at many sacred cows whilst relating the old story of the innocent girl lost in the big grey city. Comic policemen and wicked crooks (à la *The Lady Killers*) contribute to the general air of anarchy and there are sly take-offs on the Wajda hero and the ubiquitous Aleksander Ford. A little protracted, perhaps, but a welcome diversion.

Excessive length and ponderous technique also detracted from the merits of the two Yugoslav and Soviet entries. Giuseppe de Santis' Yugoslav feature *The One Year Road* traces the efforts of a group of farmers to build an important highway, and the effects of the enterprise on their personal relationships. Here de Santis assumes the mantle of the 'social realist': his film is politically committed, extremely verbose and nearly three hours long. But there are many things in it to admire, notably the busy construction scenes and the playing of Massimo Girotti as the men's leader: a foxy, quixotic figure given to bawdy humour and quick decisions.

Having now seen four of the six hours of *Quiet Flows the Don*, directed by Gerassimov from Sholokhov's novel, I cannot help feeling that this was a subject fit only for a Dovzhenko. Gerassimov is of course a professional craftsman capable of sustaining a large canvas, yet the surface of the film is too uniformly even, the great poetic moments recorded rather than completely felt. Nevertheless, the third part has some extremely expressive Agfacolor and the last reel, with the cossack Grigori lamenting over the death of his beloved, finds the director at his most eloquent. *Quiet Flows the Don* shared the Festival Grand Prix with a Japanese picture, *The Stepbrothers*.

Among minor surprises of the Festival were productions from Korea, Mongolia and Bolivia, simple naive stories full of nationalistic fervour and some lively promise. Two other non-Eastern entries revealed qualities of a more sophisticated kind. *The Tenant*, directed by Jose Nieves Conde, was a Spanish neo-realistic comedy with echoes of de Sica and Berlanga, about a young married couple looking for a new

flat in over-crowded Madrid who are eventually forced to set up home on a street corner. Freshly handled and likeably played, the film is often genuinely funny without ever sacrificing its inner layer of social comment. A Brazilian picture, *A Northern Suburb of Rio*, drew a lively portrait of its hero, a diminutive Negro samba composer exploited by wicked radio and music sharks. Though spoiled by a flat and clumsy narrative style, it has enough rough sincerity to make one hope that its young director, Nelson Pereira dos Santos, may one day produce something really distinctive.

Finally, two extravaganzas. One assumes that the Russian director and special effects expert, Ptushko, had his tongue in his cheek when he made *Ilya Muromets*, for this lavish CinemaScope spectacle borrows shamelessly from de Mille, Disney, Superman and *Alexander Nevsky*. Splendidly tricked out with massive battle scenes, fairy tale ogres, transformation scenes and clashing stereophonic sound, it must have cost a small fortune and certainly made a lively summer evening's entertainment. *Mother India* has a more serious theme—the exploitation of Indian villagers and their fight against the elements. But the fantastic confusion of incident soon revealed the hand of Mehboob Khan, the director of *Aan*—here social realism comes intermingled with gaudy song and dance, frenetic violence and full-blooded acting. An American colleague suggested that this director may one day produce a frenzied masterpiece—at any rate, these two films radiated an exuberance lacking from the pallid, convention-bound offerings of the West. And no-one should complain when Karlovy Vary lets its hair down.

JOHN GILLETT

Berlin

THE Berlin Film Festival starts out with several major handicaps. In the first place, of course, there are no entries from the East; and as festival after festival continues to show, a good deal of the excitement of the contemporary cinema lies with the Socialist countries and their national industries and state academies. Then, too, there are confounding niceties of political discretion to be observed within West Berlin (the week before the Festival *Paths of Glory* was banned in the French sector); and it is a miracle if the



Domestic tension: Jiri Weiss's "Wolf Trap", shown also at the Venice Festival.



"Wild Strawberries": Victor Sjöström.

Festival can pass off, as it did this year, with no more than minor offences to the various national delegations.

As far as the West is concerned, however, Berlin has the reputation of being a very good trade festival; and it seems to be regarded, too, as a useful showcase for stars, especially those of the aspiring second rank. Certainly the wildest flutter is engineered around almost every move of, say, Horst Buchholz or Sylvia Syms (Sylvia Syms the German press seemed to prefer it), or the ubiquitous Swiss Liselotte Pulver—a new Schell who is liable to appear quite unexpectedly in films of any nationality. In the festival she popped up, masquerading as Lilo Pulver, in the American *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*.

Some way after the stars—the films, which included entries from such unexpected places as Iran, Indonesia and the United Arab Republic. The Grand Prix went—with a justice that is not always meted out by festival juries—to *Wild Strawberries*. One of Ingmar Bergman's major works, this stood head and shoulders above everything else at Berlin. The action takes place during twenty-four hours in which an ageing professor goes to receive an honorary degree from his old university. The preparation and journey give him a chance to review his whole life. His day-dreams and night-dreams, an argument with his daughter-in-law, meetings with his ancient mother, with some jolly young hitch-hikers, all combine to enrich him with a new self-knowledge and recognition. The structure of the film—the way in which the confusion of experiences which suddenly connect in the old man's mind is realised on the screen—is masterly; just how masterly you cannot appreciate until the second or third viewing. Bergman's direction is matched by the superb performance of the veteran director and actor Victor Sjöström as Professor Borg.

The American entry was varied. Walt Disney's *Perri* enjoyed a popular success; while Stanley Kramer's *The Defiant Ones* divided the critics in healthy style. Douglas Sirk's interesting *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) was perhaps a slightly unsuitable choice for Berlin, dealing as it largely does with the wartime bombing of that city. It nevertheless seemed worth considerably more attention than it in fact received.

The single British entry was better calculated. J. Lee-Thompson's particular brand of pseudo-neo-realism evidently appeals to the German festival public, and *Ice Cold in Alex* won for Britain the International Critics' Prize. Outside the

British and German contingents, though, there was not a great deal of verbal enthusiasm for this film; in particular, some rather incautious advertising invited adverse comparisons with *The Wages of Fear*.

India sent *Two Eyes, Twelve Hands*, by V. Shantaram, a director who works in the more traditional commercial styles from which Satyajit Ray has escaped. Enormously long, this was a kind of Indian *Road to Life*, based on a true incident of twenty or so years ago, when an idealistic jailer established a non-punitive farming settlement for six condemned criminals. The story of the little jailer's struggles and of the criminals' regeneration is related in an odd, formal and authentically oriental style. The deep criminality of the prisoners is translated into a comic convention, so that they appear as a kind of dhoti-ed Crazy Gang. The inevitable songs are used quite ingeniously to forward the action, and the characterisation—particularly of an itinerant woman toy-seller—is often both comic and perceptive. The last image—the great sad eyes of the dead jailer Adinath appearing in the heavens to watch over his children and to weep tears of rain upon their lands—has at once the formal dignity of an Indian illumination and the droll artlessness of an old Pathé morality.

The main Japanese entry, *The Story of a Pure Love*, to some extent confirmed earlier suspicions of Tadashi Imai's weakness for Hollywood lush (the signs were clear enough in *Men of the Ricefields*). At the same time, this story of two delinquents whose love survives the hardships of post-war Tokyo until she, a Hiroshima victim, dies of leukaemia, is important for its subject; and there is often the same sympathy and keenness for character that we saw in *Shadows in Sunlight*.

For the rest, Italy sent a glossy piece of *Lollo, Anna of Brooklyn*, directed by Carlo Lastricati and (sad to say) Vittorio de Sica. *Miriam* was an effortfully erotic piece from Finland; *Paranomi* an intermittently exciting story from Greece, directed by Nikos Kondouros. I arrived too late for the Danish comedy *The Moon and the Stars*, about the descent of an American oil company upon a sleepy Danish town, which was fairly well-liked; I left too soon for Geza Radvanyi's remake of *Mädchen in Uniform* (with Lilli Palmer and Romy Schneider), which was shown on the last day of the festival and has subsequently been warmly praised.

For a festival which only represented one half of the world, the selection was not bad; but Berlin will continue to be the lame runner among the international festivals until it can overcome its political discriminations.

DAVID ROBINSON



Tokyo street corner: "The Story of a Pure Love".

BRITISH FEATURE DIRECTORS

an index
to their
work

Intended as a guide to the contemporary scene rather than a historical survey, this index is confined to the work of film-makers who have been engaged in feature direction during the past five years. It aims to list the productions of practising British directors, other than those whose feature output is very limited or who work entirely or mainly in the second-feature field. Dates of films generally refer to the date of production; in doubtful cases, however, the date given is that of the film's British release.

AMYES, Julian,

One of the most accomplished directors working in British television, Julian Amyes began his feature film career with a competent, if unadventurous, Korean war story. Has since made one film for the Rank Organisation, less realistic in style and perhaps for that reason less successful.

Born Cambridge, 1917. Produced and acted in repertory before the war and after Army service joined the Stratford Memorial Theatre Company; played a small part in the Boultings' film *High Treason*. He joined the BBC as a television producer in 1951 and has been responsible for such TV productions as *Dial M for Murder*, *The Troubled Air*, and (for ITV) *The Kidders*.

FEATURES: 1956—*A Hill in Korea*. 1957—*Miracle in Soho*.

ANDERSON, Michael

A film-maker of oddly uneven achievements, Michael Anderson had made the promising *Waterfront* and then a string of more or less nondescript features before directing, in *The Dam Busters*, one of the most clear-cut and authoritative of British war films. Mike Todd entrusted him with *Around the World in 80 Days*, another American company with their optimistic reworking of Orwell's *1984*, and he is now working in Britain for Marlon Brando's company. If this should be the road to Hollywood, he seems to have the equipment to take it.



Michael Anderson



Anthony Asquith



John Boulting



Roy Boulting



Henry Cornelius

Born London, 1920. Entered films in 1935 as an office boy at Elstree, played a small part in *Housemaster*, worked on *Pygmalion*, *French Without Tears*, etc., and was unit manager on *In Which We Serve*. He worked in this capacity on *School for Secrets*, *Vice Versa* and others, and in 1949 co-directed *Private Angelo* with Peter Ustinov.

FEATURES: 1949—*Private Angelo* (with Peter Ustinov). 1950—*Waterfront*. 1951—*Hell Is Sold Out*; *Night Was Our Friend*. 1953—*Will Any Gentleman . . . ?*; *The House of the Arrow*. 1954—*The Dam Busters*. 1955—1984. 1956—*Around the World in 80 Days*. 1957—*Yangtse Incident*; *Chase a Crooked Shadow*. Current project: *Shake Hands With the Devil*.

ANNAKIN, Ken

Since launching the Huggett series ten years ago, Ken Annakin has divided his film-making about evenly between action and comedy and has turned in some sturdy swashbuckling pieces for Disney. The best of his work, films like *Miranda*, *Quartet* and *Trio*, *Across the Bridge*, has been inspired by good scripts or strong situations, where his considerable professional assurance is given scope. Burdened with indifferent stories, he has been able to contribute little more than ease of technique to such subjects as *Loser Takes All* or the jungle of improbabilities which constitutes his most recent film.

Born Yorkshire, 1914. He spent six years in a variety of occupations, including the Civil Service, Insurance, car sales, film extra, journalism, then joined Verity Films as a camera assistant in 1941. During the war worked in documentary (*London 1942*, *We of the West Riding*, *English Justice*); also as assistant to Carol Reed on a women's services training film.

FEATURES: 1947—*Holiday Camp*. 1948—*Miranda*; *Broken Journey*; *Quartet* (co-directed); *Here Come the Huggetts*; *Vote for Huggett*. 1949—*The Huggetts Abroad*; *Landfall*. 1950—*Double Confession*; *Trio* (co-directed). 1951—*Hotel Sahara*. 1952—*The Story of Robin Hood*; *The Planter's Wife*. 1953—*The Sword and the Rose*; *You Know What Sailors Are*. 1954—*The Seekers*. 1955—*Value for Money*. 1956—*Loser Takes All*; *Three Men in a Boat*. 1957—*Across the Bridge*. 1958—*Nor the Moon by Night*. Current project: *Third Man on a Mountain*.

ARLISS, Leslie

A director who has had a lengthy career in British features, of a not uncharacteristic type. As a screenwriter in the 'thirties, his subjects ranged from the lightest of comedies for Jack Hulbert and George Formby to the solemnities of *Rhodes of Africa* and *Pastor Hall*. As a director, he made one of the big 'escape' money-makers of the war, *The Man in Grey*, and followed it up with another outsize novelette, *The Wicked Lady*. Has lately worked more in television than in films, perhaps because the cinema has moved away from the rather florid style in which he made his name.

Began his career as a journalist, including experience as dramatic critic on a South

African paper, and entered the industry in 1931. Was a scenario writer first at Elstree and then at Gaumont British, his screen credits including *Orders is Orders*, *Jack Ahoy*, *Rhodes of Africa*, *Good Morning Boys*, *Come on George, Pastor Hall*. Since 1953 he has directed a number of films for Douglas Fairbanks Productions and other TV companies.

FEATURES: 1941—*The Farmer's Wife* (co-directed). 1942—*The Night Has Eyes*. 1943—*The Man in Grey*. 1944—*Love Story*. 1945—*The Wicked Lady*. 1947—*A Man About the House*. 1948—*Idol of Paris*; *Saints and Sinners*. 1952—*The Woman's Angle*. 1955—*See How They Run*; *Miss Tulip Stays the Night*.

ASQUITH, Anthony

Anthony Asquith's most characteristic pictures have been in the field of light comedy, social satire, adaptations from novels and the stage: he has directed screen versions of Wilde and Shaw, a run of Terence Rattigan comedies, and a charming early adaptation of a Compton Mackenzie novel, *Dance, Pretty Lady*. Painstaking, intelligent and industrious, he has been described by one critic as "a craftsman of taste and refinement". Characterising his strength, this also indicates an occasional weakness—the moments when a graceful talent has seemed in danger from the constrictions imposed by good taste. But Asquith has always been at his best when his themes have been worthwhile: at one extreme in *Pygmalion* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*; at the other, in the war sequences of *Tell England* and some of his later war subjects.

Born London, 1902, son of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Educated at Winchester and Balliol, his subsequent career has been entirely in the cinema, which he entered in 1926 as assistant at British Instructional under Bruce Woolfe. Here his duties even extended to doubling for Phyllis Neilson-Terry in *Boadicea* (1926). Was scriptwriter, editor and associate director on *Shooting Stars* and made his first independent feature in the same year. He directed three short documentaries during the war (*Channel Incident*, *Rush Hour*, *Two Fathers*) and in 1955 made a short film about Glyndebourne, *On Such a Night*. Was one of the founder-members of the Film Society in 1925.

FEATURES: 1928—*Shooting Stars* (with A. V. Bramble); *Underground*. 1929—*The Runaway Princess*. 1930—*A Cottage on Dartmoor*. 1931—*Tell England*. 1932—*Dance, Pretty Lady*. 1933—*The Lucky Number*. 1934—*Unfinished Symphony* (co-director, English version). 1935—*Moscow Nights*. 1938—*Pygmalion* (with Leslie Howard). 1939—*French Without Tears*. 1940—*Freedom Radio*; *Quiet Wedding*. 1941—*Cottage to Let*. 1942—*Uncensored*. 1943—*We Dive at Dawn*; *The Demi-Paradise*; *Welcome to Britain* (with Burgess Meredith). 1944—*Fanny by Gaslight*. 1945—*The Way to the Stars*. 1946—*While the Sun Shines*. 1948—*The Winslow Boy*. 1950—*The Woman in Question*. 1951—*The Browning Version*. 1952—*The Importance of Being Earnest*. 1953—*The Net*; *The Final Test*. 1954—*The Young Lovers*; *Carrington*, V.C. 1958—

Orders to Kill. Current project: *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

BAKER, Roy

In ten steady years of direction Roy Baker has built a reputation for efficiency on a series of pictures not in themselves of the highest distinction. His first subjects were mostly thrillers and suspense stories. His American experience between 1951-53, which included a 3-D melodrama and a film featuring Marilyn Monroe as a murderous baby-sitter, toughened and polished his technique. Mainly an action director, his most successful film is probably his most recent, the *Titanic* story *A Night to Remember*.

Born London, 1916. Entered films in 1934 as an assistant director and worked at Gainsborough until the war. After war service returned to the industry to join Two Cities as a director.

FEATURES: 1947—*The October Man*. 1948—*The Weaker Sex*. 1949—*Paper Orchid*; *Morning Departure*. 1950—*Highly Dangerous*. 1951—*The House in the Square*. 1952—*Don't Bother to Knock*; *Night Without Sleep*. 1953—*Inferno*. 1955—*Passage Home*. 1956—*Jacqueline*; *The Tiger in the Smoke*. 1957—*The One That Got Away*. 1958—*A Night to Remember*.

BAXTER, John

A film-maker of robust staying-power, John Baxter has made more than forty features in his twenty-five years as a director. He steered the long-lived Mother Riley through some of her early adventures, was directing children's features in the late 1940's and in 1951 was appointed managing director of the newly founded Group 3. John Baxter's early films had titles like *Doss House* and *A Real Bloke*, and his career has been punctuated by more or less sentimental studies of the hardships of the poor. Notably, he made the remarkable *Love On The Dole*, a film of no great technical distinction which more than makes up for its defects by the truth and generosity of its feeling for the industrial North.

Born Kent, 1896. He was a theatre manager before entering production in 1932, when he joined Sound City as casting director, then producer and director. During the war was with British National as producer-director, later made some features for Children's Entertainment Films and in 1951 was appointed managing director of Group 3, one of whose early productions he directed.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1933—*Song of the Plough*; *Doss House*. 1934—*Lest We Forget*; *Music Hall*. 1935—*The Small Man*; *A Real Bloke*. 1936—*Sunshine Ahead*; *Men of Yesterday*; *Hearts of Humanity*. 1937—*Song of the Road*; *Talking Feet*. 1939—*Secret Journey*; *What Would You Do, Chums?* 1940—*Laugh It Off*; *Old Mother Riley in Society*; *Crooks' Tour*. 1941—*Love on the Dole*; *Old Mother Riley's Ghosts*; *The Common Touch*. 1942—*Let the People Sing*; *We'll Smile Again*. 1943—*Theatre Royal*. 1944—*Shipbuilders*;

Dreaming. 1945—*Here Comes the Sun*. 1947—*When You Come Home*. 1948—*The Last Load*. 1950—*The Second Mate*. 1951—*Judgment Deferred*. 1956—*Ramsbottom Rides Again*.

BENNETT, Compton

The first feature from this director, *The Seventh Veil*, was one of the most ingenious box-office concoctions ever assembled by a British studio. With a theme combining psychiatry, the piano and a four-cornered romance, all wrapped up in flashbacks, it was our cinema's closest approach to the kind of thing through which Joan Crawford agonises her way. Not surprisingly, the director has never been able to top this, though *The Forsyte Saga* and *King Solomon's Mines* gave him the resources of Culver City. Has worked recently on a more modest scale, mostly for the small Beaconsfield studios.

Born Tunbridge Wells, 1900. He had a variety of jobs in the 'twenties, including electrical engineer, band leader and commercial artist, and in the early 1930's came into the industry via the cutting room, working as editor with Alexander Korda. Did some documentary work during the early stages of the war, including direction of *Find, Fix and Strike*.

FEATURES: 1945—*The Seventh Veil*. 1946—*The Years Between*. 1947—*Daybreak*. 1948—*My Own True Love*. 1949—*The Forsyte Saga*. 1950—*King Solomon's Mines*. 1951—*So Little Time*. 1952—*Gift Horse; It Started in Paradise*. 1953—*Desperate Moment*. 1957—*That Woman Opposite; After the Ball; The Flying Scot*. Current project: *Hunter*.

BISHOP, Terry

After the promise of some of Terry Bishop's documentaries, the material of his three features to date—a Group 3 comic romp, a children's film and an innocent crime-comedy—has offered disappointingly little chance for individuality. Lately the requirements of the many television films on which he has worked seem to have given his direction a briskness previously lacking.

Born London, 1912. Entered the industry in 1930 as a sound assistant at Twickenham. Later wrote scripts for R.K.O., and in 1939 joined Film Producers' Guild as a writer. Has made documentaries for the Royal Naval Film Unit, Greenpark, Crown Film Unit, including *Down Our Street*, *Western Isles*, *Five Towns* and *Day Break in Udi* (American Academy Award, 1950). Has recently been working in television on the *Robin Hood*, *Buccaneer* and *Sword of Freedom* series.

FEATURES: 1952—*You're Only Young Twice*. 1954—*Tim Driscoll's Donkey*. 1957—*Light Fingers*. Current project: *Model for Murder*.

BOULTING, John

John Boultling was the second of the Boultling Brothers to go into direction, after some years producing the features directed by his brother Roy. The sympathetic *Journey Together*, about Air Force

training, the Graham Greene adaptation *Brighton Rock* and the tense atom bomb melodrama *Seven Days to Noon* suggested an ambitious talent. Lately he has turned towards comedy, catching at the fashionable mood in films about tough innocents profitably at large in a world of organised chaos. There was more farce than satire about *Lucky Jim*, and John Boultling seems to have decided to let a tough talent relax into a good-humoured one.

Born Berkshire, 1913. Worked first in a film distributor's office, then volunteered as an ambulance driver with the Government forces in the Spanish Civil War. Returned to England in 1937 to form Charter Films with his brother Roy and produced the films directed by his brother for the company. Served during the war with the R.A.F. Film Unit, for which he directed *Journey Together*.

FEATURES: 1945—*Journey Together*. 1947—*Brighton Rock*. 1950—*Seven Days to Noon*. 1951—*The Magic Box*. 1954—*Seagulls Over Sorrento* (with Roy Boultling). 1956—*Private's Progress*. 1957—*Lucky Jim*.

BOULTING, Roy

Like his brother, Roy Boultling has recently moved towards comedy: and it seems a long way from *Pastor Hall* and *Thunder Rock* to *Brothers in Law* and *Happy is the Bride*. While still in his 'twenties he was making films of some moral force, and after the war he directed the gallant failure *Fame is the Spur*. It would be hard in any case to get backing for films of this sort today. Not surprisingly, their director gives the impression of having changed gears in mid-career.

Born Berkshire, 1913, twin brother of John Boultling. Went to Canada in the early 1930's, returning as one of the crew of a cattle ship, and worked first as a film salesman, then as assistant director. He formed Charter Films with his brother John in 1937 and directed two 30-minute featurettes, *The Landlady* and *Consider Your Verdict*. Worked for the Army Film Unit during the war, notably on *Desert Victory*, *Burma Victory* and the Anglo-American *Tunisian Victory*.

FEATURES: 1939—*Trunk Crime; Inquest*. 1940—*Pastor Hall*. 1942—*Thunder Rock*. 1943—*Desert Victory* (supervising editor). 1944—*Tunisian Victory* (with Frank Capra). 1945—*Burma Victory*. 1947—*Fame is the Spur*. 1948—*The Guineapig*. 1951—*High Treason*. 1953—*Singlehanded*. 1954—*Seagulls Over Sorrento* (with John Boultling). 1955—*Josephine and Men*. 1956—*Brothers in Law*. 1957—*Happy is the Bride*. Current project: *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.*

BOX, Muriel

One of the only two women directors regularly employed in British features, Muriel Box is the wife of the veteran producer Sydney Box and the sister-in-law of our only woman producer, Betty Box. Her own films are for the most part "women's pictures"—a mild account of adventures in the women's police force, a series of comedies such as *The Passionate Stranger*

and *The Truth About Women*. They are part of the magazine fiction of the screen—and no less competently organised than most magazine fiction.

Born Surrey, 1905. Entered the industry in the 'twenties as a scriptgirl, including work on one of Asquith's early films. During the war worked with her husband, Sydney Box, on a number of service training films. Has collaborated on numerous screenplays, including *The Seventh Veil*, *The Man Within*, *Holiday Camp*; from 1946 was head of the story department at Gainsborough.

FEATURES: 1952—*The Happy Family*. 1953—*Street Corner*. 1954—*The Beachcomber; To Dorothy, A Son*. 1955—*Simon and Laura*. 1956—*Eye Witness; The Passionate Stranger*. 1957—*The Truth About Women*. Current project: *Much in Evidence*.

CARSTAIRS, John Paddy

One of the most versatile men in British films—writer, director, novelist, painter—John Paddy Carstairs has somewhat scattered his capable talents over too wide a range of films. He has worked his way through many features of an essentially expendable type; had a hand in some agreeable light comedies; and perhaps made his most permanent contribution in introducing Norman Wisdom to a larger cinema public.

After producing a full-length feature while still at school, he entered the film industry as camera assistant at Stoll in 1927 and was one of the unit on Herbert Wilcox's *Dawn*. Went to America to look for work, had various jobs including a period as gate attendant at Paramount Studios, then returned to work as assistant director, scenario and production assistant with Basil Dean. As a writer, he worked on *Charley's Aunt* (also technical adviser), *Tulip Time*, *The Lambeth Walk*, etc.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1937—*Holiday's End; Double Exposure*. 1938—*Incident in Shanghai; Lassie from Lancashire*. 1939—*The Saint in London; Meet Maxwell Archer*. 1940—*Spare a Copper*. 1941—*He Found a Star*. 1947—*Dancing with Crime*. 1948—*Sleeping Car to Trieste; Fools Rush In*. 1949—*The Chiltern Hundreds*. 1950—*Tony Draws a Horse*. 1951—*Talk of a Million*. 1952—*Treasure Hunt; Top of the Form*. 1953—*Trouble in Store*. 1954—*Up to His Neck; One Good Turn*. 1955—*Man of the Moment; Jumping for Joy; The Big Money* (issued 1958). 1956—*Up in the World*. 1957—*Just My Luck*. Current project: *The Square Peg*.

CASS, Henry

With a long theatre career behind him before he turned to the cinema, Henry Cass has been involved with some interesting scriptwriters—J. Lee-Thompson scripted *No Place for Jennifer*, J. B. Priestley wrote *Last Holiday*—and has directed screen versions of several successful stage farces. Has moved into rather more humdrum territory in the last few years, with a series of minor thrillers and comedies.

Born London, 1902. Went on the stage in



Charles Crichton

1923, later produced at Croydon Repertory Theatre and in 1934 with the Old Vic. His stage productions included *St. Joan*, *Major Barbara*, *Peer Gynt*, *Desire Under the Elms*. In 1941 began to direct documentaries for Verity Films (*Danger Area*, *H.M.S. Mine-layer*, *Catholics in Britain*, etc.), and in 1945 produced short adaptations of *Julius Caesar* and *Macbeth* for the British Council; also directed the documentary *Public Opinion*.

FEATURES: 1937—*Lancashire Luck*. 1945—*29 Acacia Avenue*. 1948—*The Glass Mountain*. 1949—*No Place for Jennifer*. 1950—*Last Holiday*. 1951—*Young Wives' Tale*. 1952—*Castle in the Air*; *Father's Doing Fine*. 1955—*Windfall*; *The Reluctant Bride*; *No Smoking*. 1956—*Bond of Fear*; *Breakaway*; *The High Terrace*. 1957—*The Crooked Sky*; *Booby Trap*; *Professor Tim*. 1958—*Blood of the Vampire*.

CHAFFEY, Don

Don Chaffey has combined feature direction with television film work (on, among other things, the *Robin Hood* series). Having made his first films for children, he has lately swung to the opposite extreme with X certificate explorations of prostitution and artificial insemination. With the cinema's trend towards the sensational, he seems to be travelling in the fashionable direction.

Born 1917. Entered the film industry via the art department of Gainsborough Studios, where he worked on *Madonna of the Seven Moons*, *The Wicked Lady* and others; also assistant art director on *The Rake's Progress*; art director on several pictures, including some children's features, and director of several shorts for children.

FEATURES: 1949—*The Mysterious Poacher*. 1953—*Skid Kids*. 1954—*Time is My Enemy*. 1955—*Dead on Time*. 1956—*The Secret Tent*; *The Girl in the Picture*. 1957—*The Flesh is Weak*. 1958—*A Question of Adultery*; *The Man Upstairs*. Current project: *Danger Within*.

COMFORT, Lance

Lance Comfort's feature career began weightily with *Love on the Dole*, *Penn of Pennsylvania* and *Hatter's Castle*; since the war his subjects have mainly been crime and melodrama, and the modest second features which have often punctuated

his work now seem increasingly to monopolise it. Like other directors, he has turned recently to television; and like others he has had difficulty in sustaining the vigour of his early films through a good deal of unrewarding material.

Born London, 1908. Became animator and cameraman on medical research films in 1928 and in the early 1930's worked first as cameraman, then at Stoll Studios as chief sound recordist. After spending some time in documentary, he joined British National in 1940 as technical supervisor. Was associate director on *Love on the Dole*. He has lately directed and produced many television films, including productions in the *Foreign Legion*, *Martin Kane* and *Ivanhoe* series.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1941—*Love on the Dole* (associate); *Penn of Pennsylvania*; *Hatter's Castle*. 1942—*Those Kids from Town*; *Squadron Leader X*; *Old Mother Riley, Detective*. 1943—*When We Are Married*. 1945—*Great Day*. 1946—*Bedelia*. 1947—*Temptation Harbour*; *Daughter of Darkness*. 1948—*Silent Dust*. 1950—*Portrait of Clare*. 1953—*Eight O'Clock Walk*. 1954—*Bang, You're Dead*. 1956—*The Man in the Road*; *Face in the Night*. 1957—*At the Stroke of Nine*; *Man from Tangier*. Current project: *Look Before You Laugh*.

CORNELIUS, Henry

The death of Henry Cornelius last May deprived the British cinema of one of its most sensitive and conscientious talents. The scripts of his comedies show meticulous care for the detail of plot and incident; and perhaps his years of education and work abroad gave him his specially sharp eye for the quirks of the English personality. His best comedies owed part of their success to the fact that they show the English as they like to see themselves—and the most successful of them, *Genevieve*, did no less well in the American market.

Born 1913. Joined Max Reinhardt's Academy of Dramatic Art at the age of 18 and within two years was producing plays at Berlin's Schiller Theatre. After Hitler's accession he left for France to become a free-lance journalist, then went to England to work in the cutting rooms of London films; assistant editor on Clair's *The Ghost Goes West*; editor on *The Drum*. Later worked for the Film Department of the South African propaganda services, writing, producing and directing wartime documentaries. Returned to England to join Ealing as an associate producer, and worked on *Painted Boats*, *Hue and Cry* and *It Always Rains on Sunday* (also script collaboration).

FEATURES: 1948—*Passport to Pimlico*. 1951—*The Galloping Major*. 1953—*Genevieve*. 1955—*I Am a Camera*. 1958—*Next to No Time*.

CRABTREE, Arthur

A former cameraman who worked with Carol Reed, Anthony Asquith and on several of the Will Hay comedies, Arthur Crabtree turned to direction in the mid-

forties with one of the most extravagant of the Gainsborough romances, *The Madonna of the Seven Moons*. Has since worked on a wide range of subjects, mostly in the middle-weight entertainment field, and also for television.

A free-lance photographer in the 1920's, he entered the film industry in 1929 as camera assistant at B.I.P. Became lighting cameraman in 1935 and shot many features, including *Bank Holiday*, *Good Morning Boys*, *Kipps*, *The Man In Grey*, *Fanny by Gaslight*. Has recently done considerable film work for television.

FEATURES: 1944—*The Madonna of the Seven Moons*. 1945—*They Were Sisters*. 1946—*Caravan*. 1947—*Dear Murderer*. 1948—*The Calendar*; *Quartet* (co-directed). 1949—*Don't Ever Leave Me*. 1950—*Lilli Marlene*. 1952—*Hindle Wakes*. 1953—*The Wedding of Lilli Marlene*. 1956—*West of Suez*. 1957—*Death Over My Shoulder*; *Morning Call*.

CRICHTON, Charles

Beginning his career as a director with Ealing during the war, Charles Crichton has made all but two of his films for the same company. He has in fact been one of Ealing's staunchest talents, responsible for some of the studio's most distinctively eccentric essays in humour—*The Lavender Hill Mob*, *Titfield Thunderbolt* and the engaging *Hue and Cry*, which gave Alastair Sim one of his most endearing parts. Though comedy has been his chief territory, Crichton also brought a sober dignity of purpose to the more solemn subject of *The Divided Heart*.

Born Wallasey, 1910. Began work in the film industry in the Denham cutting rooms in 1931 and edited many notable films of the 1930's, including *Sanders of the River*, *Elephant Boy*, *Things To Come* and *The Thief of Bagdad*. He joined Ealing Studios in 1940 and was associate producer on *Nine Men* in 1942.

FEATURES: 1944—*For Those in Peril*. 1945—*Painted Boats*; *Dead of Night* (co-directed). 1946—*Hue and Cry*. 1948—*Against the Wind*; *Another Shore*. 1949—*Train of Events* (co-directed). 1950—*Dance Hall*. 1951—*The Lavender Hill Mob*. 1952—*Hunted*. 1953—*The Titfield Thunderbolt*; *The Love Lottery*. 1954—*The Divided Heart*. 1956—*Man in the Sky*. 1958—*Law and Disorder*. Current project: *Floods of Fear*.



Basil Dearden

DEARDEN, Basil

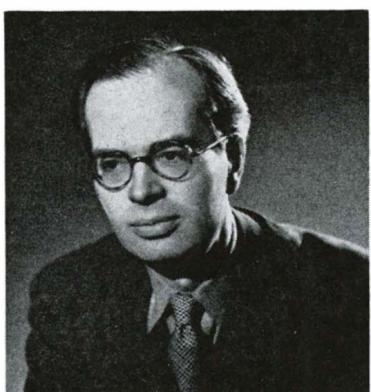
Basil Dearden began his career in one of the British cinema's great training grounds—the Will Hay and George Formby comedies of the late 'thirties. His own work at Ealing, though, has not mainly been in comedy. Dearden's reputation is that of the reliable middle-of-the-road director, able to turn his hand to most subjects but specialising in the reportage of contemporary issues: prisoners of war (*The Captive Heart*), crime (*The Blue Lamp*), the colour bar (*Pool of London*), delinquency (*I Believe in You, Violent Playground*). A capable film-maker, often journalistic in style as well as in his choice of subjects.

Born Essex, 1911. Began his career as a stage manager in repertory, then assistant to Basil Dean, with whom he later worked at Ealing Studios. Was assistant director on *Come on, George*, associate producer on *Let George Do It* and co-directed several comedies with Will Hay. Most of his features since 1951 have been produced by Michael Relph, who shares producer-director credits on many of them.

FEATURES: 1941—*The Black Sheep of Whitehall* (with Will Hay). 1942—*The Goose Steps Out* (with Will Hay). 1943—*My Learned Friend* (with Will Hay); *The Bells Go Down*. 1944—*The Halfway House*; *They Came to a City*. 1945—*Dead of Night* (co-directed). 1946—*The Captive Heart*. 1947—*Frieda*. 1948—*Saraband for Dead Lovers* (with Michael Relph). 1949—*Train of Events* (co-directed); *The Blue Lamp*. 1950—*Cage of Gold*; *Pool of London*. 1951—*I Believe In You* (with Michael Relph). 1952—*The Gentle Gunman* (with Michael Relph). 1953—*The Square Ring* (with Michael Relph). 1954—*The Rainbow Jacket*; *Out of the Clouds* (with Michael Relph). 1955—*The Ship That Died of Shame* (with Michael Relph); *Who Done It?* (with Michael Relph). 1957—*The Smallest Show on Earth*; *Violent Playground*.

DICKINSON, Thorold

One of the most thoughtful and responsible of British film-makers, Thorold Dickinson has also been one of the most adventurous. He went to Spain to film during the Civil War, made his most recent film in Israel, and now holds an administrative post with the United Nations. His most notable films have perhaps been



Thorold Dickinson

The Queen of Spades, a beautifully mounted, intensely atmospheric, adaptation of Pushkin, the accomplished though less ambitious *Gaslight*, and the terse wartime "careless talk" story *Next of Kin*. His last film for a British studio, *Secret People*, was a story of political violence too off-beat and un-English for the box-office. It deserved much better; and its director has been missing from the screen for too long.

Born London, 1906. While still at Oxford worked with George Pearson on a film shot in Paris, *Mr. Preedy and the Countess*, then worked with Welsh-Pearson, British and Dominions, Stoll as editor and sound editor. Edited *Perfect Understanding*; was production manager on *Midshipman Easy*. Shot *Spanish A.B.C.* in Spain during the Civil War; worked for some time during the war on the production of military training films. Since 1956 has been chief of Film Services for the United Nations Department of Public Information.

FEATURES: 1937—*The High Command*. 1939—*The Arsenal Stadium Mystery*. 1940—*Gaslight*. 1941—*The Prime Minister*. 1942—*Next of Kin*. 1946—*Men of Two Worlds*. 1948—*Queen of Spades*. 1951—*Secret People*. 1954—*Hill 24 Doesn't Answer*.

DICKSON, Paul

Paul Dickson's documentaries *The Undefeated* and *David* were both exceptional in their feeling for people and the human situation. They seemed to signal the arrival of a major talent. His translation from documentary to features has marked a considerable loss to realist production with, as yet, small compensation in the field of fiction, where he has been restricted to melodrama and science fiction.

Born about 1920. Was trained as a cameraman with the Army Film Unit during the war, later worked as assistant director with Paul Rotha. Made *The Undefeated* (1950) and *David* (1951) for World Wide and in 1951-52 worked for six months with the National Film Board of Canada. Has directed a series of television films for the Danziger Brothers; recently directed another documentary, *The Film That Never Was* (1957) for World Wide.

FEATURES: 1953—*Star of My Night*. 1956—*Satellite in the Sky*. 1957—*The Depraved*.

DONNER, Clive

The youngest of British feature directors, Clive Donner has so far produced two films, both for Pinewood, and both showing particular talent in the handling of child actors. The first, an East End location thriller, established him as one of the most promising newcomers for some years, though the rather sentimental and uncertain story of *Heart of a Child* did not allow him to make as much of an advance as might have been hoped.

Born London, 1926. He joined Denham Studios as an assistant editor in 1942 and worked on Clive Brook's *On Approval*, meanwhile becoming involved over the



Clive Donner

next few years in theatre productions. After army service he returned to work at Denham and Pinewood as an editor. His credits include *Scrooge*, *Genevieve*, *I Am a Camera*, *The Million Pound Note*.

FEATURES: 1956—*The Secret Place*. 1958—*Heart of a Child*.

ELVEY, Maurice

This enthusiastic director is remarkable for his quite astonishing output: he has made more features than any other British director, and indeed can have few rivals anywhere in the world. His best film is perhaps *Roses of Picardy* (1927); his most successful perhaps *Sally in Our Alley* (1931) in which Gracie Fields made her first screen appearance. *Comradeship* (1919, featuring Lily Elsie) was notable as being the first Stoll feature produced after the First War—a film which cost only a few hundred pounds yet revived the British industry. The director's stage training is evident in most of his films; and their sincerity and patriotic appeal perhaps explains his survival following the difficult period after the coming of sound. Since the last war the pace has slackened somewhat and he has concentrated mainly on traditional farce. No British director has had a longer or more active career; and his earlier films fairly reflect the manners and attitudes of the British people over several decades.

Born 1887 (real name, William Seward Folkard). Began his career as an actor and stage director, working with Fred Terry and Granville Barker, and in 1911 founded the Adelphi Play Society and put on plays by Ibsen, Strindberg, Rostand and Chekhov. He began serious screen work with the Motograph Company in 1913, for whom he made the popular *Maria Marten*. Joined the British and Colonial Kinematograph Company in 1914, worked for various companies (Hepworth, Butcher's, Ideal, etc.) and in 1918 began work with Stoll, for whom he made over 100 films including the "Sherlock Holmes" series. Went to Hollywood in 1925, where he made *Curly Top*, *My Husband's Wives*, etc. for Fox, and in 1926 directed *Tragödie einer Ehe* for Maxim. That year he joined Gaumont British, for whom he made some of his greatest commercial successes and, in 1929, his first sound film, *High Treason*. During the 'thirties worked for Gainsborough, B.I.P., British Lion, Fox British,



Maurice Elvey

and many other companies. Has made nearly 20 features since the end of World War Two.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1913—*The Great Gold Robbery*. 1914—*Maria Marten*; *The Suicide Club*. 1915—*Florence Nightingale*. 1916—*When Knights Were Bold*. 1917—*Smith*. 1918—*Adam Bede*; *Dombey and Son*; *Hindle Wakes*. 1919—*Comradeship*; *Nelson*. 1920—*Bleak House*. 1921—*The Fruitful Vine*; *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. 1922—*The Passionate Friends*. 1923—*Don Quixote*; *The Sign of Four*; *The Wandering Jew*. 1924—*Sally Bishop*. 1926—*The Flag Lieutenant*. 1927—*Roses of Picardy* (with Victor Saville). 1929—*High Treason*. 1930—*Balaclava* (with Milton Rosmer). 1931—*Sally in Our Alley*. 1932—*The Lodger*; *The Water Gypsies*. 1933—*The Wandering Jew*. 1935—*The Tunnel*. 1936—*A Romance in Flanders*; *A Spy of Napoleon*. 1939—*The Return of the Frog*; *Sons of the Sea*. 1940—*Under Your Hat*. 1942—*Salute John Citizen*. 1943—*The Gentle Sex* (with Leslie Howard); *The Lamp Still Burns*. 1944—*A Medal for the General*. 1946—*Beware of Pity*. 1951—*The Late Edwina Black*. 1953—*House of Blackmail*; *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* 1954—*What Every Woman Wants*; *The Happiness of Three Women*. 1955—*You Lucky People*; *Fun at St. Fanny's*. 1956—*Dry Rot*; *Stars in Your Eyes*. 1957—*Second Fiddle*.

FAIRCHILD, William

William Fairchild's ambitions have led him mainly into scriptwriting, where he has turned to subjects of some quality or serious intent; direction has so far been something of a sideline in his career. His three films have neatly hit the middle level of popular entertainment, without as yet disclosing anything very sharp in the way of a personal style.

Born Cornwall, 1918. Served for fifteen years as a regular officer in the Royal Navy, during which time he published many short stories. He joined the story department of the Rank Organisation in 1947; has since had screen credits on *Morning Departure*, *Outcast of the Islands*, *The Malta Story*, *The Seekers*, etc. Has been writer/director on three features and has also written for television.

FEATURES: 1955—*John and Julie*. 1956—*The Extra Day*. 1958—*The Silent Enemy*.

FISHER, Terence

A director who has turned his hand to a varied assortment of subjects, without revealing any strong personal predilections. After the classy gentilities of *The Astonished Heart* and *So Long at the Fair*, he temporarily retreated into the anonymity of the B-feature, then returned a year or two ago as leading exponent of the new British horror film school. Now seems firmly set for a run of *Frankenstein* extravaganzas.

Born London, 1904. After serving in the Merchant Navy he entered the film industry in 1933, working first in the cutting rooms at Gaumont British. Worked on *Tudor Rose*, was editor in 1939 of *On the Night of the Fire*. After the war his credits as an editor included *The Wicked Lady* and *Master of Bankdam*. Has recently combined feature direction with some television filming.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1948—*To the Public Danger*; *Portrait from Life*. 1949—*Marry Me*; *The Astonished Heart* (with Anthony Darnborough). 1950—*So Long at the Fair* (with Anthony Darnborough). 1951—*Home to Danger*. 1952—*The Last Page*; *Stolen Face*; *Wings of Danger*. 1953—*Mantrap*; *Spaceways*; *Blood Orange*. 1954—*Final Appointment*; *Mask of Dust*. 1955—*Murder by Proxy*. 1956—*The Last Man to Hang?* 1957—*The Curse of Frankenstein*; *Kill Me Tomorrow*. 1958—*Dracula*; *The Revenge of Frankenstein*. Current project: *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

FRANKEL, Cyril

One of the young directors given his first chance in features by Group 3, Cyril Frankel has moved from documentary to comedy. His happiest picture remains *Make Me an Offer*, adapted from Wolf Mankowitz's novel about the antique trade. More recent subjects (laughter and tears in a hospital, illegitimacy in an Irish village) have encouraged whimsy rather than the sharp edge of comedy.

Born 1921. Was a founder of the University Ballet Club at Oxford and in Germany after the war was concerned with the administration of various cultural and entertainment projects, including orchestras and a travelling circus. Entered films in 1947, first as assistant director, later as director and scriptwriter with Crown Film Unit. Made *Eagles of the Fleet*, *Explorers of the Depths*, etc.

FEATURES: 1953—*Man of Africa*. 1954—*Devil on Horseback*; *Make Me An Offer*. 1956—*It's Great to be Young*. 1957—*No Time for Tears*. 1958—*She Didn't Say No*. Current project: *Alive and Kicking*.

FRENCH, Harold

One of the British cinema's veteran directors, Harold French has worked mainly in the field of middle-weight entertainment. His most characteristic pictures have been adaptations from the stage—*Jeannie*, *Dear Octopus*, *Quiet Weekend*—domestic comedies about the mild upheavals of family life. Has also made thrillers (*House of the Arrow*), war subjects

(*The Day Will Dawn*), an Ivor Novello musical (*The Dancing Years*) and a costume piece (*Rob Roy*); but like other directors coming from the stage, he seems happiest with themes in which dialogue and playing count for most.

Born 1897. Began his career as a stage actor and producer and between 1931-35 appeared in such films as *The Officers' Mess*, *The Star Reporter*, *Night Work*, *Whilst London Sleeps*. He turned to direction in 1936.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1936—*The Cavalier of the Streets*. 1939—*Such Men Are Dangerous*. 1940—*The House of the Arrow*. 1941—*Jeannie*. 1942—*The Day Will Dawn*; *Secret Mission*. 1943—*Dear Octopus*. 1944—*Mr. Emmanuel*; *English Without Tears*. 1946—*Quiet Weekend*. 1947—*My Brother Jonathan*. 1948—*The Blind Goddess*; *Quartet* (co-directed). 1949—*Adam and Evelyn*; *The Dancing Years*. 1950—*Trio* (co-directed). 1951—*Encore* (co-directed). 1952—*The Man Who Watched Trains Go By*. 1953—*Isn't Life Wonderful*; *Rob Roy*. 1954—*The Man Who Loved Redheads*.

FREND, Charles

Charles Frend's work has always been notably efficient, and he has shown a particular flair for forceful, often realistic action sequences, as in *San Demetrio, London*, and *The Cruel Sea*. Despite the obviously sympathetic intentions of a film such as *Lease of Life*, he has generally done rather less well with the close study of character. But the striking variety of the subjects he has tackled show him to be one of the most versatile, as well as one of the most competent, of British directors.

Born Pulborough, 1909. Entered the film industry in 1931, working in the cutting rooms of British International Pictures, Elstree. Later edited Hitchcock's *Secret Agent* and *Sabotage* at Gaumont British. Became editor for M-G-M British studios in 1937 and worked on *The Citadel*, *A Yank at Oxford*, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, *Major Barbara*.



Charles Frend

FEATURES: 1941—*The Big Blockade*. 1942—*The Foreman Went to France*. 1943—*San Demetrio, London*. 1944—*Return of the Vikings*. 1945—*Johnny Frenchman*. 1947—*The Loves of Joanna Godden*. 1948—*Scott of the Antarctic*. 1949—*A Run for Your Money*. 1950—*The Magnet*. 1952—*The*

Cruel Sea. 1954—*Lease of Life*. 1956—*The Long Arm*. 1957—*Barnacle Bill*.

GILBERT, Lewis

From tentative beginnings—catchpenny features interspersed with productions such as *Emergency Call*, equally modest but made with greater drive—Lewis Gilbert emerged to make one of the most satisfying of recent children's features in *Johnny on the Run*. From here he moved rapidly to the box-office heights achieved with *Reach for the Sky*, about the war exploits of Douglas Bader. A fluently efficient director and something of a showman, he has the kind of straightforward talent that is likely to keep him at the top.



Lewis Gilbert

Born London, 1920. Began in films as a child actor and appeared in a number of pictures including *Over the Moon*. Did some work as an assistant director before the war, and during the war was attached to the U.S. Air Corps Film Unit. Then worked in documentaries first with G.B. Instructional and later with Realist, directing *The Ten Year Plan*, *Arctic Harvest*, *Under One Roof*, etc., and the children's film *The Little Ballerina*.

FEATURES: 1947—*The Little Ballerina*. 1950—*Once a Sinner; There Is Another Sun*. 1951—*Scarlet Thread*. 1952—*Emergency Call; Time, Gentlemen, Please; Cosh Boy*. 1953—*Johnny on the Run; Albert R.N.; The Good Die Young*. 1954—*The Sea Shall Not Have Them*. 1955—*Cast a Dark Shadow*. 1956—*Reach for the Sky*. 1957—*The Admirable Crichton*. 1958—*Carve Her Name With Pride; A Cry from the Streets*. Current project: *Ferry to Hong Kong*.

GILLIAT, Sidney

Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder work so closely as a team that it isn't easy to disentangle individual contributions to the partnership. Both give the impression of knowing exactly what they are about. Their speciality is the entertainment picture—comedy, thriller, light drama—aimed at middle-class rather than mass audience tastes and they seldom miss their target. Of the films directed by Sidney Gilliat (and as a rule produced by Frank Launder), the most durable is probably the literate and satirical *The Rake's Progress*. *The Constant Husband* came like an echo ten years later,

the wit a little blunted but the eye for a situation still keen.

Born Cheshire, 1908. Entered the industry in 1927 as assistant to Walter Mycroft at Elstree, his work including title-writing. Became a scriptwriter in the early 1930's and worked on *Rome Express*, *Orders is Orders*, *Jack Ahoy*, *King of the Damned*. Scripted *Seven Sinners* with Frank Launder, with whom he later wrote *The Lady Vanishes*, *Night Train to Munich*, *The Young Mr. Pitt*. Has continued to work in partnership with Frank Launder and has been producer on many of his films.

FEATURES: 1943—*Millions Like Us* (with Frank Launder). 1944—*Waterloo Road*. 1945—*The Rake's Progress*. 1946—*Green for Danger*. 1948—*London Belongs to Me*. 1950—*State Secret*. 1953—*The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*. 1955—*The Constant Husband*. 1956—*Fortune is a Woman*. Current project: *Right, Left and Centre*.

GILLING, John

A busy writer with a long list of screenplay credits, John Gilling's work as a director has been mainly confined to stories of crime or suspense, especially those with a macabre twist. After a string of low-budget exercises in crime for the smaller British companies, he has lately moved into a larger scale of production with *Interpol* and *High Flight*.

Born 1912. Worked briefly in the theatre in America and returned to Britain in 1933 as an assistant director working with the B.I.P., Gainsborough and Gaumont companies. Beginning his screenwriting career in 1939, he has written numerous features and has been scriptwriter-director on six of his own pictures.

FEATURES: 1948—*Escape from Broadmoor*. 1949—*A Matter of Murder*. 1950—*No Trace; Quiet Woman*. 1951—*The Frightened Man*. 1952—*Mother Riley Meets the Vampire; The Voice of Merrill; Deadly Nightshade*. 1953—*Recoil; Three Steps to the Gallows; Escape by Night*. 1954—*Double Exposure; The Embezzler; The Gilded Cage*. 1955—*Tiger by the Tail; The Gamma People*. 1956—*Odongo*. 1957—*Interpol; High Flight*. 1958—*The Man Inside*. Current project: *The Bandit*.

GLENVILLE, Peter

Coming to films as an experienced theatre director, Peter Glenville is a relative rarity in a national cinema where there is still not a great deal of interaction between stage and screen. Solid and controlled, *The Prisoner* was auspiciously unlike a "first film"; but it was taken from a play which Peter Glenville had already produced on the stage. It remains to be seen what he will have done with the lighter and more flexible material of another stage adaptation, *Me and the Colonel*.

Born London, 1913, son of Shaw Glenville and Dorothy Ward. Was president of the O.U.D.S. while at Oxford and began his career as a professional actor with the Manchester Repertory Company. Played at Stratford for a season in 1936, has produced for the Old Vic and appeared in



Sidney Gilliat

many plays and some films, including *Uncensored*, *Madonna of the Seven Moons* and *Good Time Girl*. Since 1947 has worked mainly as a producer in the theatre.

FEATURES: 1955—*The Prisoner*. 1958—*Me and the Colonel*. Current project: *I Thank a Fool*.

GREEN, Guy

A highly trained technician, with a great deal of experience as a cameraman behind him, Guy Green has begun his career as a director with a series of thrillers and suspense stories. Has yet to find a subject which will stimulate him to show more than the expected technical assurance.

Born Somerset, 1913. Entered the industry in the late 'twenties with B.I.P., and from 1935-44 worked first as camera assistant, then as camera operator. Employed on *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, *In Which We Serve*, etc. After promotion to lighting cameraman worked on *The Way Ahead*, *Great Expectations*, *Oliver Twist* and many others.

FEATURES: 1953—*River Beat*. 1955—*Portrait of Alison; Lost*. 1956—*House of Secrets*. 1958—*The Snorkel*. Current project: *Sea of Sand*.

GUEST, Val

Val Guest's talent lies in the skilful and immediate exploitation of the current fashion in popular entertainment. He can turn his hand to farce or horror with equal facility and is one of the few people who have survived a successful career in the 'thirties and followed it up with another, equally successful, in the 'fifties. If few of his films will survive as well as him, they at least stand as a memorial to an extraordinary flair for catching the public's eye.

Born London, 1911. After working as a journalist and screenwriter in America, including a period spent on *The Hollywood Reporter* and other American papers, he came back to England as a screenwriter on the Marcel Varnel comedies of the 'thirties. He collaborated on the scripts of many Will Hay films—*Convict 99*, *Ask a Policeman, Oh, Mr. Porter* and on *Hi Gang, The Ghost Train*, etc. Has since been a prolific writer-director.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1943—*Miss London*,

Ltd. 1944—*Give Us the Moon*. 1945—I'll be Your Sweetheart. 1947—Just William's Luck. 1948—William Comes to Town. 1949—Murder at the Windmill; Miss Pilgrim's Progress. 1950—The Body Said No; Mr. Drake's Duck. 1952—Penny Princess. 1953—Life With the Lyons; The Runaway Bus. 1954—Dance, Little Lady. 1955—The Quatermass Experiment; They Can't Hang Me. 1956—It's a Wonderful World. 1957—Quatermass II; The Abominable Snowman. 1958—Camp on Blood Island; Up the Creek. Current project: *Further Up the Creek*.

GUILLERMIN, John

After a series of second features distinguished mainly by an enthusiasm for unpredictable camera angles, John Guillermi was given his head by John Grierson on the Group 3 comedy *Miss Robin Hood*, with a startlingly undisciplined result. His undeniable vigour and inventiveness have so far been seen to best advantage in the children's film *Adventure in the Hopfields*, and to a lesser extent in *Town On Trial*. Guillermi still seems over-concerned with technical cleverness, but there are signs that this may eventually be sufficiently controlled for his talent to emerge uncluttered.

Born London, 1925. First film work was in France, where he was engaged on documentaries and second features. He produced, directed and wrote his first feature, *Torment*, in 1949; between 1955-57 he directed a series of television films for Sapphire.

FEATURES: 1949—*Torment*. 1951—*Smart Alec*; *Two on the Tiles*; *Four Days*. 1952—*Song of Paris*; *Miss Robin Hood*. 1953—*Operation Diplomat*. 1954—*Adventure in the Hopfields*; *The Crowded Day*. 1955—*Dust and Gold*; *Thunderstorm*. 1956—*Town on Trial*. 1957—*The Whole Truth*. 1958—*I Was Monty's Double*.

GUNN, Gilbert

A director who has come into features only recently, after many years experience in the documentary and interest field, Gilbert Gunn has made three more or less farcical comedies—a Welsh fantasy about inter-choir jealousy, an account of the hazards of hire purchase and a traditional comedy of domestic entanglements.

Born Glasgow. Worked in the theatre before entering the film industry in 1935, and was for several years a contract writer with Associated British. During the war and after made a number of documentaries, including *Tyneside Story*, *Men from the Sea*, then returned to Associated British to write and produce *The Elstree Story*.

FEATURES: 1952—*Valley of Song*. 1953—*The Good Beginning*. 1956—*My Wife's Family*. Current project: *Girls at Sea*.

HAMER, Robert

One of the most talented directors to come out of Ealing Studios, Robert Hamer has not only directed the wittiest of British



Robert Hamer

post-war comedies (*Kind Hearts and Coronets*) but also one of our few worthwhile features about working-class London (*It Always Rains on Sunday*). Detached, edged, stylish, he seems to enjoy crossing the Channel (three films have predominantly French settings) and has closer affinities with some French comedy directors than with the British post-war school of humour. Has a keen and sophisticated sense of the absurd and in three films has worked with an actor, Alec Guinness, who has given him a chance to indulge it.

Born 1911. Entered the industry in 1935 via the cutting room, working as editor on *Vessel of Wrath*, *Jamaica Inn*, later at Ealing on *Ships with Wings*, *The Foreman Went to France*. Was associate producer on several Ealing productions before directing, in 1945, the "haunted mirror" sequence from *Dead of Night*.

FEATURES: 1945—*Dead of Night* (co-directed); *Pink String and Sealing Wax*. 1947—*It Always Rains on Sunday*. 1949—*Kind Hearts and Coronets*; *The Spider and the Fly*. 1951—*His Excellency*. 1952—*The Long Memory*. 1954—*Father Brown*; *To Paris With Love*. Current project: *The Scapgoat*.

HAMILTON, Guy

Having served as assistant to Carol Reed, it is not surprising that Guy Hamilton has inherited some of his teacher's technical fluency and cool objectivity towards his material. If *The Intruder* explored some aspects of English life with a sharp eye for social *mores*, later films, like *The Colditz Story*, have tended rather to externalise their subject-matter. The rough passions of *Manuela* marked a change of pace, and the director didn't entirely succeed in coming to terms with them. One of the best technicians among the newcomers of the 'fifties, if he can find subjects that suit him.

Born Paris, 1922. He entered films in 1939, working as an apprentice at Nice (Victorine Studios). Returned to England in 1940 to join British Paramount news, then served in the Royal Navy until 1946. During the post-war years was assistant director on many films, including *They Made Me a*

Fugitive, *Mine Own Executioner*, *Anna Karenina*, *Fallen Idol*, *The Third Man*, *African Queen*, *Outcast of the Islands*.

FEATURES: 1952—*The Ringer*. 1953—*The Intruder*. 1954—*An Inspector Calls*; *The Colditz Story*. 1956—*Charley Moon*. 1957—*Manuela*. Current project: *The Devil's Disciple*.

HITCHCOCK, Alfred

Alfred Hitchcock has long ceased to be a "British" director: he did more than anyone else to establish the British cinema internationally in the 'thirties, then departed for Hollywood and a type of film-making no less audacious, though generally somewhat more heavy-weight, than his British productions. The most consistently cold-blooded and consistently successful of thriller directors, delighting in the shiver of unease as the charwoman pulls a revolver from her handbag or the London bus is demolished by a time-bomb, Hitchcock has always played blandly and insolently with the nerves of his audience. The French critics have lately made him the object of a cult, tracing obscure significances through *Under Capricorn* and *I Confess*. But with *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*, Hitchcock had long since established himself as the British film-maker of the uneasy 'thirties. There was no need to look for concealed symbolism beneath the surface of these fast, astute and often cheerfully brutal political thrillers.

Born London, 1899. Studied art and worked first for an advertising agency. Entered films in 1920 as title artist, later as chief of the Art Title Department at Islington Studios. Was assistant on *Woman to Woman*, produced by Michael Balcon and directed by Graham Cutts, and worked with them as assistant director and art director on the first Gainsborough film, *The Passionate Adventure*. Continued to work for Balcon until given his first feature to direct in 1925. Made his first American film, *Rebecca*, in 1940, and has since worked almost entirely in the U.S. Has now directed 47 features and two wartime documentaries; also conducts and introduces his own television series.

FEATURES: 1922—*Number 13* (unfinished). 1925—*The Pleasure Garden*. 1926—*The Mountain Eagle*; *The Lodger*. 1927—*Downhill*; *Easy Virtue*; *The Ring*. 1928—



Guy Hamilton

The Farmer's Wife; Champagne. 1929—*The Manxman; Blackmail.* 1930—*Juno and the Paycock; Murder.* 1931—*The Skin Game.* 1932—*Rich and Strange; Number 17; Lord Camber's Ladies.* 1933—*Waltzes from Vienna.* 1934—*The Man Who Knew Too Much.* 1935—*The Thirty-Nine Steps.* 1936—*Secret Agent; Sabotage.* 1937—*Young and Innocent.* 1938—*The Lady Vanishes.* 1939—*Jamaica Inn.* 1940—*Rebecca; Foreign Correspondent.* 1941—*Mr. and Mrs. Smith.* 1942—*Suspicion; Saboteur.* 1943—*Shadow of a Doubt; Lifeboat.* 1945—*Spellbound.* 1946—*Notorious.* 1947—*The Paradine Case.* 1948—*Rope.* 1949—*Under Capricorn; Stage Fright.* 1951—*Strangers on a Train.* 1953—*I Confess.* 1954—*Dial M for Murder; Rear Window.* 1955—*To Catch a Thief; The Trouble with Harry; The Man Who Knew Too Much.* 1956—*The Wrong Man.* 1958—*Vertigo.* Current project: *North by Northwest.*

HUGHES, Ken

A director who has worked mainly in the crime picture field, on small studies of murder and detection or more lavish accounts of designing women. His most ambitious production to date is the captions translation of *Macbeth* in terms of contemporary gang warfare, revealing strong American influences and a Hollywood line in bravura violence.

Born Liverpool, 1922. He won a national amateur film contest at the age of 14, became a cinema rewind boy a year later, then worked for three years at the BBC. He joined World Wide Pictures in 1944, and worked as a writer and director in documentary. Has written two novels, *High Wray* and *The Long Echo*, and directed several short crime pictures in the *Scotland Yard* series.

FEATURES: 1952—*Wide Boy.* 1953—*Black 13.* 1954—*The House Across the Lake; The Brain Machine; Little Red Monkey.* 1955—*Confession; Timeslip; Joe Macbeth.* 1956—*Wicked as They Come.* 1957—*The Long Haul.* Current Project: *The Man from Moscow.*

HUNTINGTON, Lawrence

Lawrence Huntington has had a long career as scriptwriter and director (he prefers to combine the two functions), and although his subjects have been mainly homely romantic dramas and thrillers, he has occasionally turned to literary adaptations (*Mr. Perrinn and Mr. Traill*). A director whose career has maintained a steady level, with no particular dips or peaks, and whose films are generally workmanlike even if they boast no special originality of style.

Born London, 1900. He entered the industry in 1929 with his own company as director and writer. He has been engaged in feature direction since the early 1930's and since 1952 has also directed a number of television films, mainly for Douglas Fairbanks and the Errol Flynn Theatre.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1934—*Romance in Rhythm.* 1936—*Strange Cargo.* 1937—



Alfred Hitchcock

Screen Struck; Passenger to London. 1940—*Branded.* 1941—*This Man is Dangerous; Tower of Terror.* 1942—*Suspected Person.* 1943—*Warn that Man.* 1945—*Night Boat to Dublin.* 1946—*Wanted for Murder.* 1947—*The Upturned Glass; When the Bough Breaks.* 1948—*Mr. Perrinn and Mr. Traill; Man on the Run.* 1950—*The Franchise Affair.* 1952—*There Was a Young Lady.* 1955—*Contraband Spain.*

HURST, Brian Desmond

This director's work has covered an almost bewildering range of themes: his last half-dozen pictures have been a comedy-with-music, a Dickens adaptation, two war stories, a Mau Mau drama and a costume romance; and his subjects before that were equally varied. Such versatility makes it difficult to pin down any one aspect of a shifting talent. His films are rarely less than competently handled, but the unevenness of the scripts and subjects he has tackled has been such as rather to blur his own individuality.

Born Ireland, 1900. Was an art student in Paris and between 1925 and 1933 worked with John Ford in Hollywood as assistant director. He returned to Britain in 1933 and made two short independent features, *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *Riders to the Sea*, the second shot entirely in Ireland and backed by Gracie Fields.

FEATURES: 1934—*The Tell-Tale Heart.* 1935—*Riders to the Sea.* 1936—*Ourselves Alone* (with Walter Summers); *The Tenth Man; Sensation.* 1937—*Glamorous Night.* 1938—*Prison Without Bars.* 1939—*On the Night of the Fire; The Lion Has Wings* (co-directed). 1941—*Dangerous Moonlight.* 1942—*Alibi.* 1943—*The Hundred Pound Window.* 1946—*Theirs is the Glory; Hungry Hill.* 1947—*The Mark of Cain.* 1949—*Trottie True.* 1951—*Scrooge.* 1953—*The Malta Story.* 1954—*Simba.* 1956—*The Black Tent.* 1957—*Dangerous Exile.* Current project: *The Pack.*

JACKSON, Pat

With his reputation firmly made by the fine semi-documentary *Western Approaches*, Pat Jackson left this country after the war with a Hollywood contract. It kept him

idle for several years and resulted only in a wasting of his talents on a magazine thriller. His films since coming back to Britain have tried to come to grips with aspects of the contemporary scene—two hospital pictures, two about the problems of young married couples—but have lacked the individuality in scripting that might have given their director full scope. *White Corridors* and *The Birthday Present* have come closest to that blend of fiction with documentary detail which is probably Pat Jackson's happiest territory.

Born London, 1916. He joined the G.P.O. Film Unit before the war, worked with Harry Watt on *Big Money* and directed *Men in Danger* (1939) and *Health in War* (1940). Then made *Ferry Pilot* and *Builders* for Crown Film Unit before directing *Western Approaches*. For some years after the war was under contract to M-G-M.

FEATURES: 1944—*Western Approaches.* 1949—*Shadow on the Wall.* 1951—*White Corridors; Encore* (co-directed). 1952—*Something Money Can't Buy.* 1956—*The Feminine Touch.* 1957—*The Birthday Present.* 1958—*Our Virgin Island.*

KIMMINS, Anthony

A prolific playwright and screenwriter, Anthony Kimmens began his career as a director with some of the most spirited of the pre-war George Formby vehicles. Since the war he has also essayed psychological drama (*My Own Executioner*), spectacle (*Bonnie Prince Charlie*) and crime (*Mr. Denning Drives North*), but has recently returned to milder and lighter subjects more in line with his own original taste as a writer.

Born Harrow, 1901. Served in the Navy until 1932, when he joined the film industry as a writer for Fox British, then for Ealing. He worked on numerous pictures during the 1930's, including *White Ensign, All at Sea, Midshipman Easy, Laburnum Grove, Queen of Hearts*, and also wrote the plays *While Parents Sleep, Chase the Ace*, and others. Returned to the Navy during the war and in 1946 joined London Films as producer-director.

FEATURES: 1937—*Keep Fit.* 1938—*I See Ice; It's in the Air.* 1939—*Trouble Brewing; Come on George.* 1947—*My Own Executioner.* 1948—*Bonnie Prince Charlie.* 1951—*Flesh and Blood; Mr. Denning Drives North.* 1952—*Who Goes There?* 1953—*The Captain's Paradise.* 1954—*Aunt Clara.* 1956—*Smiley.* 1958—*Smiley Gets a Gun.*

KNOWLES, Bernard

Bernard Knowles belongs to the same screen generation as directors such as Leslie Arliss and Arthur Crabtree—filmmakers who were associated with some leading British productions of the 'thirties, began to direct towards the end of the war, and in the last few years have worked more in television than in the cinema. With pictures such as *The Magic Bow* and *Jassy*, Knowles staked out his claim in the post-war Gainsborough territory of costume extravagance; otherwise, his subjects

characteristically range from comedy to crime.

Born Manchester, 1900. Began his career as a press photographer and entered films in the early 1920's as camera operator at Islington. Worked on Wilcox's *Dawn*, and as director of photography shot several films for Hitchcock (*The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Secret Agent*, *Sabotage*), and Asquith (*French Without Tears*, *Quiet Wedding*, *The Demi-Paradise*). Has recently worked largely in television, for Douglas Fairbanks Productions and on the *Colonel March* and *Adventures of Sir Lancelot* series.

FEATURES: 1945—*A Place of One's Own*. 1946—*The Magic Bow*. 1947—*The Man Within*; *Jassy*; *The White Unicorn*; *Easy Money*. 1949—*The Perfect Woman*; *The Lost People*. 1950—*The Reluctant Widow*. 1953—*Park Plaza 605*. 1955—*Barbados Quest*.

LANGLEY, Noel

A popular novelist and a screenwriter with interestingly varied credits, Noel Langley began working as a director with a mild-mannered version of a Dickens' novel. Since then, he never seems entirely to have found his touch: a desert island comedy, with Robertson Hare in a grass skirt, was followed by a melodramatic interpretation of *Trilby*, then (in Hollywood) by a tentative adventure in hypnosis.

Born South Africa, 1911. He wrote several novels (*Cage Me a Peacock*, *There's a Porpoise Close Behind Us*) and joined M-G-M as a contract writer in 1936. Had screen credits on *Maytime*, *The Wizard of Oz*, etc., and after war service worked in Britain as a writer on *They Made Me a Fugitive*, *Scrooge*, *Trio*. His most recent picture was made in Hollywood and he has also written for American TV.

FEATURES: 1952—*Pickwick Papers*. 1953—*Our Girl Friday*. 1954—*Svengali*. 1956—*The Search for Bride Murphy*.

behind, constructing on a basic plot switch (boys' school to girls' school; girls' school to school for monsters), a tottering scaffolding of *quid pro quo*s. With a real eye for farcical absurdity, his weakness is to give us too much of a good thing, to stretch a good idea too far.

Born 1907. After beginning his career in the Civil Service, he turned to the stage, wrote a comedy which was produced by the Brighton Repertory Company, then obtained work in the scenario department at Elstree. Worked on various pictures before scripting *Seven Sinners* with Sidney Gilliat, with whom he also wrote *The Lady Vanishes*, *Night Train to Munich*, *The Young Mr. Pitt*. Has remained in partnership with Sidney Gilliat, many of whose films he has produced.

FEATURES: 1943—*Millions Like Us* (with Sidney Gilliat). 1944—*2,000 Women*. 1946—*I See a Dark Stranger*. 1947—*Captain Boycott*. 1948—*The Blue Lagoon*. 1950—*The Happiest Days of Your Life*. 1951—*Lady Godiva Rides Again*. 1952—*Folly to Be Wise*. 1954—*The Belles of St. Trinian's*. 1955—*Geordie*. 1957—*Blue Murder at St. Trinian's*. Current project: *Bridal Path*.

LEACOCK, Philip

Another of Group 3's "discoveries", Philip Leacock began his career in features with a semi-documentary account of disaster in a coal-mine. Has since turned to less rugged material, making his name chiefly as a director with a flair for handling child players. His first major success, *The Kidnappers*, was about children, as have been three of his later films. His new assignment has taken him to America, and it will be interesting to see how his rather quiet and sober style survives the transplantation.

Born London, 1917. He joined the film industry in 1935, working in various capacities on documentaries. In 1948 he became a member of the Crown Film Unit and was responsible for the two long documentaries *Life in Her Hands* and *Out of Trouble*.

FEATURES: 1952—*The Brave Don't Cry*; *Appointment in London*. 1953—*The Kidnappers*. 1955—*Escapade*. 1956—*The Spanish Gardener*. 1957—*High Tide at Noon*. 1958—*Innocent Sinners*. Current project: *The Rabbit Trap*.

LEAN, David

With Carol Reed and Hitchcock, David Lean is the British director with the biggest international reputation. Even if *In Which We Serve* and *This Happy Breed* no longer stand up to re-seeing, *Great Expectations* remains one of the best adaptations of a famous novel ever to be made. *Brief Encounter*, lauded at the time as the finest of British pictures, is now in danger of being consistently under-estimated: it was neither as good as they thought it was, nor as bad as it is now said to be. Of late, Lean has moved into the super-co-production area. A director sometimes criticised for coldness, for putting technical perfection before emotional response, he still seems at



Philip Leacock

his best with intimate (*Summer Madness*) rather than heroic (*Kwai*) subjects. Could one call him England's William Wyler?

Born Croydon, 1908. He entered the industry in 1928 as a clapper boy, later worked as cutting room assistant, assistant director, editor for British Movietone. Edited *Escape Me Never*, *Pygmalion*, *Major Barbara*, *49th Parallel*, *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing*, etc. Co-directed Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* and was founder, with Ronald Neame and Anthony Havelock-Allan, of Cineguild, the company responsible for some of the best British films of the immediate post-war years. Was awarded an Oscar this year for *Bridge on the River Kwai*.

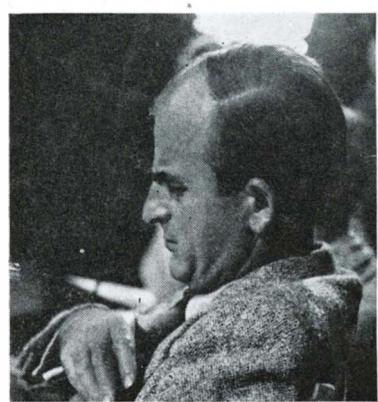
FEATURES: 1942—*In Which We Serve* (with Noel Coward). 1943—*This Happy Breed*. 1944—*Blithe Spirit*. 1945—*Brief Encounter*. 1946—*Great Expectations*. 1947—*Oliver Twist*. 1948—*The Passionate Friends*. 1949—*Madeleine*. 1952—*The Sound Barrier*. 1953—*Hobson's Choice*. 1955—*Summer Madness*. 1957—*The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

LEE, Jack

Jack Lee's sympathy for people and liking for location work, so apparent in his documentaries, survived feature production sufficiently to be evident in many sequences of *Once a Jolly Swagman* and, to a lesser extent, in *Turn the Key Softly*. The location work remains in more recent pictures such as *A Town Like Alice* and *Robbery Under Arms*, but his war heroines and bushrangers have been less directly characterised. A director whose best work seems to spring from the impetus of the contemporary scene and subject.

Born 1913. Joined the G.P.O. Film Unit as a junior producer in 1938 and later edited *London Can Take It* and *Factory Front*. Co-directed *Ordinary People* and directed second unit on *Coastal Command*, both for Crown. Between 1943-45 made *The Pilot is Safe*, *By Sea and Land*, *The Eighth Plague* and other documentaries for Crown. Then made the feature documentaries *Close Quarters* and *Children on Trial*.

FEATURES: 1945—*Close Quarters*. 1946—*Children on Trial*. 1947—*The Woman in the Hall*. 1948—*Once a Jolly Swagman*. 1950—*The Wooden Horse*. 1952—*South of*



Frank Launder

LAUNDER, Frank

Lately, Frank Launder seems to represent the lighter side of the Launder-Gilliat partnership. In *The Happiest Days of Your Life* he first explored the comic horrors of the English public school, and in this and the St. Trinian's films he leaves reality well

Algiers. 1953—*Turn the Key Softly*. 1956—*A Town Like Alice*. 1957—*Robbery Under Arms*. Current project: *The Captain's Table*.

LEE-THOMPSON, J.

Associated early in his career with crime or comedy stories of a fairly conventional order, J. Lee-Thompson entered the field of public controversy with *Yield to the Night*, which dealt with capital punishment at a time when this was a national issue. His recent productions—musical comedy, lower middle-class drama, wartime adventure—show his range. An eclectic director, whose last two films have been, respectively, in the style of TV-realism and Clouzot suspense, he is a confident, showy stylist and a particular favourite at the Berlin Festival, where both *Woman in a Dressing Gown* and *Ice Cold in Alex* gained awards.

Born 1914. Entered the theatre in 1931 and while still at Nottingham Repertory wrote his first two plays. One of them, *Double Error*, was produced on the West End stage when he was only eighteen. Began screenwriting in 1934, working on such films as *The Middle Watch* and *Glamorous Night*; also played a small part in Carol Reed's *Midshipman Easy*. Returned to screenwriting after war service with the R.A.F. and in 1950 adapted and directed his own play *Murder Without Crime*.

FEATURES: 1950—*Murder Without Crime*. 1952—*The Yellow Balloon*. 1953—*The Weak and the Wicked*. 1954—*For Better, For Worse*. 1955—*As Long As They're Happy*; *An Alligator Named Daisy*. 1956—*Yield to the Night*; *The Good Companions*. 1957—*Woman in a Dressing Gown*. 1958—*Ice Cold in Alex*. Current project: *No Trees in the Street*.

MACDONALD, David

David Macdonald's strongest contribution to the cinema has perhaps been his work with the Army Film Unit during the war, when he was responsible for the production of *Desert Victory* and other war documentaries. His features have been chiefly stories of action or adventure, interspersed with occasional costume pieces (the luckless *Bad Lord Byron*) and a dour Scottish melodrama, *The Brothers*. Has been most active recently in television work, making many of the half-hour exercises in crime which are the main output of our television film studios.

Born Helensburgh, Scotland, 1905. He spent some time in Malaya as a rubber planter, entered films in 1929 as an assistant director with Paramount in Hollywood, including work with De Mille, and returned to England as a director in the mid-'thirties. During the war was producer of *Desert Victory*, *Burma Victory* and other productions of the Army Film Unit. During the last five years he has directed numerous television films, mainly for the Danziger Brothers.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1937—*Double Alibi*; *Death Croons the Blues*. 1938—*Dead Men Tell No Tales*; *Meet Mr. Penny*; *This Man*

is News. 1939—*Spies of the Air*; *This Man in Paris*. 1940—*The Midas Touch*. 1941—*This England*. 1947—*The Brothers*. 1948—*Good Time Girl*; *The Bad Lord Byron*; *Christopher Columbus*. 1949—*Diamond City*. 1950—*Cairo Road*; *The Adventurers*. 1952—*The Lost Hours*. 1954—*Devil Girl from Mars*. 1956—*Alias John Preston*. 1957—*The Moonraker*.

MACKENDRICK, Alexander

A director who has had a remarkably sustained run of success and who has had the skill, or the independence, to make only pictures which seem fully to engage his talent and interest. From the pleasing regional humours of *Whisky Galore*, through the more sharply edged satire of *Man in the White Suit* to the exuberant *comédie noire* of *The Lady Killers* he stood out as one of the most generously talented of the Ealing school. His *Sweet Smell of Success* surprised everyone: this mordant study of press power corrupted had a new edge of brilliance—and showed its director extraordinarily in command of a world infinitely alien from Ealing.

Born Boston, Mass., 1912. Educated in Glasgow. Entered films via advertising in the late 'thirties and before the war was engaged in documentary as writer and director. Towards the end of the war was in charge of documentary and newsreel production for the Psychological Warfare Branch in Rome. Returned to documentary, then joined Ealing as a writer and had screen credits on *Dance Hall*, *The Blue Lamp*, etc.

FEATURES: 1948—*Whisky Galore*. 1951—*The Man in the White Suit*. 1952—*Mandy*. 1953—*The Maggie*. 1955—*The Lady Killers*. 1957—*Sweet Smell of Success*.

MORE O'FERRALL, George

This director's work has been mainly concerned with tight, often literary subjects in which his long television experience has given him the advantage in dealing with players and performances. His most expert film remains the adaptation of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, distinguished notably by Trevor Howard's playing as Scobie.

After working as assistant director to Carol Reed on *Midshipman Easy*, he entered BBC television in its early stages in 1936 and returned there after war service. In 1950 joined 20th Century-Fox as dialogue director on *The Mudlark* and *No Highway*. Has since combined feature direction with work in TV.

FEATURES: 1952—*Angels One Five*; *The Holly and the Ivy*. 1953—*The Heart of the Matter*. 1954—*The Green Scarf*; *Three Cases of Murder* (co-directed). 1955—*The Woman for Joe*. 1956—*The March Hare*.



Four directors:
David Lean, J. Lee-Thompson,
Jack Lee, Alexander Mackendrick



Ronald Neame

NEAME, Ronald

One of the more problematical of British directors, whose films often suggest that he is on the verge of some achievement he has not yet quite managed to bring off. Has been associated with a whole series of notable pictures, from the 'thirties through to Cineguild, and as a director never had to serve his way through the B picture grind. Ronald Neame's own films—two melodramas, two comedies, a wartime adventure, a drama of colonial problems—all have rather more solidity than flair. Perhaps his most recent subject, *The Horse's Mouth*, will prove to have ignited a talent which still seems to need some spark to set it alight.

Born 1911, son of Ivy Close, famous silent screen actress (Gance's *La Roue*) and the photographer Elwin Neame. Entered films in the late 'twenties as camera assistant and promoted to lighting cameraman in 1934. His photography credits include *Invitation to the Waltz*, *The Ware Case*, *Come on George*, *Pygmalion*, *Major Barbara*, *In Which We Serve*, *Blithe Spirit*. Also produced *Great Expectations*, *Oliver Twist* and *The Passionate Friends* for Cineguild, *The Magic Box* for Festival Film Productions.

FEATURES: 1947—*Take My Life*. 1949—*The Golden Salamander*. 1952—*The Card*. 1953—*The Million Pound Note*. 1955—*The Man Who Never Was*. 1957—*Widow's Way*; *The Seventh Sin*. 1958—*The Horse's Mouth*.

NORMAN, Leslie

Following work on some of Ealing's best pictures, Leslie Norman returned to direction—of which he had had a brief experience in 1939—with a couple of somewhat unequal productions, including an account of the slimiest of horror monsters. His recent and more ambitious films, *The Shiralee* and *Dunkirk*, have been solidly in the Ealing tradition, without as yet bringing their director's own personality into very sharp focus.

Born London, 1911. He began work with De Forest Phonofilms and later had experience with various companies as an editor. After the war was associated with Ealing Studios as editor (*The Overlanders*, *Nicholas Nickleby*) and producer (*Where*

No Vultures Fly, *Mandy*, *The Cruel Sea*, etc.).

FEATURES: 1939—*Too Dangerous to Live* (with Anthony Hankey). 1955—*The Nig* (with My Number Came Up). 1956—*X the Unknown*. 1957—*The Shiralee*. 1958—*Dunkirk*.

OLIVIER, Sir Laurence

Laurence Olivier is unique among British directors. His enormous prestige as an actor has given him the chance to make Shakespearian films on a scale not previously attempted in this country, and the international boom in screen versions of Shakespeare since the war probably owes a lot to his example. Coming from the theatre, he retains a theatrical idea of what is cinematic; but his *Henry V* was full of experiment and *Richard III* put on screen record some of the finest Shakespearian acting (Olivier himself, John Gielgud) of our generation. Has also the distinction of assisting Marilyn Monroe to give her happiest performance to date.



Laurence Olivier

Born Dorking, 1907. Married to Vivien Leigh. He has been on the stage since 1925 and made his first screen appearance in Germany in *The Temporary Widow* (1929). Spent some time in Hollywood in the early 'thirties, returned to England to play in *Fire Over England*, *Divorce of Lady X*, etc., then back to Hollywood to make *Wuthering Heights* (perhaps his finest screen performance), *Lady Hamilton* and others. Served in the Fleet Air Arm during the war and directed his first film in 1944. Acted and produced with the Old Vic, and in the last ten years has acted and produced in London and New York, with intervals at Stratford and somewhat infrequent screen appearances (*Carrie*, *The Beggar's Opera*).

FEATURES: 1944—*Henry V*. 1948—*Hamlet*. 1955—*Richard III*. 1957—*The Prince and the Showgirl*.

PARRY, Gordon

Gordon Parry's first film strung together a series of anecdotes on the thread of a Bond Street setting; and later pictures—*Innocents in Paris*, about a group of tourists, *The Golden Arrow*, about the day-dreams of railway passengers—have shown his liking for this formula. His subjects have been mainly light, though his baby-farming melodrama *Women of Twilight*

achieved the distinction of being the first British production to rate an X certificate.

Born Liverpool, 1908. He entered the industry in 1933 as assistant director at Gaumont British, then worked as production manager, and early in the war with Ealing as unit manager in the propaganda shorts department. Later worked with Anatole de Grunwald, scriptwriter and producer on some of his features, as associate producer on *The Demi-Paradise* and *The Way to the Stars*.

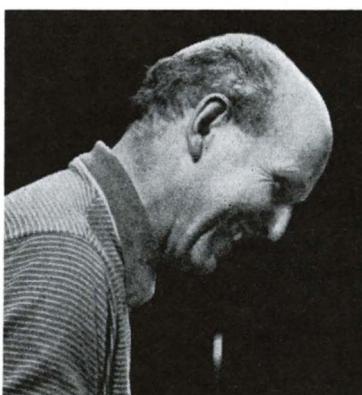
FEATURES: 1947—*Bond Street*. 1948—*Third Time Lucky*. 1949—*Now Barabbas was a Robber*; *Golden Arrow*. 1950—*Midnight Episode*. 1951—*Tom Brown's School Days*. 1952—*Women of Twilight*. 1953—*Innocents in Paris*; *Front Page Story*. 1954—*Fast and Loose*. 1955—*A Yank in Ermine*. 1956—*Sailor Beware*; *A Touch of the Sun*. 1957—*The Surgeon's Knife*. 1958—*Tread Softly, Stranger*.

POWELL, Michael

Michael Powell's highly individual career suggests a sort of creative split-personality. On the one hand is the talent for realism which made *The Edge of the World*, the war films such as *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*; on the other, is the taste for fantasy, extravagance, exoticism encountered in *Thief of Baghdad*, *A Matter of Life and Death*, *The Red Shoes*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*. Perhaps the most satisfying of his films (whether made alone or in partnership with Emeric Pressburger) have been those blending both qualities: the evocative romantic spy thriller *The Spy in Black*, the stylish *Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* and the charming *I Know Where I'm Going*. Michael Powell has been extravagant with his talent, and until his two most recent pictures has pursued his own nonconformity.

Born Canterbury, 1905. He entered films in 1925, working with Rex Ingram in the South of France, and had silent film experience as cameraman, cutter, scenario-writer, assistant director. He became a director in the early 1930's. In 1943 formed The Archers production company with Emeric Pressburger, with whom he has worked in partnership on all his later films.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1931—*Two Crowded Hours*. 1932—*Rynox*; *The Star Reporter*; *Fire Raisers*. 1934—*Night of the Party*. 1936—*The Brown Wallet*; *The Man Behind*



Michael Powell

the Mask. 1937—*The Edge of the World*. 1939—*The Spy in Black*; *The Lion Has Wings* (co-directed). 1940—*Contraband*; *The Thief of Bagdad* (co-directed). 1941—*49th Parallel*. 1942—*One of Our Aircraft is Missing*. 1943—*The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*; *The Volunteer*. 1944—*A Canterbury Tale*. 1945—*I Know Where I'm Going*. 1946—*A Matter of Life and Death*. 1947—*Black Narcissus*. 1948—*The Red Shoes*; *The Small Back Room*. 1950—*Gone to Earth*; *The Elusive Pimpernel*. 1951—*The Tales of Hoffmann*. 1955—*Oh! Rosalinda!* 1956—*The Battle of the River Plate*; *Ill Met by Moonlight*. Current project: *Honeymoon*.

PRESSBURGER, Emeric

Since 1943, when they made *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* together, Emeric Pressburger has shared production and direction credits on all Michael Powell's pictures. His only solo film as a director, *Twice Upon a Time*, was a sentimental adaptation from the German; taken in conjunction with *Miracle in Soho*, which he wrote and produced but did not direct, it suggests that Pressburger represents the more whimsical elements in the partnership.

Born Hungary, 1902. He was a journalist in Hungary and Germany, worked in films as a writer in Berlin and Paris, and came to Britain in 1935. He had screen credits on Michael Powell's *The Spy in Black* and *Contraband*, and since the formation of their company The Archers, they have worked together as a producer-director team. In 1957 he also wrote and produced *Miracle in Soho*.

FEATURES: 1953—*Twice Upon a Time*. (see also list of features made by Michael Powell since 1943.)

REED, Sir Carol

A great technician but, it sometimes seems, a rather reluctant artist, Carol Reed has not strongly encouraged critics who try to trace the themes running through his work. His most characteristic films are accounts of betrayals and loneliness; his preferred character the half-hero, the man on the run, the outcast or the solitary intriguer; his special talent is in achieving tension through atmospheric pressure, and he has never carried this further than in the corrupt, ruined Vienna of *The Third Man*. His post-war films are darker and colder than might have been forecast from the easy vitality of *A Girl Must Live* or the authoritative documentation of *The Way Ahead*. But one still senses in Reed an unwillingness to commit himself beyond a certain point—he gives everything as a craftsman and seems to withhold something as an artist.

Born London, 1906. Began his career as an actor and in 1927 became stage manager for Edgar Wallace, with whom he was associated until Wallace's death. Then joined Ealing, working with Basil Dearden as dialogue director and assistant director until given his first film to direct in 1934. During the war he worked with the Army Kinematograph Unit, his documentary



Carol Reed

The New Lot providing the basis for *The Way Ahead*.

FEATURES: 1934—*Midshipman Easy*. 1936—*Laburnum Grove*; *Talk of the Devil*. 1937—*Who's Your Lady Friend?* 1938—*Bank Holiday*; *Penny Paradise*. 1939—*Climbing High*; *A Girl Must Live*; *The Stars Look Down*. 1940—*Night Train to Munich*; *The Girl in the News*. 1941—*Kipps*. 1942—*The Young Mr. Pitt*. 1944—*The Way Ahead*. 1945—*The True Story* (with Garson Kanin). 1947—*Odd Man Out*. 1948—*The Fallen Idol*. 1949—*The Third Man*. 1951—*Outcast of the Islands*. 1953—*The Man Between*. 1955—*A Kid for Two Farthings*. 1956—*Trapeze*. 1958—*The Key*.

RELPH, Michael

One of the relatively few directors who have begun their careers in the art department, Michael Relph has been associated with Basil Dearden on most of his recent films. With long experience at Ealing, his first independent picture was a comedy for the studio about a singer torn between variety and opera. His new picture's theme, of village resistance to bureaucratic invasion, also has an Ealing flavour.

Born 1915, son of George Relph. He entered the industry in 1932, in the art department of Gaumont British, worked later with Warners, then at Ealing as art director on *The Bells Go Down*, *Halfway House*, *They Came to a City*, etc. Has designed several stage productions. He has been production designer and associate producer on numerous Ealing productions, and has shared producer-director credits on many of Basil Dearden's films.

FEATURES: 1957—*Davy*. 1958—*Rockets Galore*.

RILLA, Wolf

After beginning his career in the familiar world of the small crime thriller, Wolf Rilla has lately directed several pictures suggesting more personal feeling and inclination. These include a study in old age made for Group 3 (*The End of the Road*), a warm-hearted version of Sir Arthur Grimble's book on the South Seas, and another sentimental but likeable story about a small boy.

Born 1920, son of Walter Rilla. He came to England from Germany in 1934 and was educated at Cambridge. Joined the BBC after the war and produced many plays for television. Entered films in 1953 as a director.

FEATURES: 1953—*Noose for a Lady*; *Glad Tidings*; *Marilyn*; *The Long Rope*. 1954—*The End of the Road*; *The Black Rider*; *The Blue Peter*. 1955—*Stock Car*. 1956—*Pacific Destiny*. 1957—*The Scamp*. Current project: *The Freshman*.

ROGERS, Maclean

In the late 'thirties, Maclean Rogers was making pictures at the rate of six or seven a year. An exceptionally active director in his own field of modest entertainment, he has steered comedy heroines (Gert and Daisy, Old Mother Riley) and detective heroes (Paul Temple, The Toff) impartially through their screen adventures and has probably done more than anyone else over the past twenty years or so to keep the small feature market supplied.

Born Croydon, 1899. Entered the industry in 1919 as publicist and editor with Star Publicity and later joined Herbert Wilcox as publicity manager and editor. He began directing in 1929; also worked as screenwriter on such films as *Rookery Nook*, *Mischief*, *Tons of Money*.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1929—*The Third Eye*. 1936—*A Wife or Two*; *A Touch of the Moon*; *Busman's Holiday*. 1937—*When the Devil was Well*; *Farewell to Cinderella*. 1938—*Easy Riches*; *His Lordship Regrets*. 1939—*Old Mother Riley Joins Up*. 1940—*Garrison Follies*. 1941—*Gert and Daisy's Weekend*. 1943—*I'll Walk Beside You*. 1944—*Give Me the Stars*. 1945—*Don Chicago*; *The Trojan Brothers*. 1946—*Woman to Woman*. 1948—*Calling Paul Temple*. 1951—*Salute the Toff*. 1952—*Paul Temple Returns*; *Down Among the Z Men*. 1953—*Forces' Sweetheart*. 1954—*Johnny on the Spot*. 1955—*Not so Dusty*. 1956—*Assignment Redhead*. 1957—*Not Wanted on Voyage*. Current project: *Clean Sweep*.

ROTHA, Paul

Paul Rotha's career belongs to the history of documentary and of film literature rather than that of features. With John Grierson and Basil Wright, he was one of the documentary triumvirate of the 1930's—simultaneously active in film-making and writing about films, in using documentary for a social purpose and developing his ideas on paper as a forceful polemicist and critic. His first story film, *No Resting Place*, was a characteristically bold attempt to blend documentary and fiction in a location-shot story of an Irish tinker family; his suspense story *Cat and Mouse*, another experiment in low-budget production, marks a further new departure, this time into fiction rather than fact.

Born London, 1907. Studied at the Slade School and was a painter, designer and art critic before beginning his career in documentary with the Empire Marketing Board. Has been director and producer of



Paul Rotha

numerous documentaries (*Contact*, *Rising Tide*, *Shipyard*, *The Face of Britain*, in the 1930's; *World of Plenty*, *Land of Promise*, *The World is Rich*, in the 1940's). In 1953 he co-directed *World Without End* with Basil Wright. From 1953-55 was in charge of television documentary for the BBC. Has written *The Film Till Now*, *Documentary Film*, *Rotha on the Film*, and other books, as well as a great deal of film journalism.

FEATURES: 1951—*No Resting Place*. 1958—*Cat and Mouse*.

SAUNDERS, Charles

Co-director with Bernard Miles of the wartime village comedy *Tawny Pipit*, Charles Saunders has since been one of the most energetic directors in the B-picture range. He has made more than twenty films since 1950, most of them comedies and thrillers, and has simultaneously been engaged on the same kind of material for television film series.

Born London, 1904. He has worked in the film industry since 1927, being employed by various companies in the 1930's as cutter and assistant director. His credits include *The Gentle Sex* (editor), *The Way to the Stars* (2nd unit director), *The White Unicorn* (location director). Has worked recently on the *Fabian of the Yard* and other TV film series.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1944—*Tawny Pipit* (with Bernard Miles). 1948—*Fly Away Peter*. 1951—*One Wild Oat*; *Chelsea Story*. 1952—*Blind Man's Buff*; *Come Back Peter*. 1954—*Meet Mr. Callaghan*; *The Golden Link*. 1955—*A Time to Kill*; *The Narrowing Circle*. 1957—*Murder Reported*; *The End of the Line*; *There's Always a Thursday*.

SAVILLE, Victor

After a rather slow start in the silent period, Victor Saville became one of the most successful and prolific British directors of the 'thirties. His work ranged from costume pieces to the Jessie Matthews musicals, from *Sunshine Susie* to small-town comedy (*Storm in a Teacup*) and drama (*South Riding*); but it was always marked by a characteristic sense of style. Since 1939 he has worked almost entirely

in America, as producer and director, and has on the whole found subjects less congenial. A few years ago, he made an unexpected sortie into the territory of violence as director of one Mickey Spillane thriller and producer of two others.

Born Birmingham, 1897. Beginning his career in the renting and exhibition side of the industry, he joined Gaumont-British in 1920 and later collaborated with Maurice Elvey on three silent films. He went to America to direct *Woman to Woman* (1929), then returned to England to work for Gainsborough, Korda and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios. Was associate producer for M-G-M on *The Citadel* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Since 1939 he has worked mainly in Hollywood as producer and director.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1920—*Mademoiselle from Armentieres* (with Maurice Elvey). 1927—*Roses of Picardy* (with Maurice Elvey). 1929—*Woman to Woman*. 1930—*The W. Plan*; *The Sport of Kings*. 1931—*Sunshine Susie*; *Michael and Mary*. 1932—*Love on Wheels*. 1933—*The Good Companions*; *I Was a Spy*. 1934—*Evergreen*; *Friday the Thirteenth*; *Evensong*; *The Iron Duke*. 1935—*Me and Marlborough*; *Loves of a Dictator*; *It's Love Again*. 1936—*Dark Journey*; *Storm in a Teacup*. 1937—*Action for Slander*. 1938—*South Riding*. 1944—*Tonight and Every Night*. 1946—*The Green Years*. 1947—*Green Dolphin Street*; *If Winter Comes*. 1950—*Kim*. 1951—*Calling Bulldog Drummond*. 1954—*The Long Wait*; *The Silver Chalice*.

SCOTT, Peter Graham

A director active in both television and the cinema, Peter Graham Scott has made several minor features. The subjects he has handled for TV—*The Last Enemy*, *One*—have been a good deal more ambitious than anything he has done on the larger screen, where he has been mainly restricted to finding a workable presentation for the familiar formulae of crime and punishment.

Born 1923. Entered the industry in 1940 as 3rd assistant director and worked on *Under Your Hat*, *Major Barbara*, *Kipps*. Worked as an editor first with Strand Films, later with Greenpark, and edited *Cyrus is an Island*; then directed for *This Modern Age*. Editor on *Brighton Rock*, *Never Take No for an Answer*, etc. Has written for television and done considerable work as a TV drama producer with both the BBC and Associated-Rediffusion.

FEATURES: 1948—*Panic at Madame Tussauds*. 1952—*Sing Along With Me*; *Escape Route* (with Seymour Friedman). 1956—*The Hide Out*. 1957—*The Big Chance*; *Account Rendered*.

SEWELL, Vernon

In a long and busy career (thirteen films in the last seven years) Vernon Sewell has covered a wide range of territory. In the last few years he has worked mainly on the unassuming crime and adventure stories for which there seems to be a permanent market; and his most recent film, the war

melodrama *Battle of the VI*, is his most ambitious for some years.

Born London, 1903. Became a camera assistant at Nettlefold in 1929 and later worked in other studio departments as recorder, cutter, etc., before turning to direction in the late 1930's.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1938—*Breakers Ahead*. 1943—*The Silver Fleet* (with Gordon Wellesley). 1945—*The World Owes Me a Living*; *Latin Quarter*. 1947—*The Ghosts of Berkeley Square*. 1948—*Uneasy Terms*. 1951—*The Black Widow*. 1952—*Ghost Ship*. 1953—*The Floating Dutchman*. 1954—*Dangerous Voyage*. 1955—*Where There's a Will*. 1956—*Soho Incident*. 1958—*Battle of the VI*.

SHAUGHNESSY, Alfred

Ealing and Group 3 have been training grounds for many of the post-war generation in British features. Alfred Shaughnessy has worked for both organisations, but his films to date do not immediately suggest their influence. The horror piece *Cat Girl* and the rock'n'rolling 6.5 Special seem a long way from the gentler regional humours of the Group 3 pictures.

Born 1916. Entered the industry in 1946 via the script department of Ealing Studios. Was associate producer on Group 3's *Brandy for the Parson*, *The End of the Road* and *Laxdale Hall* (also script collaboration). Has scripted several minor features (*Light Fingers*, *A Touch of the Sun*) and written for TV and the stage; was associate producer on Clive Donner's *Heart of a Child*.

FEATURES: 1956—*Suspended Alibi*. 1957—*Cat Girl*. 1958—*6.5 Special*.

THOMAS, Gerald

One of several young directors who have entered the industry since the war, Gerald Thomas has directed a neat little suspense thriller in *Timelock* and a rather more bizarre contribution to contemporary culture in the Tommy Steele vehicle *The Duke Wore Jeans*. Like others among our younger directors, a trained technician who hasn't yet been given a great deal in the way of subjects to work on.

Victor Saville rehearses a scene with Jessie Matthews.



Born Hull, 1920. Came into the film industry in 1946 via the cutting room and edited numerous productions, including several films (*Appointment with Venus*, *Venetian Bird*, *Doctor in the House*, etc.) directed by his brother Ralph. Began his career as director with a film for Children's Film Foundation and has since combined feature direction, work as associate producer at Beaconsfield (*After the Ball*) and some television filming.

FEATURES: 1956—*Circus Friends*. 1957—*Timelock*; *Vicious Circle*. 1958—*The Duke Wore Jeans*; *Chain of Events*; *Carry On, Sergeant*. Current project: *Carry On, Nurse*.

THOMAS, Ralph

One of the surest commercial talents working for the Rank Organisation, Ralph Thomas has a crisp professional confidence which seldom lets him down. Has handled comedies (the *Doctor* series) and thrillers (*The Clouded Yellow*, *Venetian Bird*) with equal assurance, but seems somewhat less at ease with subjects (*A Tale of Two Cities*) making substantially heavier imaginative demands.

Born Hull, 1915. Worked briefly as a journalist before joining Sound City in 1932 as a clapper boy; moved in 1934 to the cutting rooms at British Lion and had pre-war experience as an editor. After the war was in charge of the trailer department at Denham as director of production.

FEATURES: 1948—*Once Upon a Dream*. 1949—*Helter Skelter*; *Traveller's Joy*. 1950—*The Clouded Yellow*. 1951—*Appointment with Venus*. 1952—*Venetian Bird*. 1953—*A Day to Remember*; *The Dog and the Diamonds*. 1954—*Doctor in the House*; *Mad About Mer.* 1955—*Above Us the Waves*; *Doctor at Sea*. 1956—*The Iron Petticoat*; *Checkpoint*. 1957—*Doctor at Large*; *Campbell's Kingdom*. 1958—*A Tale of Two Cities*; *The Wind Cannot Read*. Current project: *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

TOYE, Wendy

A stage director of great resource and exceptional energy, Wendy Toye has so far been less adventurous in her work for the screen. Her first short film, *The Stranger Left No Card*, was an ingenious if rather exasperating trick; later features (mostly insubstantial comedy subjects) have not given her the kind of material greatly to extend her talents.

Began her career as a dancer with performances for Pavlova and Diaghilev at the age of seven. From 1937-45 she staged the musical numbers in all the shows of George and Alfred Black; in 1949 toured Europe with her own company, *Ballet-Ho de Wendy Toye*; then produced *Bless the Bride*, *Big Ben* and *Tough at the Top* for C. B. Cochran. Has directed two short films, *The Stranger Left No Card* and *The 12th Day of Christmas*, and has also worked for television and on opera productions for Sadler's Wells.

FEATURES: 1954—*The Teckman Mystery*; *Three Cases of Murder* (co-directed). 1955—*Raising a Riot*; *All for Mary*. 1956—*True as a Turtle*.

TULLY, Montgomery

One of our small picture specialists, Montgomery Tully began his feature career rather more ambitiously with films like the Borstal story *Boys in Brown* or the peripatetic *Tale of Five Cities*. Recently he has been prolifically employed on a string of thrillers, suspense and science fiction stories including many in the half-hour "Scotland Yard" series of crime reconstructions.

Born Ireland, 1904. Published short stories, verse and plays, then from 1929-44 worked mainly as writer-director in the documentary and interest field. Entered the feature industry in 1944 as a writer, having credits on *For You Alone*, *Lisbon Story*, *Waltz Time*, etc.

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1945—*Murder in Reverse*. 1946—*Spring Song*. 1947—*Mrs. Fitzherbert*. 1949—*Boys in Brown*. 1951—*A Tale of Five Cities*. 1952—*Girdle of Gold*. 1953—*Small Town Story*. 1954—*The Diamond*; *Thirty-Six Hours*. 1955—*The Glass Cage*. 1956—*The Counterfeit Plan*; *No Road Back*. 1957—*The Hypnotist*. 1958—*Escapement*; *The Strange Awakening*. Current project: *I Only Asked*.

TWIST, Derek

After a career which saw him through several departments of production, Derek Twist came into feature direction soon after the war with a couple of Ealing-style comedies. With a talent for workmanlike entertainment, he has moved recently into the television field, where he is now mainly employed.

Born London, 1905. Entered the industry as an assistant cutter at Gainsborough in 1931 and during the 1930's worked as an editor on *After the Ball*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Rhodes of Africa*, *The Edge of the World*, etc. Also collaborated on the script of *They Drive By Night*. Was manager of the R.A.F. Film Unit during the war. Was associate producer on *Once a Jolly Swagman* and co-producer of *Angels One Five*. Since 1953 has written and directed television films for Douglas Fairbanks and other companies.

FEATURES: 1947—*The End of the River*. 1948—*All Over the Town*. 1951—*Green Grow the Rushes*. 1955—*Police Dog*. 1958—*Family Doctor*.

WATT, Harry

As with so many other British directors, Harry Watt's features have never quite equalled his vigorous documentary work—except for the early features which were virtually full-length documentaries. He has a marked taste for shooting on rugged locations and has made four of his films overseas in Australia or Africa; his main weakness, first exposed in the otherwise successful *The Overlanders*, is in characterisation, which seems to concern him less than action and setting. His new subject takes him back to Australia, though to the city rather than the outback.

Born Edinburgh, 1906. Joined the Empire Marketing Board Film Unit in 1931 and assisted Robert Flaherty on *Man of Aran*.



Harry Watt

Wrote and directed documentaries during the 1930's (*North Sea*, *Big Money*, etc.), including some subjects for *March of Time*. Worked with Crown Film Unit during the war, directing *Britain Can Take It*, *Squadron 992*, *Christmas Under Fire*. He joined Granada TV as a producer in 1955 but resigned the following year to return to Ealing as a director. Has recently made the United Nations documentary *People Like Maria*.

FEATURES: 1941—*Target for Tonight*. 1942—*Nine Men*. 1944—*Fiddlers Three*. 1946—*The Overlanders*. 1948—*Eureka Stockade*. 1951—*Where No Vultures Fly*. 1954—*West of Zanzibar*. Current project: *The Fugitives*.

WILCOX, Herbert

This Irish-born director and independent producer has an unparalleled number of popular successes to his credit. He was responsible for introducing American stars into his pictures in the 1920's, notably Lionel Barrymore, Pauline Frederick and Lillian Gish; and at the same time, as a distributor, he introduced to Britain classics such as *Die Nibelungen*. From *Chu Chin Chow*, *Nell Gwynn* and the patriotic *Dawn of the 'twenties*, through the Anna Neagle films of the 'thirties (another *Nell Gwynn*, *Peg of Old Drury*), to the wartime studies in sentimental patriotism, the post-war "Mayfair" period and the current records of Frankie Vaughan and the Beat Generation, he has kept in touch with every new trend in popular taste. An expert in glossy or patriotic entertainment, and a director who has never been afraid of the sentimental over-statement, he is above all the film-maker of fashion.

Born 1892. Married to Anna Neagle. Entered the film industry in 1919 as secretary and director of Astra Films and in 1920 founded Graham Wilcox Productions in association with Graham Cutts. Among the firm's early productions were *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*, featuring Mae Marsh, and a series of documentaries, *Wonderful London*. Directed his first picture, *Chu Chin Chow*, in Germany. Has produced or directed over 300 films and been associated as producer with such titles as *Flames of Passion*, *Rookery Nook*, *The Speckled Band*, *Thark*, *Sorrel and Son*, *Escape Me Never*, *The Frog*, *Sunset in Vienna*.



Herbert Wilcox

PRINCIPAL FEATURES: 1923—*Chu Chin Chow*. 1924—*Decameron Nights*; *Southern Love*. 1926—*Nell Gwynn*; *The Only Way*. 1927—*London*. 1928—*Dawn*; *Madame Pompadour*; *Mumsie*. 1929—*Tip Toes*; *The Bondman*; *The Woman in White*. 1930—*The Loves of Robert Burns*. 1931—*Carnival*; *The Blue Danube*. 1932—*The Little Damosel*; *Good Night, Vienna*. 1933—*Bitter Sweet*. 1934—*Nell Gwynn*; *The Queen's Affair*. 1935—*Brewster's Millions*; *Peg of Old Drury*. 1936—*Lime-light*; *The Three Maxims*; *This'll Make You Whistle*. 1937—*Victoria the Great*. 1938—*Sixty Glorious Years*. 1942—*They Flew Alone*. 1943—*The Yellow Canary*. 1945—*I Live in Grosvenor Square*. 1946—

Piccadilly Incident. 1947—*The Courtneys of Curzon Street*. 1948—*Spring in Park Lane*. 1949—*Maytime in Mayfair*. 1950—*Odette*. 1951—*The Lady with a Lamp*. 1952—*Derby Day*; *Trent's Last Case*. 1954—*Trouble in the Glen*; *Lilacs in the Spring*. 1955—*King's Rhapsody*. 1956—*My Teenage Daughter*. 1957—*These Dangerous Years*; *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*. Current project: *The Lady is a Square*.

Safari; *Zarak*. 1957—*Action of the Tiger*. 1958—*No Time to Die*.

ZAMPI, Mario

Following a rather vague series of thrillers, Mario Zampi seems to have settled down to directing comedies (interrupted only by the teenage romance *Now and Forever*). Of these the most recent, *The Naked Truth*, has been the most successful and distinctive, but even here the inconsistency of its humour indicated Zampi's own slightly unpredictable way with comedy. Neat and efficient with spirited material and capable players, he has shown himself inclined to force unequal scripts.

Born Rome, 1903. After working as editor and assistant director in Italy he came to Britain in 1922 when the Italian film industry collapsed. Worked as cutter, editor, production manager with Warners and other companies. In 1937 he joined the newly formed Two Cities Company. He produced *French Without Tears* and *Freedom Radio*; has worked since the war as a producer-director and in 1953 produced a film in Italy, *I Have Chosen Love*.

FEATURES: 1938—*13 Men and a Gun*. 1940—*Spy for a Day*. 1947—*The Phantom Shot*. 1948—*The Fatal Night*. 1950—*Come, Dance With Me*; *Shadow of the Past*. 1951—*Laughter in Paradise*. 1952—*Top Secret*. 1954—*Happy Ever After*. 1955—*Now and Forever*. 1957—*The Naked Truth*. Current project: *Too Many Crooks*.

YOUNG, Terence

After considerable experience as a writer, Terence Young turned to direction with one of the British cinema's more elaborate excursions into the exotic, the high-flying melodrama *Corridor of Mirrors*. He has lately moved increasingly towards violence and spectacle, with a special emphasis on war melodrama and has made a number of his recent films for American companies and in the idiom of Hollywood.

Born Shanghai, 1915. Entered the film industry in 1936 and collaborated on the screenplay of *On the Night of the Fire*, etc. His later screen credits as a writer include *Dangerous Moonlight*, *Secret Mission*, *On Approval*, *Theirs is the Glory*.

FEATURES: 1948—*Corridor of Mirrors*; *One Night With You*; *Woman Hater*. 1950—*They Were Not Divided*. 1951—*Valley of Eagles*. 1952—*The Tall Headlines*. 1953—*The Red Beret*. 1955—*That Lady*; *Storm Over the Nile* (with Zoltan Korda). 1956—

The biographical information and notes contained in this Index has been compiled by Kenneth Cavander, John Gillett, David Grenfell, Derek Hill, Penelope Houston, David Robinson, Richard Roud.

Main sources of biographical information: *The British Film and Television Yearbook* (1958); *The British Film Industry Yearbook* (1947).

Film Studios in Britain

SHEPPERTON: Used by most independent production companies releasing through British Lion and by other independent companies. Soon to be modernised and extended. 7 stages. 115,990 square feet.

PINEWOOD: Production centre for the Rank Organisation, and one of the busiest feature studios. 7 stages. 79,750 square feet.

A.B.P.C. ELSTREE: Occupied in almost equal proportions by Associated British's own productions and those of other companies. Also in use for TV work. 5 stages. 75,755 square feet.

M-G-M BRITISH (BOREHAM WOOD): Ealing Films now use the production facilities of this studio, along with other companies such as Columbia, and of course M-G-M itself. A few TV subjects are also made here. 4 stages. 73,560 square feet.

WALTON: The scene of several popular TV series including *Robin Hood* and *Ivanhoe*. Specialises in a quick turn-over of fairly low-budget features. 5 stages. 30,344 square feet.

NATIONAL (ELSTREE): Devoted largely to the making of films for television and middle-range features. 4 stages. 21,616 square feet.

NEW ELSTREE: Danziger Brothers use this studio for their productions, and there are special facilities for trick effects, commercial shorts and TV spots. 3 stages. 16,560 square feet.

TWICKENHAM: Mainly used for small-scale production, including shorts and documentaries. 2 stages. 12,992 square feet.

BRAY: Production centre of Hammer Films; also used for TV work. 3 stages. 10,070 square feet.

MERTON PARK: Most of the output of Anglo Amalgamated is concentrated here, as well as the documentary productions of the Film Producers Guild. Also a production schedule of TV pictures, many of them in the 30 minute range. 3 stages. 8,187 square feet.

BEACONSFIELD: Formerly the home of Group 3, now the centre of Beaconsfield Productions. Films made here are mostly in the middle-budget range, and the studio is also used for TV features. 2 stages. 7,501 square feet.

SOUTHALL: Some television series made by Sapphire films, and also a number of second features. 3 stages. 7,500 square feet.

HALLIFORD (SHEPPERTON): Production centre for Anglo Scottish, Ltd. Much used for independent hiring—especially for documentaries and TV commercials. 2 stages. 6,000 square feet.

BRIGHTON: Mainly in use by makers of TV films and advertising commercials. Some feature production, mainly in the low-budget range. 2 stages. 4,400 square feet.

BUSHEY: Employed by documentary producers and makers of TV spots—of which 140 were produced here during the last year. 2 stages. 3,053 square feet.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD: Mainly devoted to advertising films for TV. 2 stages. 2,544 square feet.

KAY, CARLTON HILL: Mainly television and advertising material. 1 stage. 1,392 square feet.

Eisenstein's Mexican tragedy



by JAY LEYDA

Mexico D.F. Hotel Imperial
27.1.32

Dear Zalka!—

It seems your fate that I should always be heaping my despairs on you! In my Paramount days, and after—but this time is the most desperate of all! I don't know how au courant Sinclair keeps you on our activities and difficulties. If he does I may be as doomed in your eyes as I am in his. Anyhow, here, briefly, is the situation:

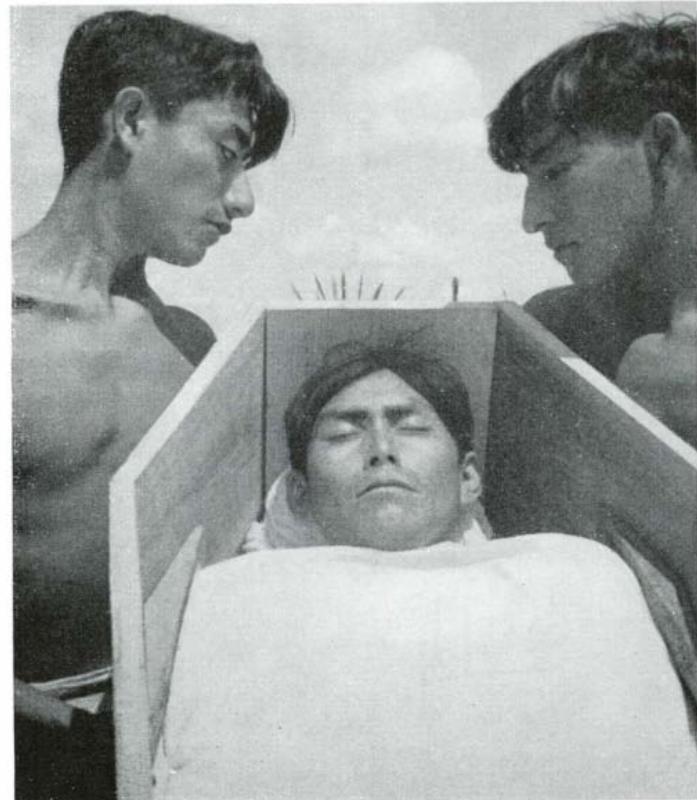
You probably know that out of the scheduled 4 months and \$25,000—we succeeded after 13 months and \$53,000 (what a sum!!) in transforming a shabby travelogue into a really major film. The expansion was terribly difficult, due to the bad conduct and management of Sinclair's brother-in-law (Hunter Kimbrough). . . . To Sinclair he pictured me as liar, blackmailer and God knows what else. Correspondence stopped. Our only contact was through Hunter . . . whereupon the work of 13 months was abruptly halted.

The last episode of the film—with all the elements of Act V—was ripped out, and you know what this means. Just as if Ophelia were ripped from Hamlet, or King Philip from Don Carlos. We saved this episode, the last before a brief epilogue, and the best as material, story and effect, for the last to be filmed. This episode is the story of Soldadera, the women who by their hundreds followed the Revolutionary army, caring for their men, fighting beside them, bearing their children, burying their men—and then caring for their next men. In showing the Mexican Revolution this cannot be surpassed in pathos.

And this is the climax, for here is the birth of a new nation, rising after the exploitation and oppression of Spanish rule, as Mexico.

Without it the film loses meaning, unity and final impact; it becomes a display of unintegrated episodes. Each of these episodes now points towards this end and this resolution.

To be practical: we have the army free—500 soldiers for 30 days! 10,000 carbines—50 cannon—also free. We have found the most extraordinary landscapes for our settings. We've resolved the dramatic problem successfully, and it is now a question of \$7,000 or \$8,000, in order to finish this in a month, and to have a magnificent film (and when I say it, I mean it!) With all its mass effects, no studio could attempt this now! Just imagine, Zalka, 500 women in a boundless cactus desert, the wounded, the children, beds and cooking things, the dead, all dragging and dragged through clouds of dust, followed by 500 white-clad soldiers in straw hats, then the march into Mexico City, past Spanish churches and palaces—for all of which we have the co-operation of thousands from sport organisations—to show the meeting of Villa and Zapata before



*The prologue: Yucatan ritual burial.
Photograph by Alexandrov.*

the Cathedral—the victory of the first Revolution.

And to sacrifice all this for \$8,000!—and to let a quarrel (in which, by the way, I am right, and I can prove it with documents) justify Sinclair in stopping the production and in throwing at people a mutilated stump . . .

I've exhausted my powers of persuasion. I have taken it all, I have accepted Kimbrough, I accept all, all, all, if only they allow me to finish—I have worked with the most incredible obstacles, no, not worked—fought. . . . The situation is no longer what it was when we left Hollywood. I have an iron-clad plan. I know the locations perfectly. General Calles has promised us all facilities. . . .

Use your Medea flame and convince him (and especially her) to finish the film. We were due to leave, but Kimbrough has postponed the departure for 10 days, to clean up odds and ends. Our only hope is for a miracle in this time, allowing me to film this episode, for which I would give my heart's blood. This is not irony. You know my character. Help us, Zalka—or not us, but our cause. Rescue our work from mutilation.

Should these people be in financial difficulties, ask them to allow you to raise the money elsewhere. It's impossible to think that this amount can't be raised as business. Even here the money could be found, not from philanthropists, but from business men, but the Sinclairs are so frightened of business men that they prefer to destroy all that they now have rather than to accomplish something genuine, and to profit by it enormously.

One doesn't write such letters often. . . . To have this possibility and to be forced to give it all up . . . !

2

On translating the German text of this letter from Eisenstein, Mme Salka Viertel adds: "David Selznick was interested—but the Sinclairs refused firmly even to show him the rushes. The rest is history."

When Upton Sinclair promised Eisenstein that the negative would follow him to Moscow to be cut there, Eisenstein tried to adjust the missing "Act V" by arranging the other novellas in this order: *Sandunga, Fiesta, Maguey*, enclosed in a frame of Prologue and Epilogue.* There is also a cutting note that

(continued on page 308)

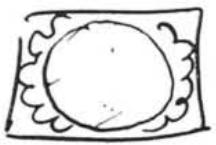
* The contents of each of these parts can be read in S. M. Eisenstein, *Que Viva Mexico!*, with an introduction by Ernest Lindgren. Vision Press, 1951.

I. nocardioformis Porada 17/x₄-30.
Skeleton of *Ornithodoros* 1/1

2000 K. W. ~~W. D. B.~~

Le Medicine

Gene
Menzel



Текст французской
языковой школы.

Ничем не забыть.

Все это не
занятое не оспаривается
занятое надею Текущ.

Конокод
мужчина
зелен

Madame your
my penitence -
obligue espouse
in my poor wife
le meilleur.

Дни
гимназии

General (one)
Surgeon
Killed
Young Schmidt (one)
Nakano

caught a large
trout. Aug 20

Биомасса
рефера
Биомасса
Материнские арки
Материнские арки
на конечных

~~Geckos~~
Canacon apka
Albuquerque (united states)
La Jolla
n'apais le cor ?) ^{particular} _{particular}
Cern

Нина блондинка
уродливая, непривлекательная
стюардесса с макияжем
затмевает поговорку
носанен на супу.

Поганка супаха и
Слібка огноївка
О.Н. і сір. супки із гарнію
стюю.

Психолог с молодчиками
на новом месте плавал.
Информация
~~проверка~~ на ходу
в районе

[на фасаде] можно
видеть птица из ~~птиц~~
Сибири. На крыльях.
Много птиц и много
человек.

Eisenstein's notes for the epilogue of **QUE VIVA MEXICO !**

*These notes, covering two sheets of paper, were written by Eisenstein on the stationery of the Regis Hotel, Mexico City, and are dated December 17th, 1930. They outline Eisenstein's plans for the continuity of the final sequence of *Que Viva Mexico!*, the scenes of 'Calavera', the Day of the Dead. The published scenario of the film ends: "Death comes along dancing! Not just one, but many deaths; many skulls, skeletons . . . This is a remarkable Mexican day, when Mexicans recall*

the past and show their contempt of death . . . Life brims from under the cardboard skeletons, life gushes forth, and death retreats, fades away. A gay little Indian carefully removes his death-mask and smiles a contagious smile—he impersonates the new growing Mexico."

We reproduce here a photostat of the first page of Eisenstein's notes and sketches, together with Jay Leyda's translation of the full two-page text.

Dedicated to Posada. 17/XII—30

Skeleton introduces November 2nd, in Mexico—the Day of the Dead.

Skeletons (all) to be whitened with *priming* paint—eyes to be blackened (perhaps with varnish)

Choose skulls of *primitives*—more character and disproportion in the faces.

The spoken text is rhythmically broken by a clacking of the teeth. (the movement of the jaws should *not* correspond with the text.)

... the curtain falls . . . a bell . . . three candles . . . skull . . . belfry . . . funeral arches . . . women in black—on their knees, etc.

[child's costume sequence was originally begun here, and then held for later]

setting up arches

women (Indian) in white and black (peon?) } *Diego [Rivera] stylised*

candles

ritual food

food in the form of coffins, skulls, crosses

table set with food

child's costume placed on chair

parents on right and left of costume

long shot of whole family at long table

conversation with the dead from the same angle

solemn litany for the dead by the groups at cemetery in black (daybreak)

food on tombs . . . candles . . . praying . . . many people and many candles . . . people more genre.

skulls and masks of skulls, alternating . . . more maskers . . . masker singing

portrait of Diaz (man beneath Diaz) [in cemetery]

maskers and in front of them . . . a corridor . . . Diaz calavera . . . maskers run by, laughing

Bishop [skeleton] . . . gentleman [skeleton] in top-hat

group laughs and sings . . . children dance in skull masks . . . faces on tombs [these last two shots originally in reverse order] . . . children chewing sugar skulls . . . paper streamers over saloon . . . playing with bones.

saloon. in front of it: calavera—general, bishop, top-hat [skeletons] kiss one another . . . quarrel with bones . . .

calavera—Zapatista [skeleton] . . . Lady [skeleton] . . . toreador [skeleton] . . . embrace

calavera—groom and bride [from *Maguey* novella]

fight . . . lying on the tomb . . . Aztec skull (stone one, in museum)

kiss . . . and [?]

skull (clay) . . . removal and murder of masks . . . after removal . . . stone . . . clay . . . masks

mask on naked infant . . . naked infant gurgles when mask is removed . . . feet trample masks

infant shouts . . . life.

indicates an alternative arrangement: *Fiesta*, *Sandunga*, *Maguey*. *Fiesta* was dropped entirely from the final cutting plan (recently published, in *Iskusstvo Kino*, May 1957), possibly as a result of Eisenstein's realisation that Shumiatsky, then head of film administration, was firmly opposed to the Mexican project and would hinder the filming of *Fiesta*'s necessary "miracle" in a Moscow studio. There was, of course, no thought of trying to film *Soldadera* outside Mexico.

We all know, too well, that Sinclair broke his promise to Eisenstein, that the creator of *Que Viva Mexico!* was never allowed to touch a metre of its negative, and that other hands cut it into various versions that reflected limited aspects of Eisenstein's plan. Those who are superstitious will note that the Prologue of this doomed film was based on a fresco by David Siqueiros that the painter was never allowed to finish, a fresco whose subsequent mutilation eventually caused its total loss as a work of art.

3

Twenty-five years after *Que Viva Mexico!* was filmed, Sinclair ceased his attempts to make Eisenstein's film without Eisenstein, now dead, and the negative discards from all these attempts were deposited at the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. When I first heard of this deposit, it was the *bulk* that was emphasised: some 300 cans of negative and positive scraps. I asked to be allowed to examine the material, catalogue it precisely, and propose some use for it. This was done, with the aid of private funds given to the Museum for this purpose, and I began the exploration of a treasure unequalled in film history—more than two-thirds of all the negative exposed for *Que Viva Mexico!* Though torn apart and scattered by all the irresponsible hands that had ransacked it for their own designs, this very mutilation of the negative had probably helped to preserve it chemically, with its repeated exposure to the air. There was remarkably little physical deterioration. If Eisenstein had been offered the negative in the condition in which I found it, I think he could have completed his film—but not without tears.

Most of this archive-in-spite-of-itself was in negative; very little remained of the original work-print after it had passed through so many chopping operations. The archive also contained a possibly unique print of an unknown Eisenstein film, his newsreel coverage (one reel) on the aftermath of the Oaxaca earthquake, photographed not as art, but to sell as spot news. A curiosity of more importance was some Leica rolls, apparently photographed by Alexandrov, including some valuable production stills. One roll of Leica frames revealed that the dressed skeletons for the Epilogue had been filmed on the roof of the Hotel Imperial during intervals in the prepared parades being photographed on the street below, the gesture that won General Calles' offer of an army and "all facilities" for the unrealised *Soldadera* novella.

Faced with this treasure of scrap negative, I had two

alternatives—to leave it, buried, as it was (adding only a catalogue); or to edit it in some form. Neither of these seemed just. I proposed a third alternative: as every editing had increased the mutilation of the original negative, I sought a way to display some of the footage without compounding the accumulated damage. Once the entire scattered negative was catalogued, I restored some small parts of it, as they had come from Tisse's camera—to prepare "study-films" on the Mexican project for limited exhibition. To represent each of the contrasting sections of the film-plan, I selected certain moments to restore in the exact order in which they had been photographed, omitting nothing except what had already been removed (for *Thunder Over Mexico* and *Death Day*, whose original negatives were destroyed in a Hollywood fire, and for *Time in the Sun*, whose original negative was not available for the reconstruction.)

These reconstituted *rushes* could not have been attempted without the blessing of edge-numbers, and how grateful I was to that unknown inventor! Every foot of negative bears a number on the edge to help match cut negative to cut work-print; these numbers have at least a ten-year cycle before they are repeated. At first I used these edge-numbers only for the catalogue, until I realised that they held the key to the order of repeated takes, and often to the relation between the photography of one sequence and another. Brought back to this original order, I believed it might be possible to study the development of certain ideas in the very process of taking form, including the trials, the mistakes, even the jokes that are an inevitable part of all film-making, even by a genius.

I also thought that in this way some part of what I learned from the examination could be communicated, with a minimum risk of distortion. I had found passages that had not been suggested, either in Eisenstein's own synopses or in the several films made by others. I found full confirmation of the magnificent and original structure hinted by the published summaries. And this raw material showed a method of work by a disciplined, inventive group of artists to disprove the rumours of capricious and wasteful production methods. There was a logic beneath the "miles" of film. If we couldn't have Eisenstein's art—in his finished montage of *Que Viva Mexico!*—we could at least have Eisenstein's logic, with its revelations of process and method, in a carefully unedited restoration.

One of the most rewarding passages in the restoration shows Eisenstein's polishing of one brief, poignant moment in the *Maguey* novella: Maria's discovery of the dead body of Sebastian. The negative discards contained eighteen scattered shots and shot-fragments relating to this moment, with gaps left by earlier raids on the negative. From take to take, one can see every element of Maria's movement being sharpened and heightened; both in the full shots and later close-ups, different paces, always an improvement, are tried, with new pauses inserted to increase the nervous tension and despair of the moment. One can also detect, in the movement of her head and shoulders, that Eisenstein gave extremely simple tasks to the non-actress, to help her communication of a difficult emotion. Even without the rehearsals and missing shots, this small fragment is full of rewards to a student.

For all the pain of Eisenstein's appeal to Mme Vieret, the evidence is clear—and most clearly found in the negative itself—that the 13 months spent in making *Que Viva Mexico!* was a time of the highest creative excitement for him. Despite the tragedy that followed, that excitement and the aims of the Mexican film nourished all Eisenstein's subsequent work. Even in the small part of the negative employed in these study films, one will often catch an idea that was later translated

(continued on page 329)



Eisenstein (in white, back to camera) and Alexandrov (at camera) on location in Mexico.



"The Little Island": tracing and painting the 'monsters'.

Animation and The Little Island

by RICHARD WILLIAMS

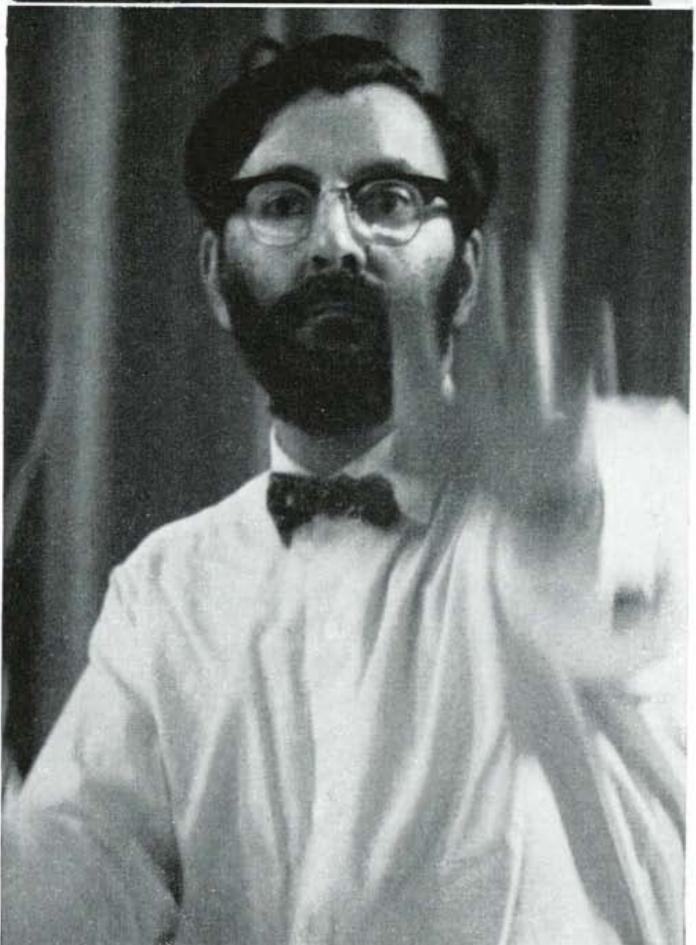
Twenty-five year old Canadian artist Richard Williams worked with animation companies in America before coming to Britain four years ago. His half-hour cartoon *The Little Island*, which excited considerable praise at Brussels and Cannes, came first in the experimental section of the recent Documentary and Short Film Festival at Venice. It is believed to be the longest animated production ever undertaken by one person. Rank have recently acquired the distribution rights.

SITTING down to talk seriously about animation at the same time as speaking subjectively about my own film *The Little Island* is going to be a bit confusing.

First, I am much too involved with my own work to be really objective about the medium. And second, how can I, in 1,000 words or less, talk about *The Little Island*, which took three years to make and doesn't have a single spoken word in it?

My own view is that, with few exceptions, the animated cartoon has always been used as a sort of comic-strip illustration. The recent sophisticated cartoons are just the same—only precious instead of vulgar. Mind you, I enjoy these cartoons; but it would never enter my head to consider animation by these standards as a "serious" medium.

I mean, with a tradition of this kind it is very hard to stop thinking in terms of what has been done in the past—and suddenly to see the artistically unexplored possibilities. Instead of realising that you can move *any* mark you make in *any* way that you want and put *any* sort of sound or music with it to get exactly the effect you need—you tend immediately to think of sentimental Valentine card animals



or pop-eyed horrors bashing each other to bits or clever-clever animated Steinberg illustrations with "Design-for-living" backdrops.

I didn't make *The Little Island* in order to rebel against these conceptions. On the contrary: the need of the film came by itself. I was a painter, and had long since given up any previous interest in animation. But, for me, the ideas in *The Little Island* could only really be expressed as I wanted through the cartoon medium. And in the course of working on the film the possibilities of the medium itself became so apparent that I couldn't understand why I hadn't seen them before.

The Little Island itself is a satire about three little men on a tiny island, each with his own fixed viewpoint. One believes in Goodness, the next in Truth, and the third in Beauty. They have great, involved fantasies of these ideals, and then start picking each other to pieces. I tried in a comic way to describe the horror of the complete lack of understanding among the three characters.

It is a traditional cartoon film in many ways, since the idea demanded "cartoon" sort of treatment. The difference, however, is that I tried to get the elements in it to move and live in their own way, and not just to illustrate in a literal fashion some or other story conception. The music by Tristram Cary is never treated just as background music—and in some cases it comes forward and leads the visual. So that music and effects are clear-cut and have a meaning of their own: their function is *complementary*, not *illustrative*.

Certainly, for me, the most successful parts of *The Little Island* do this, while the parts I am least happy with drop back slightly into literalism. And I feel that the cleaner-cut the elements in a drawn film the greater the possibility for carrying direct emotional power.

Now that *The Little Island* is finished, I want to work in different directions from "cartoon" animation. I feel that animation is not, as is usually considered, a primarily funny medium. I'm sure that when it is developed further it can be moving and satisfying.

The French critic André Martin says very nicely, "Animation is a great art which doesn't quite exist."

It is as if out of a whole field of possibilities, a couple of tiny furrows have been fantastically developed in craftsmanship, showmanship and technique, while the rest of the field has been almost completely neglected.

One thing we have really been given is a wealth of technical information. Now all we have to do is to *use* it. However, there are serious practical difficulties. There is the enormous amount of donkey work, the need for elaborate equipment and the terrific expense of production (in most cases, greater than for live action). And since the amount of work is so great, for anyone working alone or even in a small group, one is limited to fairly short films which at the moment are only "fillers" in cinema programmes.

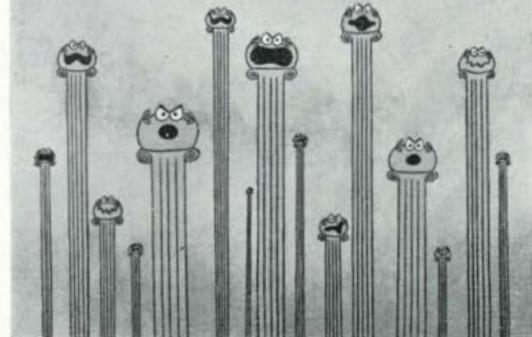
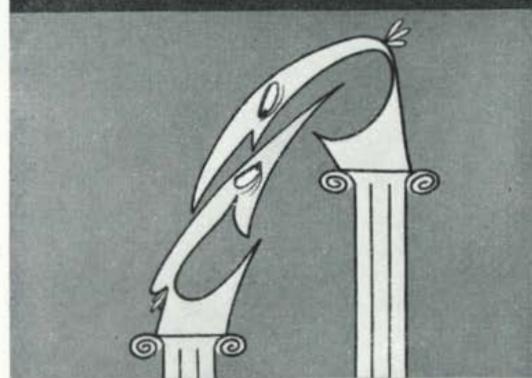
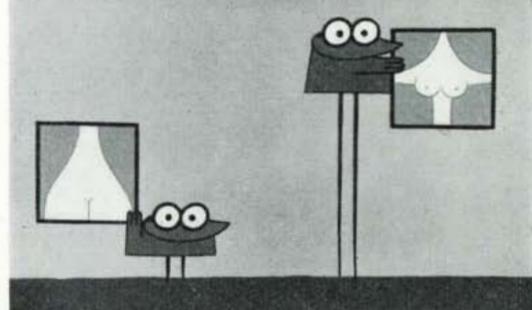
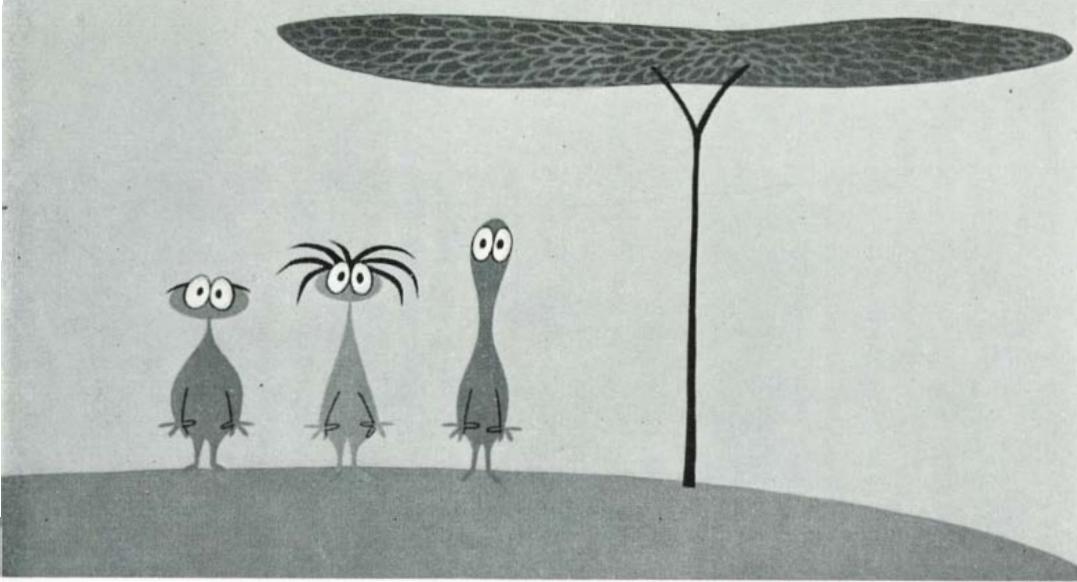
Oddly enough, I feel that indirectly television offers a great deal of hope. Because of the terrific demand for TV animation (mostly advertising commercials), there are more cameras, rostrums and technical equipment available. In my own case, I financed and housed *The Little Island* solely on my travels through various TV production studios.

So, ironically, one can work on bulb-nosed characters in black and white for television in order to work in one's own way for a large cinema screen with excellent colour and sound facilities.

I think also that there will be a great development in animated film when the various artists and musicians working in it (usually by way of TV) stop considering it as an "applied art" and work seriously in it on its own terms, as a medium in its own right.

I hope personally that, aside from what I've tried to express in the film, *The Little Island* is a step in this direction.

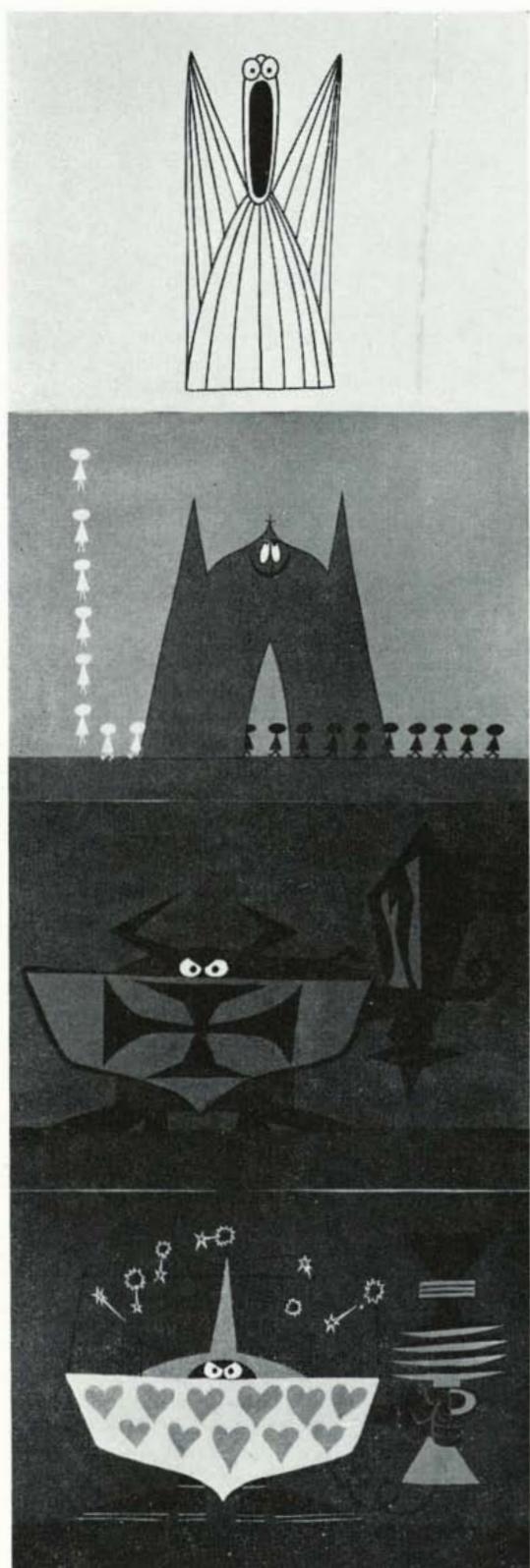
Above: Richard Williams; left: Tristram Cary.
Photographs by Bernard Herrmann.

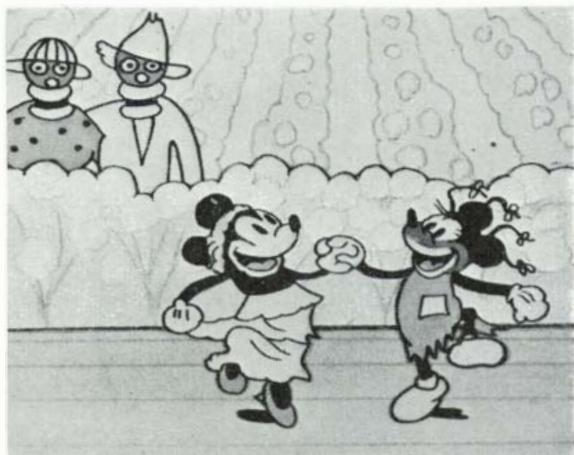


These scenes from *The Little Island* show the variety and economy of Dick Williams's style. Above: the believers in (left to right) Goodness, Truth and Beauty arrive on the little island.

Left: scenes from the vision of the believer in Beauty. After he has executed a few classical pirouettes, a pair of squat critics pounce on a nude study for their collection of several hundred identical paintings. Two squabbling intellectuals raise themselves on elongating columns, until their heads merge to become one endlessly babbling mouth. The camera tracks back to reveal countless similar heads.

Right: the man who believes in Goodness becomes half choir-boy, half-cathedral during his vision. Tiny black-robed figures pass through his door, turn white and float aloft. After provocation by Beauty, Goodness prepares for war. Below: the screen expands to CinemaScope to allow for the inevitable battle between Goodness and Beauty.





*faces
of*



Above: Harpo Marx in *Duck Soup*.
Above, right: *Mickey's Mellerdrammer*.
Right: Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett in George Cukor's *Little Women*. Below, right: Jessie Matthews in *The Good Companions*.
Below: Chaliapin and George Robey in Pabst's *Don Quixote*.



1933

The year in which Vigo directed "Zéro de Conduite," Garbo played in "Queen Christina," Britain hit the world market with "The Private Life of Henry VIII"; the year of "King Kong," "Three Little Pigs" and "Goldiggers of 1933"; the year in which the British Film Institute was founded. These pictures recall some of the faces of 1933.

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Above, right: Harry Langdon and Al Jolson in Lewis Milestone's Depression musical *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*. Right: Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in *Tugboat Annie*. Below: Jean Harlow in *Blonde Bombshell*. Below, right: Jean Vigo directing *Zéro de Conduite*.





"The Last Day of Summer".

Film Reviews

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER

OUT OF WAVES breaking on a beach comes a woman from a swim. It is a desolate, empty seashore backed by sand-dunes and reed-tufts. From the sky an echelon of jet-planes zooms down and away, followed by their sound. Suddenly the woman is aware of a man. He watches her. She had thought she was alone. She goes towards where she left her clothes. He moves to follow. She shouts to him to go away. She throws a stone at him. And thinking she has scared him, she hides among the sand-dunes and lies in the sun. When she is woken, again by the jets, she is encircled by a shallow wall of sand decorated with shells and flowers. A few yards away sits the man—still watching.

So begins this extraordinary film of a relationship between two people, two strangers, each scarred by the wounds of war—a relationship which is to last only a few hours and end in death. The stark simplicity of the locale—sea, sand and sky—invades the whole; such a meeting could never happen in a city street. From the incidents, many of them trivial, which follow—moments

of tenderness, remorse, playfulness and passion—two facts become clear, perhaps only half-clear. At the outbreak of the war, this woman was in love with a man who escaped from Poland to fly with the RAF. She has never known what became of him, but the memory of their love still lives in her—an emptiness invoking an utter loss of faith in living. She herself suffered agony under the Nazis; you can see it in her eyes. This is the last day of her holiday, her last swim before leaving that night for the city. Unknown to her, it transpires, each day the man has watched her bathe, too frightened to speak to her until now. He has made this beach his home, in a kind of dug-out. He lives in a half-world of the present and the past, a life of complete loneliness, suffering at moments from war-shock, sometimes reliving his battle experiences. Without any reason for life, he avoids all human contact until he speaks to this woman.

As this relationship is revealed and developed, they talk to each other about each other. They quarrel. The man wades out into the sea; he cannot swim and tries to drown. The woman swims out to rescue him. Maybe it was a trick to gain her sympathy? She is not sure. They play like children. A make-believe meal is improvised. It rains. They make a shelter. The man entreats the woman to stay with him, to share his life. He has only one thing to give her, his love. Although attracted to him, the woman is frightened to agree, fearful of her agonised past love. She is no longer of use to anyone.

Dusk comes to the beach. The woman has missed her train. Again and again the man beseeches her to remain for all time. But she still refuses. They lie and make love. But when she wakes again, the man is no longer by her side. Vainly she searches the desolate sand-dunes and calls for him over the empty beach. His footprints lead across the sand into the sea. The jet-planes zoom low again. The woman walks into the waves—getting smaller and smaller in reverse to the opening of the film.

Thus clumsily told, it seems trite. Having seen it three times, it is one of the most moving, most compassionate, most humanly understanding films I have seen in a long time—since, indeed, *Umberto D.* It is directed, I am told, by two members of the Polish Cinema School, Tadeusz Konwicki and Jan Laskowski. Between them they have drawn upon the poetry of cinematic imagery—sound and visual—to unveil slowly and subtly and with intense beauty (as I understand the word) the innermost thought-stream of these two tragic people haunted by their experiences of war. Some of the telling has the dream-state quality of Vigo, especially of *L'Atalante*. In the space of not much more than an hour, you come to know, to understand, to feel with, almost to participate in the inner-workings of their minds and the outward actions of their behaviour. In a world that exists fearfully from one day to another, the film is wholly expressive of the time in which we live. The menace of the jet-planes evokes the past, the present and the threat of the future.

I do not know if the man and the woman—Jan Machulski and Irena Laskowska—are actors or not. To me it does not matter. They are real people and I feel I have known them many years. I know almost all there is to know about them, except their names. This is an interpretation of a few hours of life as it could happen to many who came out of the hell of war. Tragic, warm, tender, passionate—it pulsates with the undefinable contact that constitutes a relationship between two human beings—male and female. Loneliness and hopelessness—softened by love and a great well of understanding—emerge from these two people. Their eyes, their mouths, their whole features and gestures become memorable to you.

It will be called, I foresee, a depressive and defeatist film. On the contrary, it reaffirms its directors' and our belief in people *per se*. As de Sica once said: "Most people do not want to see because often the pain of others troubles them." Some people will not like the pain of this film, any more than they liked the pain in *Bicycle Thieves* and *Umberto*. That will be their loss; not mine.

I do not want to read more into this film than I found. Some will detect symbolism, no doubt, and link it with the tight-rope position of Poland in the world today. To my simple way of thought, it is enough that it creates on the screen—a normal black-and-white screen—an intensely moving, completely realist, almost intolerably poignant series of situations and moods that germinate one from another as in life, and in so doing its creators bring into play all the dynamic attributes of the film medium. With music (by Adam Pawlikowski) which is haunting and used sparingly, with subtle dependence on natural sound, with speech uttered only when essential and with a complete veracity to everyday use, with photography without artifice, this is a whole film. It has the essential unity—the completeness—of a work of art. Its technique is unobtrusive; it is never a barrier between you and the directors' aims as happens in so many clever films today. It has economy of style and content but at the same time a richness of significant detail however small. Its cost, by the way, must have been negligible.

Do you wonder we gave it the Grand Prix at the Venice Documentary and Short Film Festival? And if you ask, as some did at Venice, how come this is a documentary—my answer lies in my belief that socially and aesthetically the so-called story-film and the true documentary are growing closer and closer together.

PAUL ROTH

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

AT THE OPENING of *The Unknown Soldier* (Contemporary)—a Finnish film about the second World War—a Major remarks: "It all depends on Germany—and theoretically upon Russia and ourselves. We'll have no choice but to go in on Germany's side." Meanwhile the chaplain conducts a communal prayer with the words: "If you send us suffering, then we have deserved suffering." At the close of the film comes the cease-fire, unexpectedly and without warning: the guns simply stop, Finns fraternise with Russians, and the armies are back roughly where they started. All that lies between is several months of bloodshed and hardship, men dying in the postures of heroism or terror, and the face of the earth disfigured by artillery.

"The Unknown Soldier."

A stark portrayal of the horrors of warfare may not necessarily constitute an attack upon war itself. Most people will face any degree of suffering if they believe firmly enough in the ideal at issue; and the only true anti-war film is perhaps the one which weighs the suffering against the ideal—or the supposed ideal against the political realities. At all events, it is necessary to ask exactly what a war film is saying.

With *The Unknown Soldier* the point is clear. The war is not wanted. Entered into for vague diplomatic reasons, it ends without victory. Within this framework all aspects of war can be shown without distortion; and everything that happens, momentous or trivial, takes its perspective from the beginning and end of the film. We see the men's suppressed fear at the first sound of distant gunfire; we see the petty indignities of military discipline, and two men shot for insubordination; we see bravado and cowardice, and genuine heroism undertaken without forethought. Above all, we see the makeshift society of the army camp where a whole range of differing personalities, all uprooted from their normal lives, adjust themselves to a common danger and a common threat, united by an obscure belief that they are fighting for the honour of their country.

A good example of the film's approach is its treatment of national pride. The men repeat propaganda clichés about fighting a defensive war for the motherland; but the true national feeling comes across in the visuals as a bitter resentment against the destruction of Finland herself. In one scene a battle has ended, and sunlight filters through the leaves of the forest; a pony and cart come towards us through the drifting smoke; and as they pass we see that the cart is laden with corpses. Again: after the ceasefire the men leave cover and emerge into a silent landscape, where tree-trunks stick up like broken teeth on what was once a wooded hill-side. *Finlandia* is played quietly in the background.

But the central theme of the film is man's adaptability, the way he will learn to live with a new situation, however horrible. This theme can be traced through all the characters (none of them, incidentally, appearing in the least contrived or unreal); and it is epitomised in the trench philosophy of Rokka, a good-hearted farmer: "Kill, because that's what you're here for." War and the military pattern of life have become ends in themselves; man's adaptability now serves to blunt his moral sense. The film is an indictment of innocence.

There is only one serious weakness—a tendency towards monotony. And this is hardly to be wondered at since the film runs for over two hours with little development of characterisation and virtually no plot. The handling of the subject matter is deliberately unselective; the campaign itself is not so treated as to provide a coherent continuity. All we have is men gradually, almost imperceptibly, becoming used to war. Edvin Laine's direction is superb. At its best it is reminiscent of Pabst—as for example in the horrific scene of the machine-gunning of an ambulance. But it would need a continuously superlative technique to counteract the meandering quality of the story; and furthermore, a lack of overall variety in dramatic tempo or emphasis detracts from the power which many of the episodes might have had in isolation. Yet it is with reluctance that one mentions this: it seems churlish to find fault with a work of such passionate integrity.

DAI VAUGHAN





"The Defiant Ones": Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis.

THE DEFIANT ONES

TO MOST FILMGOERS, the American South is like a foreign country; and even to inhabitants of the United States any appearance of a motion picture concerning itself with that complex environment is viewed with mixed feelings of wonder and alarm. Stanley Kramer's production *The Defiant Ones* (United Artists) evokes this usual response.

As director, Kramer has here created a violent myth of contemporary America, one that is constantly disturbing and occasionally brilliant. Since a true picture of racial tensions in the South will probably never be made, *The Defiant Ones* remains simply a very good film that attempts to provoke irony and deeper insight into the spectator's views of human understanding. Such intentions are worthwhile, and for the most part they are dramatically realised.

A warden with a "sense of humour" has chained a white convict and a Negro convict together by the wrists. The former, an aggressive, extremely bigoted youth named Joker Jackson (Tony Curtis), is further enraged by the cynical and physically powerful Noah Cullen (Sidney Poitier), whose laughter is filled with the agony of old sorrows and whose bitterness lies deeper than the epithets hurled at him by his companion. Each of them has been warped by hatred; and, quite suddenly, the prison truck in which they have been riding overturns and they escape. The remainder of the film concerns their flight and pursuit.

The story suddenly becomes allegorical, with the camera acting as dispassionate observer, and the posse a group of bloodthirsty cretins fumbling along behind the fugitives to the loud accompaniment of jazz from a portable radio. One is most absorbed in the two convicts themselves, however, and the film is usually less convincing when the camera is away from them.

The length of chain that holds Joker and Noah together is always kept meaningfully in front of the camera, and it adds to the Clouzot-like horror of the film's most nerve-racking moments of pain, when the two men struggle for survival in the rapids of a river, or in the mire of a deep clay-pit. After encounters of near-lynching

with some townspeople, the fugitives are sheltered and unshackled by a farm-woman (Cara Williams) and her little boy. The woman, having been deserted by her husband, plans to run away with Joker and gives Noah some erroneous directions which will lead him to his death in the swamps. Upon learning this, Joker has a violent argument with the woman, and is given a gunshot wound by the boy. He catches up with Noah in the swamp but, weakened by loss of blood, causes both of them to miss a passing train which would have brought them to freedom. In a state of collapse and resignation, Joker and Noah sit by the railroad, watching the Sheriff approach.

The screenplay by Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith aims at authenticity; and in Joker's moody dialogue with the lovesick woman there is some attempt to create a kind of simple poetry of the illiterate and inarticulate. But overhanging the entire film is a non-authentic atmosphere. Kramer does not have an eye for milieu, and he permits Theodore Bikel, as the humane Sheriff, to indulge in a very personal kind of subdued, calculated behaviourism that is in complete contrast to the members of the posse, who belong to the same locale. Nothing is really of the American South, and the accents are either untrue or non-existent. In comparison with some of the great social films of the 1930's (*They Won't Forget*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*), or even when compared with such pastiches as *Storm Warning* or *The Southerner*, this film remains more of a parable than a document. The details are full of flaws (notice the way Cara Williams pronounces 'New Orleans'); and perhaps the most authentic moment comes when Big Sam (Lon Chaney) looks after the fleeing figures of the convicts and, out of some terrible, pitying memories of his own imprisonment, murmurs, "Run, chicken, run. . . ."

The entire film rests upon its two major performers. Tony Curtis, with appearance slightly altered, gives a stylised version of his best performance (*Sweet Smell of Success*), embellished with vituperative outbursts of anger. It is surprisingly controlled, and one feels that Curtis' growing reputation as a serious actor advances a stage further with this film. As Noah, Sidney Poitier firmly establishes himself as the best Negro actor in the cinema today. He, too, is not without mannerism or Method, but he invests a rather underwritten character—someone part De Lawd and part Leadbelly—with moments of quite penetrating effectiveness. The sequence in which Noah describes his wife and her remonstrations of "be nice" reveals truthfully some of the poignant frustrations of America's racial problems; and in the final sequence he sings out his defiance behind a smile of ironic defeat that sums up all the pathos of the flight.

It is in the film's final sequence that actors, cameraman (Sam Leavitt) and director have created real power. One's senses are left ringing with a sound of fury, and *The Defiant Ones* may well signify some newer awareness in Hollywood of the tragic consequences of American motives and manners. At any rate, Stanley Kramer has stepped back into the front rank of contemporary film-makers at last.

ALBERT JOHNSON

THE GODDESS

THE GODDESS (Columbia) has met with a considerable outcry from Hollywood, for its searing revelations of what it takes to make a star. Paddy Chayefsky has undoubtedly taken a savage bite at the hand which currently feeds him, but that is only part of his theme. His goddess is—or at least one hopes she is—a very special case. Neglected as a child by a nymphomaniac Blanche Dubois mother who has "kept her figure and wants to have some fun", she drives her way to Hollywood in answer to her craving for an acceptance by society which her sordid circumstances have always denied her; in search of adulation to compensate for her own inability to love. Hollywood, she knows, is a place where dreams come true. It is contemporary culture patterns, in fact, to which Hollywood the dream factory contributes, that Chayefsky has in mind as his target.

The film is conceived in three main divisions: 'Portrait of a Girl', 'Portrait of a Young Woman' and 'Portrait of a Goddess'; a bold structure but the only one to which the style of the writing would conform. Each incident within the three sections is geared to a little climax—which finally makes for a film without climax, and one undeviating in its emphasis. And although the scenes themselves are never lacking in intention, the devices and limitations of the writing are often uncomfortably exposed.

Chayefsky seems to be becoming dangerously fond of the pseudo-poetic long speech—a device which easily paralyses dramatic action. And often the characters' bouts of self-revelation or autobiography are not pressed into a genuine dramatic conflict. The young girl finds her first husband-to-be lying dead drunk in a gutter, and she watches over him until he wakes. Only seconds elapse before he is firing at her, a total stranger, such questions as, "What do you know about loneliness?" or dazzling her with such bitter phrases as "the ultimate ache of desolation" and a graphic word-picture of her dull small-town future. He is disgusted with life, but that alone is an undynamic condition when unexplored; and one looks for more of an attitude towards the character of this self-dramatising wreck than a note of indulgent approval. "You have a passion for respectability; I have a horror of loneliness," he says later, "That's love." It is glib, too, but one doesn't know whether Chayefsky intends it to be.

Chayefsky might argue: the film is about people whose essential tragedy is their inability to communicate normally with others; people, and in particular one person, incapable of love through being initially starved of affection as children. But such characters are still *in* life, and if they are to be presented roundly they need to be shown through other eyes than their own. An author's tolerant sympathy is only a stage in the life-giving process; the characters still need to be embedded believably in their society. Even when an attempt is made to involve them in a revealing situation, the dramatic texture is often thin, even monotonous. In the long scene when the heroine, now a teenager, is taken out by an adolescent intent on availing himself of her availability, she prattles incessantly of her dreams while he is afforded only the briefest of interjections. But what does he really think of her, apart from his simple urge to make love to her?

Arrived in Hollywood, the waif from Minnesota changes her name to Rita Shawn and is soon caught up in her second marriage. Again, her fancy lights on a lost soul: a leading sportsman past his prime. Rita can only love the reflection of herself in others; she can never go beyond the sentimental ideal of herself in love. Here, though, the relationship is more deeply dramatised: they are two people at the mercy of the values they serve, and their struggles in the net are observed from a just distance. "Dutch and I are intelligent people", says Rita in a moment of unconscious parody, "we don't see why marriage and a career shouldn't mix." The starlet's classic statement to the press, springing so patly to her lips, evokes the years of film mags which have been her sole formative reading.

When success comes at last, Rita is found to possess a talent for comedy, as well as her quality of 'availability' which the film company is eager to exploit. Would not some evidence of this comic talent, even socially, have provided a valuable new angle to the character's exposition, and a revealing extension of the film's tone? Where the rest of the Hollywood scene is concerned, the bias remains equally rigid; the saurian company president we know from the pages of Lillian Ross, and doubtless his prototype exists; the producer seems mainly concerned to seduce Rita, which may also not be singular; but nowhere is there a glimpse of charity. By implication, a few personages become a summing-up of Hollywood; and even if Mr. Chayefsky would uphold this view as valid, we are by this time sorely in need of a shift of emphasis if we are still to remain affected by the film's central bitterness. Rita may well be a character startlingly true to her times, but the aura she creates makes for an airless area in which to move for two hours, for all the many strong scenes. Chayefsky seems simply too close to his central character and her neurosis.

This note of disappointment is perhaps the more acute after the freshness of *Marty* and *The Bachelor Party*. It seems to me to represent a regrettable lowering of the sights: the bitter poetry of the human condition is aimed at too frontally; formerly it was caught apparently unawares. The same intensity of pessimism was intrinsic, of course, in *Bachelor Party*, and the final switch to affirmation was the only unconvincing note in the picture. But there it was more cunningly distilled; it was threaded into the texture, not left to congeal on the top.

The Goddess is a writer's picture, and John Cromwell treats it with reverence and skill. He has been irreproachably faithful to the writer's intention, and so have the actors. Lloyd Bridges portrays admirably the passé boxer who longs to step off the insidious merry-go-round while there is still time; Betty Lou Holland's jittery Belle à la Tennessee Williams emerges with awful drabness into a joyless religious fanatic; and Elizabeth Wilson makes a ferocious final protector of the Goddess's flame. There remains Kim Stanley; a ruthless talent. Strained if undaunted at the prospect of playing a sixteen-year-old, she gets into an impressive



"*The Goddess*": Kim Stanley and Betty Lou Holland.

stride as the neurosis mounts. Like the writing, her performance is uncomfortably 'near': commentary is not her concern, she is content to *be* the part; and as the wretched star, bolstered by drink and drugs, serving her time in the limelight, she is frequently memorable.

DEREK PROUSE

CAT AND MOUSE

WHEN PAUL RODA directed his first fiction production, *No Resting Place*, several years ago, he was still working firmly from within the documentary tradition. Location shooting, details of the life of a wandering Irish tinker community, made up more of the film than narrative and defined its distinctive character. *Cat and Mouse* (Eros) uses London locations rather more extensively and positively than most films of its kind, but this marks the only ostensible link with the documentary past: this time the director has plunged directly into fiction, and into virtually the only type of independent, low budget subject that stands a chance of securing some kind of distribution—the small-scale crime story.

Taken from a novel by John Creasey, a crime writer so prolific that he camouflages a good deal of his output under a range of pseudonyms, *Cat and Mouse* has been scripted by Roda himself. Its story concerns a young American deserter who stumbles in the opening sequence on a situation which he tries to turn profitably to account. A girl, daughter of an executed murderer, is being maliciously questioned by a one-time associate of her father who believes she knows the whereabouts of a hoard of stolen diamonds. The old man dies—killed in fact by the American, though the frightened girl imagines she has committed murder. Half-scared, half-attracted, the girl finds herself kept prisoner in her own house, while the American tries to use her to lay his hands on the diamonds.

The central suspense situation, the domination of the lonely,



"God's Little Acre": Buddy Hackett, Robert Ryan and Tina Louise.

uncertain girl by the leather-jacketed amateur gangster, is worked out in terms of confidence given, betrayed and withdrawn. The girl is the victim of childhood isolation, the habit of negation, the man of the habit of violence. Lee Patterson manages this part well, with spasms of nervous elation, edgy ferocity, alternating with moments of gentleness when he believes that, after all, he can manipulate the future. The girl's part is trickier; and by playing it with rather aloof, Kensington overtones, Ann Sears misses the sense of a relationship building up between gaoler and prisoner. Turning away from a contact with the alien world of force, the girl also withdraws too far from the centre of the action.

But the point of the film is the degree of achievement within an essentially modest framework. The picture was clearly made on a restricted second-feature budget, as the first feature production to come from Anvil Films. What Paul Rotha and his cameraman, Wolfgang Suschitsky, have done is to demonstrate that films of this sort need not be as anaemically artificial, as technically makeshift, as almost all production within this price range. The film is not afraid to go out of doors, to catch the grey, lacklustre mood of a suburban London morning; its small-part players—George Rose as an old clothes salesman, Diana Fawcett as an indefatigably talkative police witness—are used for comedy, but a comedy which has not lost contact with reality; its policemen are plausibly morose. The direction, firm and to the point, makes some telling use of sound and camera, notably in the early scenes of obscure tension in the murdered man's house. Rotha is too experienced to try to overload either his theme or his budget with more weight than they can support; but in telling a neat story he has also maintained an attitude to his subject. His comments are on violence as an irruption into the ordinary, the world of the *Daily Mirror*, the bus route, semi-detached gentility; perhaps documentary is not, after all, so far away.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE

FIRST, a bare vista of grey farmland pitted with huge, ugly holes and mounds of earth. The camera moves along until it comes to the edge of one of these craters and then peers discreetly over. Inside are three men, grimy, sweatstained and cursing, and all consumed by an overpowering obsession—the lust for gold. The beginning of *God's Little Acre* (United Artists) admirably catches the mood of quirky, bizarre humour which Erskine Caldwell also exploited in *Tobacco Road*. Apart from some intrusive sentimental soliloquies, Philip Yordan's adaptation closely follows the shape of the original and is reasonably faithful to Caldwell's characterisations—here we have Ty Ty Walden, the shrewd, family-proud farmer who has sacrificed everything for the demon nugget which never appears, his strapping lusty daughters and belligerent, quick-tempered sons. Yet somehow the inner core of Caldwell's story has been winkled away: the joyous eroticism in which he

specialises has of necessity been watered down (it would be impossible for the American cinema to reproduce at least two key scenes); but, more seriously, the social background and economic motivation have been blurred as well.

Will Thompson (Aldo Ray), Ty Ty's son-in-law, dies whilst attempting to re-open the company mill in order to revive the fortunes of the starving town. By failing to make it clear that a strike is in progress, the film weakens Caldwell's comments on Depression 'economics' (the book appeared in 1933), so that the episode stands out sharply as a violent set-piece and fails to make a correspondingly sharp social point. As might be expected, Anthony Mann's direction is most effective when filling in the background of the early scenes—the hot dusty land, the stuffy nights, the feelings of suppressed, aching passions are realised with expert professional fluency, aided by Ernest Haller's grey, mobile camerawork. His handling of the players is also lively: Robert Ryan's Ty Ty Walden is a bold, rugged creation which just fails to capture the character's inner depths of feeling; Buddy Hackett makes a lifelike figure of Pluto, the hapless sheriff, and Michael Landon contributes a sharp sketch of the albino whom Walden forces to "divine" for him. The women are equally good, notably Fay Spain, who brings a rich sensuality to Darling Jill (Walden's most errant daughter), at the same time revealing an unmistakable star personality somewhat akin to that of Joanne Woodward.

With all its excesses, Caldwell's writing always seems deeply involved with the fate of his characters, even when he is making fun of their grossness and stupidity. Yet there is also love here, the kind of love which Ford managed to capture in *Tobacco Road* and transformed into his own personal vision. In *God's Little Acre*, Anthony Mann and his collaborators have not quite succeeded in communicating this poetic regard for the people or their ways. Even after taking into account the compromises of the script and the tacked-on happy ending, the passions evoked often have a neurotic viciousness which seems at odds with Caldwell's extrovert view of his world. What is important in the film is its willingness to explore an "offbeat" subject: with a little more courage (and a corresponding disdain of good taste) it might have transformed intermittent merits into solid achievement.

JOHN GILLETT

In Brief

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE (Rank) Douglas Sirk, born in Denmark and working in Germany till 1933, has been in Hollywood since 1937. After directing a series of off-beat films—*Ninth Symphony*, *Summer Storm*—he went on to gain the confidence of the big producers and directed the re-make of *The Magnificent Obsession*, followed by *Battle Hymn*. With *Written on the Wind* he began to attract serious attention and now comes *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*, drawn from the novel by E. M. Remarque (who also plays the part of the anti-Nazi professor). The producers have publicised the film as the *All Quiet on the Western Front* of the second World War; but apart from the quality of some of the dialogue and perhaps the final image there seems to be little significant resemblance. We are shown the moral evolution of Ernst Graeber, a German soldier on the Russian front in 1944. He has begun to doubt the morality of the Nazi cause, and these doubts are intensified when during three weeks leave he falls in love with and marries Elizabeth Kruse, another tentative anti-Nazi. He returns reluctantly to the front and is killed while saving the lives of a Russian peasant family.

That this attempt to show the moral re-awakening of the 'good German' is not completely successful is partly the result of the lack of insight into his character and beliefs before 1944. We are thus unable fully to sympathise or become identified with him. This is one of the rare un-hysterical American war films, and that should have been a point in its favour; but unfortunately Douglas Sirk's own talent is for the hysterical—the baroque, the shattering image. This script is far too sober to exercise his imagination.

What really stands out in the film, therefore, are three shots of dead men: the soldier who has been buried all winter under the snow and, when he is disinterred, seems to be weeping because his frozen eyeballs are thawing out; the Nazi whom Ernst shoots, and on whose open-jawed grimace the camera lingers for a moment; and the reflection of Ernst's face in the water of a stream, his features iron-grey and silver like the water itself... These are the best moments in the film—along with the extraordinary scene in the cellar of the Germania night-club, the blonde singing on top of a beer barrel as the bombs fall, and the woman running out

with her evening dress alight.

John Gavin seems to be one of the better young Hollywood actors; Lilo (*ci-devant* Liselotte) Pulver is better than she was in her French film (*Arsène Lupin*), but her accent and charm are perhaps a little too *gemütlich*, and raise the problem of mixed conventions. Why any accents at all? Either use all Germans or all Americans. The film is very long—133 minutes—and Sirk's sense of narrative pace and rhythm is not very sure; hence the story, especially in the middle, drags from time to time. Nevertheless the film is worth seeing, both for what Sirk has achieved and for what he has attempted.—RICHARD ROUD.

VERTIGO (*Paramount*) finds Hitchcock toying weightily with a thriller by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, authors of *Les Diaboliques*. As with their earlier novel, the mystery is a question not of who done it but of whether it was really done at all—in this case, how can a girl who has fallen spectacularly to her death from a church tower reappear a few months later in the streets of San Francisco, and is she in fact the same girl? This question of identity, central to the novel, is disposed of by Hitchcock in a brisk and curiously timed flashback, leaving only the secondary problem of how the hero, a detective who first trails the girl, then becomes obsessed by his memories of her, will react to discovering the truth. But in a story of this kind, a sleight-of-hand affair built on deception and misdirection, mystification counts for everything; to introduce questions of motivation, to suggest that the people involved in this murder game are real, is to risk cracking a plot structure of egg-shell thinness. Only speed, finally, could sustain the illusion that the plot hangs together—and Hitchcock has never made a thriller more stately and deliberate in technique.

If the plot fails to work, there are still some good suspense diversions. These include a macabre, misogynistic sequence in which the obsessed detective (James Stewart) enlists dressmakers and hairdressers to make over the lightly disguised Kim Novak number two in the image of the lost Kim Novak number one; a typical Hitchcock joke, in which the detective tracks the girl down an alley, through a dark and dingy passage-way, and finds that this sinister approach is the back door to an expensive flower shop; and a single shot of stunning virtuosity, with a corpse spread-eagled across a church roof at one side of the screen, and the detective slinking out of the church door at the screen's opposite edge. A roof-top chase, decisively opening the picture, a struggle in the church belfry, some backchat in the manner of *Rear Window* with a cool, astringent second-string heroine (Barbara Bel Geddes) are all reminiscent of things Hitchcock has done before, and generally done with more verve. One is agreeably used to Hitchcock repeating his effects, but this time he is repeating himself in slow motion.—PELEOPE HOUSTON

INDISCREET (*Warners*) is a curiously nostalgic kind of film to come from Stanley Donen. Romantic comedies with a plot as slender as this have gone out of fashion. It looked as if the writers, or the stars, or the knack had been lost. *Indiscreet* never pretends to be anything more than a trifle; but it is so agreeably handled and presented that it makes one regret the time that has passed since anything in the same genre approached its success.

Philip Adams, a debonair NATO official, is a bachelor, and intends to remain so. He therefore makes it a point of honour to tell his intended conquests that he is a married man, separated from his wife but unable to obtain a divorce. When Anna Kalman, a popular actress whose affection he has won, discovers he is single, she endeavours to trick him into believing that she was never really in love with him. The complications of this story, though, take up only a minor proportion of the screen time. More than half the film is simply devoted to the developing romance; and Norman Krasna's script, from his own stage play *Kind Sir*, is amusing enough—without being particularly inventive—to make these sequences consistently attractive.

The scene is always elegantly stylised, whether it be Anna's luxurious apartment or the Thames Embankment at night. Frederick Young's lighting and photography and Don Ashton's art direction contribute greatly to the general lightness of mood. Donen directs with engaging deftness. He makes witty use of the split screen technique and is at his best in a beautifully sustained sequence in which Philip, unaware that Anna is plotting his downfall, flings himself with the utmost abandon into a society

dance. Ultimately, though, the film relies heavily on its two principals. Cary Grant has been doing this sort of thing for so long that one tends to forget how perfectly he does it: he has never been better. Ingrid Bergman gives a sensitive, delicate performance which occasionally discloses that she is not entirely at home in the brittle artificiality of this kind of comedy. Her Anna is almost too natural a character for the context.

DEREK HILL

NEXT TO NO TIME (*British Lion*). The comedies of Henry Cornelius, who died shortly after completing this film, were made with a meticulous care and personal sincerity that also managed to touch a nerve in national humour. *Next to No Time* shows his vision in a more whimsical mood. Adapted from a short story by Paul Gallico, it concerns David Webb, a young engineer with the genius of an inventor and the inarticulateness of a schoolboy. Although unable to expound his brilliant ideas, he finds himself on board the *Queen Elizabeth*, charged by his company with the task of winning a contract from the ferocious industrialist Sir Godfrey Cowan. On his first night aboard David discovers that during the 'lost' hour after midnight, when the clock stands still, he is full of a buoyant confidence, able to woo film stars and hold a crowd spell-bound with his wit and eloquence. The rest of the film shows him antagonising, then impressing, and finally winning over Sir Godfrey.

There is some irony in the happy ending. One feels that the David Webb, played ebulliently by Kenneth More, who cannot express himself is a more attractive person than the go-getter of the contemporary industrial scene who always ends up on top. Throughout the whole of this film there is the same double edge—the world into which Webb is rising is peopled with caricatures. The board of directors is a collection of pompous eccentrics; Sir Godfrey is a monster of commercialism; and David Webb wins through at the cost of some innocence.

The best moments of this film are those which bring to life the horrors of the everyday nightmare—arriving in immaculate pinstripe and bowler hat in a board-room full of sweatered and tweed-jacketed directors, building the model power plant with no other materials except pumpkins and champagne bottles. The suspended animation of the sea voyage, the timelessness of the lost hour, and the general air of unreality surrounding all the characters except David, make this film more like a fable than a story of this world. Henry Cornelius has made a myth of top-level industry which also carries a hint of a judgment on the life it represents.—KENNETH CAVANDER.



"Indiscreet": Cary Grant, Cecil Parker, Ingrid Bergman.

Cherkassov's Don Quixote

Translated and edited by TONY BUCK



Last year Nikolai Cherkassov published in three successive numbers of *Iskusstvo Kino* his diary of the filming of *Don Quixote*. Reasons of space have prevented a full translation here—but the number of interesting comments, reflections and generalisations by Cherkassov would seem to justify the strictly annotated and paraphrased material reproduced below.

After an account of his association with the character of Don Quixote in stage, opera and ballet versions of the novel, Cherkassov first describes how he was chosen to play the part in the film to be directed by Grigory Kozintsev and scripted by E. Shvartz. Analysing his feelings as the day approached when he was to discover precisely what was in store for him, he says:

“. . . And now, after many years, I was to meet the Señor from Lamancha again. It was to be a sad and serious meeting with a close, dear friend whose acquaintance had developed through my work in the Soviet theatre. I realised that the fourth encounter would mean a greater responsibility than ever before, for my hero would be printed on film and, if successful, seen by millions of people . . .”

One question in particular intrigued him. “. . . In what proportion are the tragic and the comic elements incorporated in the script? Thinking over all my encounters with the wandering knight, I involuntarily donned his armour. . . .”

In April, 1955, having read through the script and been deeply affected by it, he pays this tribute to Shvartz:

“The adaptation of the novel demands great talent and inspired labour. . . . He (Shvartz) has shown himself equal to his difficult task and has brilliantly worked out the fundamental theme of *Don Quixote* in his script. With his own enchanting humour he has produced an independent dramatic work, and he has been perfectly right to reject the literal sequence of the episodes of the novel. The most illustrative incidents in the life of the wandering knight have been picked out and integrated in a successively developing action—at the same time preserving the broad social background against which the adventures of Don Quixote take place. In this way the script gives both producers and players great opportunities for bringing out the social conflicts of Cervantes' novel. Shvartz has included in the script the basic idea of the novel—the protest against the injustice of social conventions and customs in 16th century Spain. Consequently, the pathos of the hero's behaviour is fully disclosed. . . . His great faith in the justice of a life that is to come is particularly stressed. . . .”

After praising the script, Cherkassov makes this characteristic observation: “From this minute I had already begun to live under the star of my latest encounter with the Señor Don Quixote de Lamancha. Still thinking of him I went to sleep and still thinking of him I awoke. . . .”

On the day when the director addressed the production team and outlined his approach to the film, Kozintsev commented on the universality of the novel's theme and then went on to a detailed analysis of the structure and historical background of Cervantes' book. His view clearly echos that of the screenplay:

“. . . In this provincial town lives the gaunt hidalgo—not a caricature, not a freak, but an insignificant village oddity who reads stories about knights. It doesn't matter that he decided to become one of them, but it does matter that there came to him the idea of justice. . . . Don Quixote is not just a madman—he is kind and just. That is our starting point. Herein lies the key to the film. . . .”

Explaining more fully the significance of *Don Quixote*,

Kozintsev says: ". . . It seems to me that our aim should not be to contrast Don Quixote with the world around him; and I do not agree with the versions which contrast him with Sancho Panza—where the Don is shown as a dreamer and Sancho as a peasant with a fat belly. In Cervantes' novel there is one hero in three forms: Don Quixote, Sancho, and Dulcinea represent three sides of the Spanish character—the visionary, the practical, and the exalted. . . ."

Of his intentions in making the film Kozintsev has this to say: ". . . I will try to forget everything I've said when we start production, not because I have changed my mind nor because it no longer seems true, but because—and this is my point of departure—I want to make a comedy, a popular comic epic about a man shorn of illusions who can do nothing with a broken lance and a skinny nag. We are on his side, because he is kind, but we laugh at his attempts to establish social justice, using the means he does. Don Quixote is a popular hero from folklore and the comic epic, and our team hopes to produce a comedy, sometimes gay and sometimes sad, about a good man who wanted to establish social justice on earth . . . in an age when justice could only appear as an object of ridicule. . . ."

Though Kozintsev could not spend much time with the actors at this stage, Cherkassov managed to exchange a few ideas with the director. Kozintsev took the view that the knight would have been poorly and simply dressed, and would have spoken in a high tenor voice, rather than, as is usually supposed, in a bass.

Cherkassov then elaborates the difficulties that faced him in the part.

". . . I would like to note that in the dramatic versions of the novel the development of the central figure is hardly noticeable. There is a progress of thought but not a development in form. An analogy in musical terms would be that type of composition based on a variation on a simple theme, where the theme is not only repeated but grows as well. . . . Don Quixote's solitude and the variations on this one theme present the actor with considerable problems in creating a character. The unusual demands of the rôle inevitably render it visually monotonous, apparently straightforward—to put it bluntly, boring. . . ."

It is clear to Cherkassov that more time and work, and a greater attention to details of interpretation, were necessary.

". . . My first experiences of working on the film convinced me that I had to reject the approach I had used in previous performances. In the Pushkin theatre version I had played the courtly, but poor, wandering knight. The speech of my hildago was grandiloquent and exalted, relying on declamation and fine delivery, with an emphasis on the consonants—especially the 'r'—and the low notes. On the stage I was content to adopt knightly poses and declaim my monologues in lofty tones. Now, in this film, my previous approach seemed to be contradicting Don Quixote. . . . Thinking of the reaction of the audience, I decided I wanted to provoke gay laughter in the first half of the picture. Unfortunately, in the script, the wonderful scene at the inn—the preparation of the knightly balm—does not exist. . . . In a word, at the beginning of my work on the film in the autumn of 1955—the emergence of my thoughts, creative doubts and searchings.

"The actor is particularly prone to forget the burdensome and painful process of filming, and however enthused I was by my creative research I . . . was forced to come down to earth. . . ."

Cherkassov here explains his realisation of the sheer

physical effort entailed in the filming of *Don Quixote* and note that at least two-thirds of the shooting would be on location. But consultations with the director of production, Shostakh, were to allay the worst of his fears—for instance, he would have the services of a double. As the news of the production became known Cherkassov was asked a variety of questions, many of them sceptical. . . .

". . . Several comrades feared that Russian actors would find it very difficult to play Spaniards, that the director and actors would not be able to find the right rhythm, the characteristic features and temperament of the Spanish people. . . ."

He counters such objections by putting his faith in the experience of the Russian theatre in producing the work of such foreign dramatists as Molière, Schiller, Shakespeare, and Lope de Vega. When he was told that de Santis was also hoping to film *Don Quixote*, Cherkassov remarked: "Here at last is an opportunity for an honourable cultural competition between Soviet and Italian film-makers. . . ."

Later, he says, "I frequently re-read chapters of the book. I became greedy, I wanted to include in the scenario a great number of episodes which provide fresh material for strengthening the characterisation. . . ."

During the production Cherkassov met de Santis who said, speaking of the 'dosing' of the comic and pathetic in the film, ". . . If the audience are going to laugh too much at the behaviour of the knight, then he must immediately turn on them with the following words: 'Gentlemen, what are you laughing at? Strictly speaking, there is nothing funny here'. And on the other hand, if they cry too much, 'My friends, do not abandon yourselves to grief. Be optimistic, life is still beautiful.' "

Work began in earnest for Cherkassov with the make-up tests, and Kozintsev was not easily satisfied. The wide screen presented special problems to Cherkassov on account of his considerable height, and he found, on receiving his shooting schedule, that he would be required for 32 out of 38 scenes. Commenting on the director's thoroughness in selecting his artistes, Cherkassov says:

". . . Kozintsev belongs to that rare class of directors who consider that the idea of a production, whether in the cinema or the theatre, is communicated through the actor, through his methods of dramatic creation, and his experience and skill. If in the final result the laurels accrue to the performers, then the success belongs not only to them but above all to the director. This is why Kozintsev always attached tremendous importance to the rehearsal period at the table, then on the sets, and finally during shooting. . . ."

Cherkassov further testifies to Kozintsev's careful direction of his cast:

". . . The director asked me to avoid rhetoric in playing the rôle, to treat the part as simply, as respectfully and as naturally as possible. The picture became clear, but the difficult part of my creative work lay before me. What the impoverished hidalgo experienced in the novel is impossible to experience and live through in life. Nonetheless I had to prepare myself for the task. I became quite sure that triumph in these circumstances would come only through great respect—for the camera does not suffer falsehood. . . ."

For some weeks Cherkassov was engaged with his double and the actor playing Sancho in riding practice—which he came to enjoy. He was not used to his costume, and this seemed to cause the re-emergence of some mannerisms he was trying to lose; make-up, too, was unsatisfactory and distracting. But soon he had become more optimistic.

" . . . Several features of the rôle are already defined. Living qualities have emerged in the hero . . . "

As rehearsal progressed, Cherkassov continued to find that modifications and adjustments were necessary.

"The characterisation of Don Quixote requires great creative energy and physical effort. In the course of filming, during each rehearsal, the task of revealing the many-sided nature of the hero becomes more and more complicated. New details are continually being discovered."

Kozintsev's own dissatisfactions arose out of the feeling that Cherkassov had not yet rid himself of certain conceptions associated with his previous interpretations of the part. He stressed his earlier exposition of the part, the qualities of purity and saintliness that Cherkassov must convey in his performance, and emphatically denied that Don Quixote should be knightly in his behaviour or speech. . . . "He is modest in an age of boasting, chaste in an age of lechery, and finally an exalted dreamer in an age of sober calculation and the power of money." In Kozintsev's opinion Don Quixote is mad in that his dreaming prevents him from getting to grips with reality. . . . "Meanwhile," he affirms, "we must have a realistic interpretation of the character—as a country squire, honourable and good, absurd in his enthusiasm, but touching in the fineness of his aspirations. . . ." But Cherkassov, while admitting that he is in complete agreement with this interpretation of the rôle, feels bound to add:

"From my own point of view, my failures before I began to work with this new assessment of the part lay chiefly in the special nature of film art. During the shooting of a film the actor is often compelled straightaway to give the highest emotional fervour to his performance. . . ."

Later, the difficulties encountered in the 'inn' sequence are analysed by Cherkassov as follows:

" . . . For the actor playing the main part in an opera the right atmosphere is created by the overture itself. It prepares both him and the audience. In the play, the actor himself creates the mood, brings it on to the stage, and infects the audience with it. In both cases a sensitive and responsive audience is a great help. But with film-making it is an open question who inspires what and who ought to inspire what; one thing is evident: the circumstances and technicalities of film-making do not assist the work of an actor. . . . The inspiration for the creation of mood comes from the director. . . ."

Even when the first stage of work was ended Cherkassov was far from satisfied with himself. He continued to read and re-read the novel. . . .

"The assessments of the novel by great people make me



even more disturbed. Dostoevsky says, 'In all the world there is nothing more powerful and more profound than this composition. This is the last and greatest utterance of human intellect—the bitterest irony which only man could express.' Gorki ranks Cervantes' work amongst the class of those books 'which stand before us, amazingly fashioned in form and word, as the distillation of our thoughts, feelings, and bitter, burning tears. . . .' . . . How great is our responsibility!"

Shortly after seeing the rushes, Cherkassov remarks: "It is an amazing thing—at such viewings the actor's eyes are always fixed on himself. He pays no attention to the composition of the shot; he just cruelly and mercilessly criticises himself. Such self-criticism, I suppose, is useful and harmless to all concerned. I was not at all pleased with myself. I hope to have my revenge in Crimea. . . ."

Much important work was to be done before Cherkassov could say: ". . . The most amazing thing in the whole of this story is that only now is the true meaning of my hero beginning to appear. Only now, in this awful heat, in the confusion of Altisidora's entrance and the scene with the lion which we have just been filming, do I feel any creative freedom. Why did it take so long to sit correctly in the saddle of my rôle? Why did I arrive so late at the essence of the character?"

Speaking later of the death scene with Sancho and Dulcinea, Cherkassov pays his respects to Moskvina.

" . . . In this painstaking work only the great experience and talent of Moskvina gave us faith in its successful outcome. . . ."

Towards the end of the film, recording his debt to film technique, he says: ". . . I was able to accomplish the tasks the director set me thanks only to the microphone, which recorded the finest nuances of speech. In the theatre those nuances do not reach the audience. . . ."

But he has qualifications to make at a later stage of production when he says that technicians "look upon the actor as a technical apparatus which must be continuously manipulated into the general complex. . . ." As filming comes to an end Cherkassov recalls his feelings of regret and sadness at having to part with his fellow-workers.

But Cherkassov was always fully aware of the proper place of the actor in the whole scheme of film-making. . . . "With the end of shooting the work of the actor is in fact finished; the result of his creative efforts lies in the hands of the director, and the actor's success is only guaranteed by the director's talent, artistic taste and instinct. The actor is powerless to change and correct his work, but the director and editor can work wonders in the cutting rooms. That is why at this stage the actor is so attracted to the viewing and dubbing theatres. . . ."

Looking back over the many months of filming, Cherkassov confesses:

" . . . At first I did not entirely accept the director's plans. . . . I gave in gradually. But already, during the rehearsal stage, I was in fact persuaded of the true balance of his considered treatment, and I tried to realise the new conception. It seemed to me that this fresh creation of the rôle enriched me. I saw new aspects which were not apparent in my former Don Quixotes."

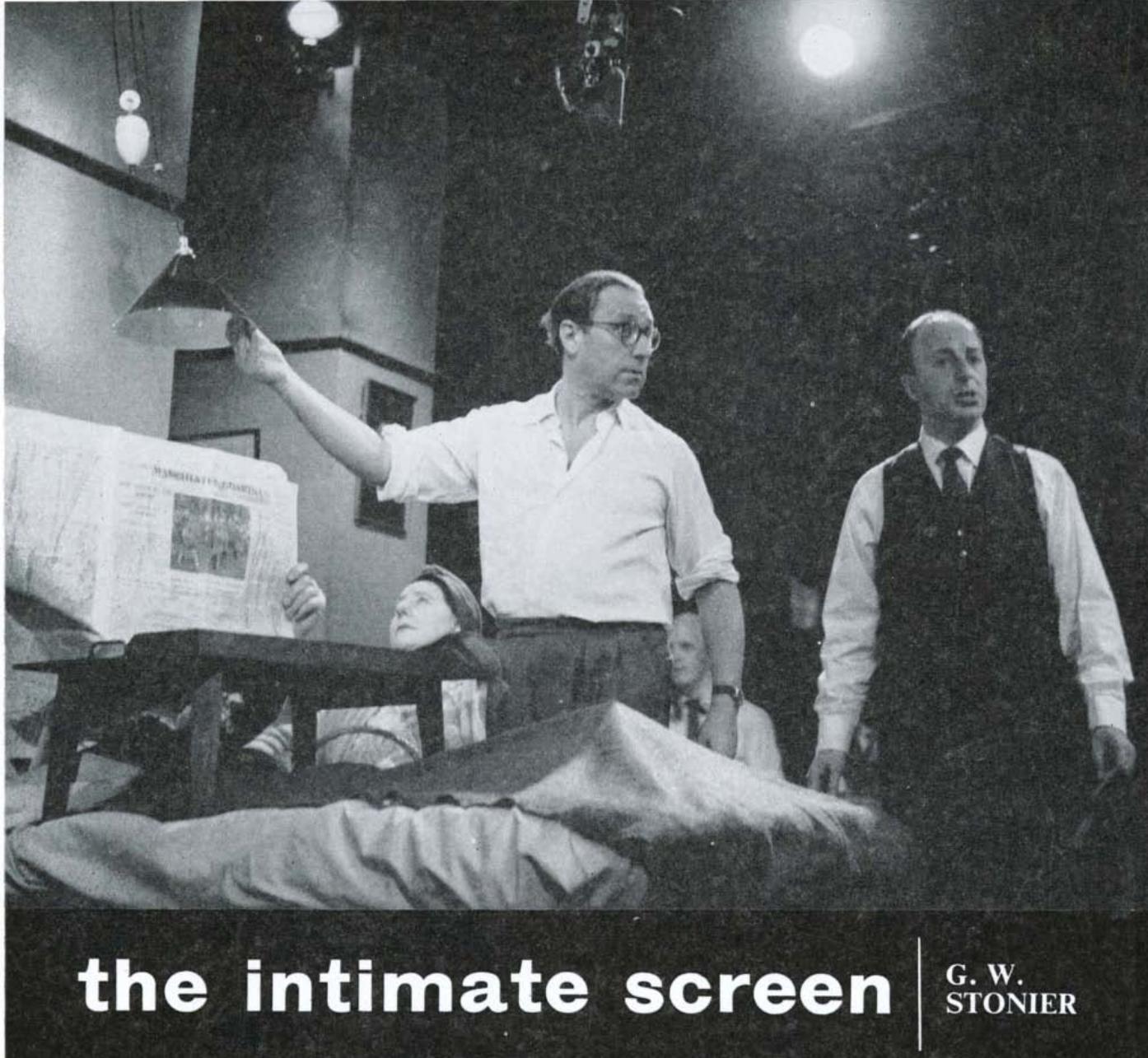
After seeing the finished work, he says:

" . . . I fixed my gaze on my shadow, and criticised it cruelly. Such is the practice of film actors and workers. . . ."

Self-effacing to the last, Cherkassov concludes:

"I am proud that I had the opportunity to make my small contribution to the interpretation of this fine and lovely character, and my work will perhaps serve as a modest experience for other actors."

Quixote, returned home after his travels, with Carrasco (G. Vitsin).



the intimate screen

G. W.
STONIER

WHAT IS TV? The living moment on a switch panel, the showgirl lifting her leg, the Trade Union leader facing round on the steps. It's news—with perhaps here and there a bit of art.

Of course we wouldn't dream of having it! But then in the country, remote from streets, from people, from films and theatre, even from the newsagent, it began to entice us. Now and then, after watching horse-show jumping or a bit of fun from *Tonight* on a neighbour's set, we'd go home to find conversation breaking a silence, our eyes going to the corner where it would stand. Easter came. My wife said, Sit down and write a TV play, then we can buy our set. So I sat down. I wrote two plays, one a story-within-a-story about a train encounter, the other about murder in a back street and its impact on two of the fallen genteel behind closed doors.

The two pieces were sent to Stephen Harrison, who had been producing for the BBC as long as I had been reviewing films. (In fact, he started in films, with Korda.) The train episode, which had seemed to me more promising than the usual venue in a drawing room with French windows, appalled him. Impossible! He drew plans and elevations to

show how half my imaginary compartment would be swept away to make room for cameras; such actors as remained would have to joggle unconvincingly; rain could not beat down on glassless windows, and so on; and when the scene moved to the draughty intimacy of the corridor, there would be technical nightmare—I had merely envisaged the dramatic one.

I still liked my train adventure—corridors I have sometimes found, to my embarrassment, confessional—and I modified the script to meet, I hoped, technical requirements; but no, it would cost too much, would be too tricky, not worth it. The second piece, *The House Opposite*, was both easier and more substantial. This was set mostly in a small bedroom overlooking the street; there were few characters: a bed-ridden old man and his middle-aged daughter stringing out reduced, fretful lives are invaded by a murder across the way; a crowd stands on the pavement, police come and go and work behind blind windows; the daughter has actually seen the murder in a lighted window at night, and the murderer is her furtive lover.

The idea was to give the lights and shades of an intrusion on existences that were little more than the glow of a fire turned out: such derelict pockets in the class struggle are not so uncommon, and the impact of violence on quietism

Above: rehearsal for "The House Opposite". The producer, Stephen Harrison, adjusts a light fitting above the old man's bed.

would produce dramatic ironies. Nothing, really, could make a dent on this frustrated pair: the father wouldn't take in murder except from the pages of the detective stories with which he ekes out his hours, and the daughter would be more virginal after the contacts of love than before. This seemed straightforward enough, yet even so complications piled up. There were places where I hadn't allowed time enough for a character to get from one set to another; sets must be cut down, and filming of street scenes, which would match (I was told) badly with studio lighting. Heat-wave, flies, dusk coming on: suppose the filming were done in rainstorms, flies left to the imagination, and as for failing light, viewers would merely turn up their sets. Oh lord!

The script went on to Michael Barry and Donald Wilson at the Drama Department in Wood Lane. Further modifications were suggested: the glimpse of the lighted window was taken out of a flashback and put before the titles. (This assumed that viewers would switch on in good time: I know several who didn't.) A street crowd and a running figure were eliminated, the first becoming noises-off, the second being kept trapped in a downstairs corridor. But with surprisingly few changes—considering that this was my first (or second) shot at TV play-writing—the script was now ready for production. A date was fixed for the end of July, and six weeks before that date Harrison set to work, looking round for his cast of four, mapping the sets on graph paper, calling in a designer. A street had to be found where from one window a house front and an empty room, papered and lit, could be filmed for the initial sequence. Two days filming were allotted for this and for other shots on pavements and in a shop. This involved booking a cameraman—whatever cameraman was available—a month ahead. The script indicated a heat-wave. As the Monday morning drew nearer the weather broke; after a tempestuous weekend WEA, consulted early on the Monday, gave a very mixed report. Under Harrison the film unit duly went off to its site, while I attended my press-shows, war films as usual; but at least, when I emerged from time to time, it wasn't raining, and the sun even looked like coming out. On the telephone I learned that this first day hadn't been so bad; but the important thing now was that the second should match it. Luckily it did.

Next day we met for a read-through—producer, production assistant, actors, script editor, author—in the old Langham Hotel, sitting about a square table with a well in the middle: the actors made up for being outside their parts by charm and curiosity—how should this word be pronounced, that sentence taken? Thunder growled outside. The long-delayed downpour cascaded on us as we left.

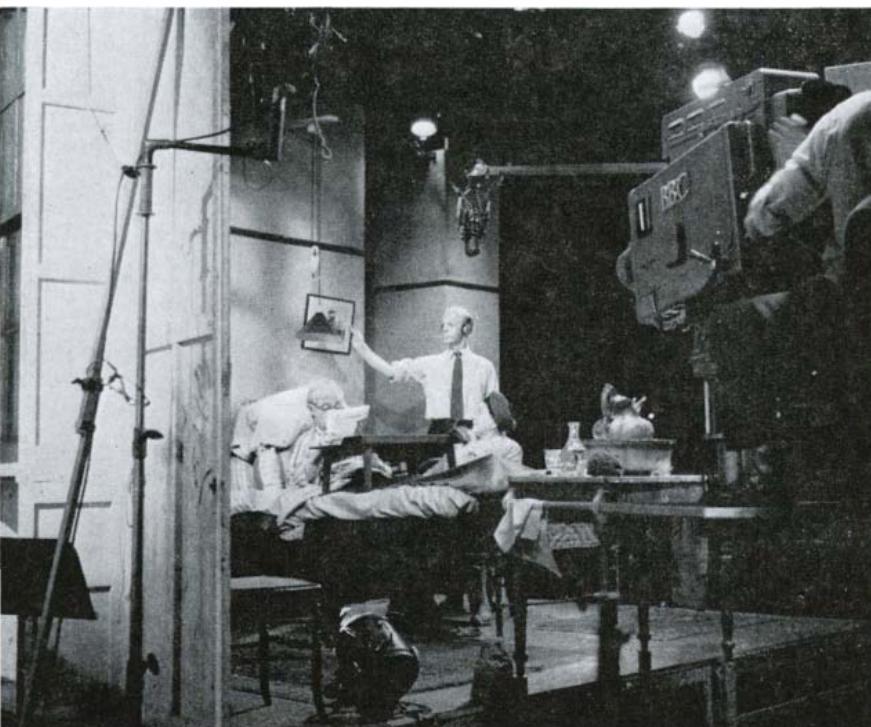
After that we separated, they and I. My job was done (except for tinkering); they were starting theirs. Off into the wilderness they went, to a church hall in Holloway, for rehearsals; while I continued my normal life, on edge, ringing up Harrison in the evening or early morning to elucidate this or underline that. It's surprising how many ways a line can be taken when worried. How was it all going? As well, I gathered, as might be expected. This had a hospital sound. After a couple of days I was allowed to visit. The St. Mary Magdalene Community Centre took some finding, off a causeway between walled bomb-sites. Large, empty hall with the imaginary sets indicated by chalk lines on the floor: here would be claustrophobic walls, here the window from which Jessica Dunning would gaze out thinking of what she had seen. She stood by her chalk line, suffering from a bad cold, and a couple of feet away a machine was ready to mumble her recorded thoughts. The hall was all echo; made worse, the afternoon before, by women singing hymns in an adjacent room. They started. Much was inaudible, half-acted. Alan Webb, lying in bed—the only reality here, which would survive to the actual performance—wriggled his paralysed toes, cursed out of the script as well as in. Harrison darted about and bore down on them in the guise of I-am-the-camera. They seemed staunchly dispirited.

A morning of this dismayed me though I had come prepared for it, and with the usual 'How's it going?' frozen on my lips I wasn't sorry to accompany Harrison to Shepherds Bush where we would see the film that had been shot. These cross-town journeys are part of the martyrdom of TV, and in the train we passed over street ends very like the one in the play. There were about two minutes of film. Harrison thoroughly enjoyed himself supervising the cutting and synchronising of sound and music: twenty-five years ago he had cut *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

More rehearsals in Holloway . . . bulletins morning and night . . . a line taken out, another put in . . . could I find some way round using the word *cancer*? . . . how was Jessica's cold? . . . terrible . . . suppose she fell out, what then? "It never happens," said Harrison.

Monday, the day before the scheduled performance. Everyone moves into Studio G at Lime Grove, cheered by the lights and the array, the busy, calm army of technicians—lighting men, cameramen, engineers who now see the script for the first time. I reckon that some fifty people are involved. Each has his 'part' like a musician in an orchestra; and every moment of the 136 shots (about average for a 45-minute piece) has long ago been worked out by Harrison. This rehearsal is purely technical, and unusually tricky at moments because of the Telecine bits and pre-recordings. The actors don't go all out, but the tonic effect of coming home, of walls with pictures looking down, sun through a fanlight, the steep geography of a small house spread out flat and hugged round by lights, camera eyes, quick-change rooms, is startling. How alive the facsimile of the street through dusty windows. Real glass! It has to be cleaned a little so as to reveal more and this introduces reflections . . . Rehearsal now will follow rehearsal (Monday, 2-10, Tuesday, 2-7.30), till the break before going on the air, with the actors improving all the time, the patient getting visibly better, so that if all's not well

Further rehearsal at Lime Grove. Eric Hills, the production assistant, tries out the hanging of a picture: Alan Webb plays the bed-ridden father.



when it comes to the point—why, the malaise miraculously sloughed off must settle back on the wretched author! This rhythm of exile and return, *angst* and deliverance, seems inseparable from the live performance. Everything may appear rushed, but with longer rehearsals the brightness would probably wear off, there might be a relapse.

Tension seizes also upon me, a gutted spectator needing walks by the river, a kibitzer of the machinery at work. On the floor are four cameras, including the Mole Richardson Crane: three or four men operate this, it moves on wheels, can crane or lower, stretch out to left or right its optical trunk out of science fiction. The bedroom set has been raised on an 18-inch rostrum so as to allow low shots. Up in the control room, with its signal-box view of the floor, are six screens facing the producer: one for each camera, and the top two for the shot actually going out and the shot to replace it. Harrison's secretary calls out the numbers of shots, he shouts *Cut*, the 'vision-mixer' works levers, shot-going-out has been replaced by next-shot, and another moves up. Quick cutting needs quick reactions from everyone, and this is further complicated by bringing in Grams or Telecine, which needs eight seconds to get up to speed. The producer must also talk direct to the floor manager, cameramen, boom operators, adjusting movements, giving cues. Shadows are removed from faces, recorded steps halt with a door opening, the highlight on a door panel has to be dimmed, recorded thoughts (a second, fully acted version) have to coincide with facial expression or movements on film. The fluidity thus achieved takes me by surprise.

The actors, the characters, are coming into their own. Alan Webb, having discarded a too senatorial wig, has his own hair painted, powdered, ruffled at odd moments; the murderer's too-loud tie is changed for another; off-screen too beautiful and young, Jessica Dunning manages to look and sound just right in the small black-and-white frame. But her cold has left a hideous cough, liable to catch her when immobilised. A glass of water is put to hand.

And in the event—at 9.15 on July 29th—the production goes out dead on time and the whole machinery works smooth as an electronic brain. The actors are at their crest; no new shadows form; film and sound click into place; any minor blemishes would be quite imperceptible to an outsider. Everyone delighted, and Michael Barry rings up with the highest possible praise. We don't chat for long. The old man has pulled off his moustache, the daughter slips away in a taxi, the Cockney neighbour has long ago nipped off to be ready for an early morning's filming, the murderer plans a weekend at Brighton. Half an hour after *The House Opposite* has vanished off the air, the sets have gone too, cameras and cables have been herded to one side, one shift is going off and another with new sets coming on.

It wasn't yet over for Stephen Harrison. At home he had to worry through the script again, endure the torture of difficult moments, take a hefty drink and barbiturates to make him sleep; otherwise, he told me, the whole night would be spent in a shot-by-shot nightmare. As it turned out, I learned afterwards, a toothache kept him pacing till daylight. He is used to such crises. He reckons on doing eight productions a year; and to this production he had brought imagination, resilience, and nerves of steel.

*

The revelation, from my point of view, was complete. I knew exactly how it was done, what could be tried and what avoided next time. No longer would the gap between paper and performance seem unbridgeable. To a writer, TV has



"*The House Opposite*": Mary (Jessica Dunning) looks through her window at the murderer across the street.

the advantage of accessibility; as a balance to its limitations, it requires no concessions; for good or bad he can hold out as an individual.

Of course, the question uppermost is this: with so much stress and skill converging on the live performance, what is there here for the writer to seize on? Very little, it would seem. The actors, coaxed to an entire performance in close-up, may excel themselves; the producer may achieve a rhythm nearer to his material, since he has no opportunity to put it aside and over-cultivate it; and a few TV fictions (such as the unscripted *The Verdict is Yours*) stake everything on the impromptu. But for the writer . . .?

Again, what has the TV play got that film and the theatre and sound radio haven't? Is it only a more mobile stage-play in close-up, cruelly restricted film, radio with vision added? Something begins to emerge. The writer gets more chance, and can be more up-to-the-moment; TV encourages intimacy, corners its themes, keeps close to them; it prefers *Hamlet* to *Henry V*; it gives a proper importance to dialogue, which films finally can do without and the stage theatricalises. Perhaps it shows up unrealities that might pass with more luxurious means. But largely, it is difference of audience. People don't go to TV, it comes to them. It sits in the corner. Its great hope is that it may catch people offguard, unawares, more themselves; and the writer who has first made his characters and situations 'more themselves' will have gone a long way towards discovering the secret of TV.



The monster convention: "Devil Bear", a Hollywood horror essay of 1929.

Book Reviews

LE FANTASTIQUE AU CINEMA, by Michel Laclos. Illustrated. (Editions Jean-Jacques Pauvert, Paris. 3,000 fr.)

LE FANTASTIQUE AU CINEMA is a companion-piece to Lo Duca's *Erotisme au Cinéma* (reviewed in the Summer, 1957, number of *SIGHT AND SOUND*); and, although he is slightly less polemical than most of them, one imagines that Laclos, like Duca, belongs to the *Age-du-Cinéma*-type group of film critics. Like its companion, this book is screen-shaped and quite elegantly made. The stills are clearly reproduced and free from fuzziness. The author has also provided it with a Filmography of the Fantastic which, though it cannot be final, is very useful.

Laclos' task was perhaps more difficult than Duca's because the phrase "fantastic cinema" covers a multitude of genres, boredoms, puissant banalities and authentic Dream Beasts. Such movies need something equivalent to the *art autre* phrase invented by the critic Tapié to cover action, tachiste and brut painting, something at once more vague and more precise than "fantastic" to distinguish them from mainstream cinema.

Always excepting occasional observations in such publications as Anthony Boucher's *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and isolated reviews and articles in film magazines, not many fantastic movies receive anything but condescension and sociological sniping until they are twenty years old. As many of them are also extremely fugitive items in the first place, there is a lack both of documentation concerning them and of a context in which to place them critically: therefore Laclos' book is something in the nature of an aerial photograph taken of a site prior to the arrival of archaeologists and specialist investigators. His introductory text is short. It draws an outline development of fantastic cinema,

points the continuous need of fantasy, deals in more detail with a few works (*Frankenstein*, *The Golem*, *Freaks*, *The Old Dark House*, etc.), surveys science fiction movies and their links with earlier horror films, and ends with an appeal for closer and more sympathetic study of the directors, writers and stars of fantasy films.

In *Mystère Laïc: Essai d'Etude Indirecte* (1928) Cocteau wrote: "Even when nothing moves, the camera registers the passing of time. Nothing is more intriguing than a photograph in a movie. By means of this syncopation one could, for a moment, turn people taken by fear into statues." A still, being a photograph stolen from a moving film, is enhanced by the same trickery; and it is because of this that even the most routine film can produce a staggering image. A picturebook like *Le Fantastique au Cinéma*, whose stills come entirely from the genus Fantasy/Horror/SF, is bound to be particularly intriguing because the films in that group, though individual items may be banal or technically tenth-rate, have a particular corporate fascination.

Laclos' collection of images generally lives up to its possibilities, although the stills in a fan publication like *Famous Monsters of Filmland* (Central Publications Inc., Philadelphia) do stand witness to the fact that there is, even yet, a largely untapped supply of grotesque imagery. It also seems arbitrary, although it may be due to Laclos' definition of the territory his title allows him to cover, to include stills from a few basically experimental or art films and to ignore completely, for example, the early Buñuel, *Le Sang d'un Poète* or the shorts of Man Ray.

As far as possible the stills have been grouped under such headings as: cemeteries, wax museums, "Scare Me", vampires, mad scientists, leopard men and cat women, "Pas les mains... Pas les Mains", science fiction. These groups have been further documented by comments and quotations from relevant romantic-style literature. Certain of them (generally those which are most easily classifiable) hit the eye's target with more precision than others, particularly those devoted to Frankenstein's monster, Hands, Science Fiction (this being sub-divided into Scenes of the Future, Robots, Flying Saucers, Cataclysms, Selected Monsters, etc.). Individual films which are well illustrated include the *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* starring Frederic March, the two *Frankensteins* of James Whale and Browning's *Freaks*, a film played in fact by actual circus freaks and described by Laclos as, "the most unusual film in the history of the cinema, the unrecognised masterpiece of the great Tod Browning, employing an hallucinatory cast of authentic monsters." Among the book's most valuable features are several isolated (and generally full page) stills whose impact is tremendous: a frozen Frankenstein's Monster in a set like a Sam Francis painting; Lon Chaney, furred, crouching between branches as the Wolf Man; Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland looming behind giant, dusty cobwebs in *Mark of the Vampire*; Chaney, ragged and barbed as a Paolozzi sculpture, sprawled against a marble wall in *The Mummy's Ghost*; a superb Marais Bête and a silhouetted, luminous-eyed, alien-occupied human from *It Came from Outer Space*.

Possibly because their story-lines permitted stupidities which would never be allowed in a magazine like *Astounding*, the vogue for straight SF films seems recently to have died down. With the help of the resurrection of many old horror films on American TV (an advertisement in *Monsters of Filmland* reads: TV means Terrifying Vampires), they seem to have been replaced by an increasing number of movies based on werewolf-vampire themes, monsters and supernatural-scientific visitations. Consequently, although Laclos includes stills from Terence Fisher's *Curse of Frankenstein*, the fact that the printing of his book was completed early this year prevented him from including any reference to such relevant productions as the extraordinary *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*; *Teenage Frankenstein* (this mythos is also being expanded by *Frankenstein's Castle*, *Revenge of Frankenstein*, *Frankenstein 1970*); the Japanese-American *Rodan* (prehistoric bird eggs hatched during disturbances caused underground by atomic experiments); the "dwarf" film *Six Inches Tall*, which counterpoints and actually has its protagonists seeing *Amazing Colossal Man* at a drive-in cinema; and other current horror pieces.

It is difficult to analyse the fascination of Fantasy/Horror/SF films, other than to say that it lies at some point between the Gothic novel, the more Sears and Roebuck pages of de Sade and rock'n'roll. Unless they have some special distinction of director or star, the films appeal only to very casual moviegoers and, like opium and medieval music, to the addicts. To this last group Laclos' creep album, despite its occasional faults and possible lack of personal favourites, will be valuable as a pioneer attempt to pinpoint the landmarks and to define the contours of their devotion.

ROY EDWARDS

TWO ANGRY MEN

TELEVISION PLAYS, by Paddy Chayefsky. (Simon and Schuster, New York. Price in U.K. 13s.)

SIX TELEVISION PLAYS, by Reginald Rose. (Simon and Schuster, New York. Price in U.K. 28s. approx.)

STILL EMBATTLED AGAINST television, the English-speaking cinema is relying more and more on material from other mediums. Only stories which have already succeeded in another form are considered really safe. And it is ironical that in the United States one of the great sources of pre-tested material should be television itself. Two out of each of the six TV plays published by Paddy Chayefsky and Reginald Rose have already been filmed.

These collections of plays, each with their author's comments, provide a contrast in manner and matter which is the more interesting because of a superficial similarity in the writers' backgrounds. Both have lived all their lives in New York; both are in their middle thirties; and both write about the section of American society they know really well—the lower middle-class town dwellers. Yet their approaches to television could hardly be more different.

To Chayefsky it is an intimate medium in which to explore the "marvellous world of the ordinary". He seeks to capture the innermost thoughts and motives of ordinary people, to picture the incredibly complicated pattern of their relations with one another. "This is an age of savage introspection," he says, "and television is the dramatic medium through which to expose our new insights into ourselves." Rose, by contrast, uses television with a deliberately didactic intent. To him it is a platform for propaganda. His interest is in principles rather than people.

Both are men of liberal views, very much aware of the social stresses in America today. But while Rose is something of a ranting crusader, constantly driving home a message of liberty and tolerance, Chayefsky's anger is deeper and sadder. It arises not from an external apprehension of injustice or persecution but from an understanding of the emptiness within.

The heart of the matter, for Chayefsky, is contained in three sentences from his comment on *Printer's Measure*. "The basic story is always the emotional line of the script. Don't ever make the basic line the social comment of the script. Drama is concerned only with emotion." Certainly he follows his own advice, beginning always with emotion—that is to say, with people—and finding that social comment automatically, sometimes perhaps unconsciously, follows. *Marty* and *The Bachelor Party* are both basically love stories. But there are few more pungent comments on the sterility of life in a big city than the Saturday night scene in *Marty*: ". . . So what do you feel like doing tonight?" "I don't know. What do you feel like doing . . .?" And what could be sadder than the men of *The Bachelor Party* 'having themselves a ball' in a succession of dreary bars?

Neither of these plays needed much adaptation for the cinema. Extra scenes were added, admittedly, and some minor characters expanded, but the essence was in the original. Notice for instance the masterly economy with which the character and background of Marty himself are established in the first page and a half of dialogue. Indeed it may be that the limitations of the hour-long television form suit Chayefsky better, at least as a disciplined beginning, than the wider scope of an original screenplay. Certainly his script for *The Goddess* seems curiously shapeless and long drawn-out in contrast to the compression of his television originals, and its intense bitterness has driven out the warm humour of the earlier plays. Chayefsky seems to have ignored his own advice in this case and to have started with social comment (on Hollywood) rather than with the emotions of his heroine.

Of the remaining Chayefsky plays, *The Mother* and *Big Deal* have much in common with *Marty*. The first portrays a complicated parent-child relationship; the second has for its central character a sort of Willy Loman—unable to accept his own limitations and inflicting endless trouble on his family. Both plays are marred by facile and unlikely happy endings. In *Printer's Measure*, a neatly constructed story of an irascible old printer fighting a hopeless battle against the coming of machines, Chayefsky noticeably refutes one of his own theories about his work. He maintains that he tries to write dialogue "as if it had been wire-tapped"; in fact he is expert in the use of dramatic devices to heighten ordinary speech and there are occasional poetic overtones in *Printer's Measure* which are reminiscent of the young O'Casey. Chayefsky has said "We are for the most part an adolescent

people"; and Reginald Rose would doubtless agree. But this conviction, together with experience as an advertising copywriter, has led him to adopt a dramatic technique which implies something dangerously close to contempt for his audience. He sells ideas by constructing a plot embodying the basic proposition and then hammering it across with all the techniques of repetition and sentiment which have been tried and proved in 'commercials'. He is outstandingly good at his job and one has no doubt that his television plays work most effectively on the screen.

Deliberately simple in content, Rose's plays substitute the technical slickness of the electronic age for the crude vigour of the old moralities. Two of them are based on the same trick. Both *The Remarkable Incident at Carson Corners* and *An Almanac of Liberty* open with a group of people gathering in a public hall for a purpose which concerns them all but is unknown to them. After a suitable period for suspense, the surprise is sprung—in the first case a mock murder trial conducted by school-children, in the second an excursion into fantasy, with time standing still. It is a good melodramatic device, though more suited to the theatre or cinema than to television. Rose's somewhat elementary explanation for his recurring use of this trick is that it is the only way "to tell a story in which a room full of people can symbolise a world full of people."

Twelve Angry Men shows both the writer's strength and his weakness. The jurors are types, lightly sketched in as they must be in so complicated a plot. The technical intricacies are brilliantly solved and the emotion behind the writing gives it such impetus that it can carry immense conviction in performance. But in cold print its works can be taken apart. Not only is it totally implausible, but even as propaganda its value is doubtful since the plot pre-supposes a trial which must have been a travesty of justice. This type of play, like most of Rose's work, is better suited to the cinema, where there is room and time to fill out the plot mechanism with some real character drawing. Another play which might go well on the larger screen is *Thunder on Sycamore Street*, inspired by an actual incident of racial persecution on a housing estate. (The racial aspect had to be removed for television and the persecution became that of a man who is 'different' in another way—because he has been in prison). Again, the framework shows on paper; but in this case the study of mob violence includes some more substantial attempts at characterisation.

Both Chayefsky and Rose are using television as few dramatic writers in Britain have yet attempted to do. Their published television plays, and especially their comments on these and on writing conditions in the United States, add to the picture. They are almost required reading for anyone hoping to write for television.

BRENDA DAVIES

THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY 1958. (Political and Economic Planning, 5s.)

WHEN THE P.E.P. REPORT *The British Film Industry* was published six years ago, Mr. Harold Wilson commented in a *SIGHT AND SOUND* review that, "its diagnosis of the problems the industry is facing is sound and well-balanced," but "it follows most other commentators, in Parliament and elsewhere, in stating the problems without finding itself able to make any recommendations."

The British Film Industry 1958 is again concerned with presenting economic issues rather than devising solutions. Its expressly stated aim is "to let the layman judge for himself." Much of the ground it covers—decline in cinema attendance, competition from television, the operations of the N.F.F.C.—has already been rather more sketchily traversed in *SIGHT AND SOUND*. What the Report does is to assemble a clear, factually indispensable statistical record, with analysis and comment.

The booklet details stages in the Entertainments Tax campaign, making it clear that even the considerable tax relief in the last Budget may not meet the industry's needs: if attendance figures continue their sharp decline, the net return to the industry after tax will within two years be well below the 1957 (pre-Budget) figure. The general point is made that, "Government intervention . . . has now practically reached its furthest point . . . and can no longer be regarded as the main current in the industry's affairs. Already its successor is stirring. It is no less than an operational revolution"—or, in other words, the move towards so-called 'rationalisation'. The booklet raises a further significant issue in detailing the controversy over precisely how a 'British' film should be defined: "The result, when it makes its appearance in the

amended 1948 Films Act, will show whether the Government—and presumably the majority of the British industry—consider it more important that British films should be 'genuinely British', or whether they should sacrifice some part of their individuality to a wider market with its concomitant economic advantages." This is a key point particularly concerning the future of Anglo-American production.

Statistics are often hard to come by in the cinema, and the booklet rightly points to the remarkable gap left by the absence of any official figures for the overseas earnings of British productions. Otherwise, *The British Film Industry 1958* covers the statistical ground in a series of clear summaries, bringing the 1952 Report up to date and providing an equally essential reference source for anyone concerned with industry economics.

Correspondence

Television and Children

The Editor, SIGHT AND SOUND

SIR,—Some nine years ago, the Society of Film Teachers was founded as a result of a letter to several magazines such as your own, which brought together a large number of teachers concerned with questions of film appreciation in education. In recent years, the Society has been studying also the powerful medium of Television.

Discussion of television in education tends to circle around two points: its use as a possible visual aid in the classroom, and its menace as a distraction to homework in the evening. A similar attitude towards the cinema prevailed for decades, until the adoption by members of this Society of a more positive approach resulted in the recognition—both here and abroad—of fruitful methods for teaching Film as a cultural subject. Although it is perhaps too soon to claim Television as a developed art, its social impact and influence on children is widely recognised, and the challenge to teachers to take it into account is at least as strong as that of the cinema.

We believe that the time is ripe to attempt to bring together, with a view to exchanging information and views, those who are interested in developing discriminating viewing by children and young people. There are undoubtedly many teachers outside our own membership from whose experience we can all learn. On the other hand, members of the S.F.T. have been applying to Television some of the methods employed in teaching Film.

The first of a series of Television Notes, an analysis of programmes with some tentative suggestions for their discussion, has been prepared, and the Society will be happy to send a copy of this to anyone who would like it, especially teachers who would be prepared to send comments and/or information about their own experiences. Applications, enclosing a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, should be made to A. W. Hodgkinson, 95 Grove Park Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

We would stress that we are not concerned with the use of Television as a visual aid in schools, nor are we exclusively interested in special "children's television." In our experience, *all* television is children's television.

Yours faithfully,
Television Committee
of the Society of
Film Teachers.

A. P. HIGGINS, M. S. FELLOWS,
C. L. HEYWOOD, A. W. HODGKINSON,
A. KITCHING.

Avant-Garde

SIR,—Since three of the film-makers singled out for attack by your Mr. Reisz in reviewing the Brussels Experimental Film Festival happen to be members of the Gryphon Film Group, and the other two important experimentalists whom we admire greatly, perhaps we may be permitted a reply.

First, we should like to ask why you send somebody to the Festival who, by his own admission, prefers commercial films, who is dedicated to the cinematic joke, the slick quickie, the eternal British filmic bore. (Has there ever come out of England a film to compare with one by Cocteau, Vigo or even Deren?) Contrary to what Mr. Reisz thinks ("Almost all the important films at Brussels were made by professionals scraping together precarious budgets from the left-overs of commercial production"), *almost all American entries were made by individuals with no budgets*, films made by great personal sacrifice on the part of the film-makers. This happens to be true for all the Gryphon Group, and most others as well. Kenneth Anger spent a small inheritance on *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*; I am still trying to pay lab. bills on *Narcissus* from my college salary; Brakhage literally starved while making a couple of his films. (The Gryphon Group gave a benefit to pay rent on a cold-water flat to prevent his eviction.) Maya Deren will always be an inspiration to us who have not sold out for a cutting job in Hollywood or the sponsorship of an oil or cheese company.

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We think also that Reisz forgot the purpose of the Brussels Film Festival as put forward in its prospectus: "to investigate the future of the experimental film." Like the judges, he also loves heavy-handed, old-hat propaganda films, as witness his greatest praise. Kenneth Anger's *Inauguration*, whatever you may think of its literary content, used three screens in projection, has some of the most exciting colour sequences ever made; Brakhage, the brightest new light to appear on the American scene, is brilliant in his exploration of techniques. Each of his six Brussels films shows genius cinematically. And *Narcissus*, I immodestly assert, is beautiful photographically.

But even if these films were as uninspired in invention as a late British documentary or a cute animated three-minuter such as Reisz enjoys, they at least attempt to make serious aesthetic statements, sustain a sense of poetry. They are ambitious works of art: "attempts to explore the future of the film." And some of these attempts are eminently successful. There certainly will be no genuine progress in amateur film-making (like Cocteau I believe in the amateur) until we have intelligent critics to judge works. *SIGHT AND SOUND*, which has done so much to salvage film criticism from the lower depths, could have done good service to the film-makers by sending a sympathetic critic to Brussels.

Meanwhile, we shall continue to make films. One thing we are happy about: Mr. Reisz's promise not to look at any more of our films. We hope he sticks to it.

Yours faithfully,

117 Greene Street,
New York 12, U.S.A.

WILLARD MAAS.
For The Gryphon Film Group

"Touch of Evil"

SIR,—Penelope Houston's suggestion that *Touch of Evil* shows Orson Welles 'marking time' is, I believe, at once charitable to Welles and unfair to *Citizen Kane*. If *Citizen Kane* set out to demonstrate anything, it revealed, surely, that there was little to be explained about Charles Foster Kane: remembered affection for a boyhood sledge was the index of his emotional poverty.

Hank Quinlan, on the other hand, is not a deliberate study in inflated emptiness. In intention he may epitomize power and its corruption, but on the screen he remains unexplained because he is simply a lumbering shadow, a submerged chuckle, a voice constantly dropping towards inaudibility, a torso whose vast bulk

intimidates the whole frame. Welles' invention lags disappointingly behind his technique: physically—and in no other sense—Quinlan is over-size; as a three-dimensional person he does not exist.

Touch of Evil finally impresses as being the most dehumanised and arid of Welles' films. It is as if he had directed the film to death in an attempt to disguise its indifferent material, as if his interest in conjuring had undone him. Penelope Houston writes of his dealing 'the technical cards out of the pack with a card-sharper's eye to subterfuge'. But we are no longer deceived. We have seen all the tricks before, we know how they are done, and suddenly the performance is lacking discipline, rhythm, climax—and, most of all, magic. Under the circumstances it is a relief to give this unique talent the benefit of the doubt and seize upon Welles' charge of 'wholesale re-editing' as extenuation for this long prestidigitatorial flourish.

Yours faithfully,

37 Roxburgh Croft,
Lillington, Leamington Spa,
Warwickshire.

LIONEL R. H. GODFREY.

Music for 'Potemkin'

SIR,—Roger Manvell and John Huntley may have further authority for their statement that the film music for *Battleship Potemkin* was once banned—Meisel himself told me of the incident. Unfortunately at this distance of time I cannot remember the exact place, date and scope of the ban; I believe it was somewhere in Germany, between 1926 and 1928, specific performances and for a period, but whether by civil or military authority I cannot remember. I do recall that he said the order described the music as 'Staatsgefaerlich' but did not ban the film.

Incidentally, Eisenstein had never seen *Potemkin* projected with the Meisel music prior to the (London) Film Society show. (Though Meisel had earlier been invited specially to U.S.S.R. for a performance, somehow or other it never came off). Eisenstein's reaction was typical, and engaging. He complained with mock bitterness that the music swamped his picture, which had "ceased to be a film and become an opera." (But I believe he was, veritably, a little jealous).

Yours faithfully,

Old Timbers, Verdure Close,
Garston, Watford, Herts.

IVOR MONTAGU.

EISENSTEIN'S MEXICAN TRAGEDY

Continued from page 308

into the terms of *Alexander Nevsky* or *Ivan the Terrible*—though it is startling to see the endless flood of pilgrims that surge from the bottom of the frame, translated into an endless flood of Russian soldiers attacking the flank of the Teuton knights at the Battle on the Ice.

The tragedy kept a great film from us—and I believe it would have been Eisenstein's greatest film—but the tragedy also makes it possible, as it has never been possible before, to study the working methods of a great film-maker. We have lost a masterpiece, but something remains behind to teach us. I do not think that many of us before have had the opportunity to study the raw materials of a film-maker.

Possibly outweighing its instructional values, such a restoration also has serious disadvantages. Though one takes increasing satisfaction in guessing which take would have been chosen, how much of it, and in what context, one can search with far less satisfaction for the intention and idea behind each fragment: that is something that only the artist's completion of his work could tell us. Along with the ideas and montage, the style, too, is concealed from us. Rushes of exterior filming with non-actors give the deceptive impression of a documentary style that Eisenstein repeatedly warned was not to be the style of *Que Viva Mexico!* In the face of the dramatic style that all his Mexican documents propose, this "documentary" appearance trapped Marie Seton and Paul Burnford into giving the approximation they edited an instructional air at variance with the actual nature of the material. Any audience that looks at the study-films should be warned of this difficulty.

Sometimes the very quantity of the material for a sequence forces one to speculate about its probable intent. It seems clear that the bulk of the staged details of bullfighting would have been reduced to a mere seasoning for the scenes of real bull-fighting—a thrown cape here, a glittering turn there—yet it is also clear that whatever the function of this sequence, Eisenstein required these controlled details to give it his shape. A more difficult guessing game is offered by two examples of minimum movement. The first, of the motal feast around the coffin, suggests a spatial geometry as the eventual shape of the Prologue; the more familiar shots of pre-Colombian architecture might be the key to the strangely still dynamics of the figure compositions. A later sequence, the Corpus Christi dancers for the *Maguey* novella, was to use, I believe, stillness for another purpose. We can assume several alternative juxtapositions of this Corpus Christi ceremony with the fierce climax of *Maguey*, yet all alternatives might have employed the dancers as montage witnesses of the drama: a note by Eisenstein on a cutting sketch for this sequence, "the more immobile the better,"[†] suggests that the increasing horror of the action was to be matched by a frighteningly decreasing action on the part of the masked dancer-witnesses.

One part of the original plan that is least conveyed in the study-films is the Epilogue. Fortunately Eisenstein made full notes on the general organisation he planned for this; his rough shot-list, reproduced on page 306, is one of the documents he presented to the Museum of Modern Art, in New York.

[†] Reproduced in *Sergei M. Eisenstein*, by Marie Seton; page 206.

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A GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

Films likely to be of special interest to *SIGHT AND SOUND* readers are denoted by one, two or three stars

***AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS** (*United Artists*) Mike Todd's "show" remains a film like any other—but twice as long as most. Good performances by David Niven and Cantinflas and exotic guest appearances help pass the time. (Director, Michael Anderson. Cinestage, Eastman Colour.)

BRAVADOS, THE (*Fox*) A rancher leads a posse in pursuit of four gunmen, only finds after killing three of them that they were not the men who murdered his wife. A Western legend of violence, with religious overtones and ultra-laconic playing by Gregory Peck. (Joan Collins, Stephen Boyd; director, Henry King. CinemaScope, Eastman Colour.)

***CAT AND MOUSE** (*Eros*) Suspense story about a girl held prisoner by American army deserter pursuing a hoard of stolen diamonds. Directed and scripted by Paul Rotta as an interesting essay in low-budget production. *Reviewed.* (Lee Patterson, Ann Sears.)

CERTAIN SMILE, A (*Fox*) Bowdlerised Sagan against superbly photographed backgrounds of Paris and the Riviera. The student heroine has a brief affair with a middle-aged Lothario but is finally restored to her youthful boyfriend: the result is easy sentiment and eye-catching locations. (Christine Carrère, Rossano Brazzi, Joan Fontaine; director, Jean Negulesco. CinemaScope, Eastman Colour.)

****CRANES ARE FLYING, THE** (*Curzon*) Here is the "new look" in the Soviet cinema. A personal love story set against a wartime background is told with much romantic feeling (and some clichés); the camerawork is fantastic and the beautiful Tatiana Samoilova makes a perfect, tragic Russian heroine. (Nikolai Batalov; director, Mikhail Kalatozov.)

DECKS RAN RED, THE (*M-G-M*) Authentically staged sea-going thriller about modern piracy. James Mason effectively foils two murderous deck hands in a series of gun battles, feats of daring and elaborate bluff. Undistinguished but well-bolstered suspense melodrama. (Dorothy Dandridge, Broderick Crawford; director, Andrew Stone.)

****DEFIANT ONES, THE** (*United Artists*) As two escaped convicts, on the run and chained together, Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier play crisply their story of growing understanding between men of different races. The allegory is skilfully handled through brisk and biting dialogue, though minor characters and situations often seem merely sketched. *Reviewed.* (Cara Williams; director, Stanley Kramer.)

****DON QUIXOTE** (*Gala*) A conscientious adaptation of Cervantes. Kozintsev's direction is at its most eloquent when at the Spanish Court and in the rowdy village scenes with Sancho Panza; the noble Cherkassov, despite the indignities of dubbing, draws a sad, memorable portrait of the Don. (Yuri Tolubeyev. SovScope; Sovcolor.)

FACE OF THE CAT, THE (*Miracle*) French Resistance heroics, with Françoise Arnoul as the agent wrongly suspected of treachery and finally shot by her own people. Rather heavy playing; competent, tense direction by Henri Decoin. (Bernard Blier, Kurt Meisel.)

FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST, THE (*Fox*) Remake of *Kiss of Death* in a Western setting. The trail of brutal murders by a slobbering homicidal maniac is pursued to the criminal's blood-stained end by Hugh O'Brian. (Robert Evans, Dolores Michaels; director, Gordon Douglas. CinemaScope.)

FLY, THE (*Fox*) Horror story in which a scientist finds in the course of experiments that his molecules have become mixed with those of a fly—with distressing results. Like most recent horror essays, a mixture of the revolting and the absurd. (Al Hedison, Patricia Owens, Vincent Price; director, Kurt Neumann. CinemaScope, Eastman Colour.)

***GODDESS, THE** (*Columbia*) Paddy Chayefsky's bitter survey of the life and hard times of a Hollywood star. Sustains high-pressure writing and playing through two hours, sometimes brilliantly, but the total effect of this relentless piece is more arid than tragic. *Reviewed.* (Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, Betty Lou Holland; director, John Cromwell.)

***GOD'S LITTLE ACRE** (*United Artists*) An excursion into the Erskine Caldwell country: gold and women are the targets for this family of "poor whites" down on the farm. Despite watered down eroticism and social comment, the playing helps to keep things lively. *Reviewed.* (Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray, Fay Spain; director, Anthony Mann.)

ICE COLD IN ALEX (*A.B.-Pathé*) An ambulance party's wartime trek across the North African desert, through minefields, sandstorms and German patrols. J. Lee-Thompson piles on the suspense, though comparisons with *The Wages of Fear* remain otiose. (John Mills, Sylvia Syms, Anthony Quayle.)

IMITATION GENERAL (*M-G-M*) Army sergeant assumes the rank of general to rally his detachment in a film which rather bafflingly tries to mix straight war heroics with broad military farce. A steady influence is provided by Glenn Ford's relaxed playing. (Red Buttons, Taina Elg; director, George Marshall.)

***INDISCREET** (*Warner's*) Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman weave their way expertly through this slightest of comedies, about a diplomat who pretends to be married while conducting his love affairs and an actress who discovers his secret. Deft, sophisticated entertainment. *Reviewed.* (Phyllis Calvert, Cecil Parker; director, Stanley Donen. Technicolor.)

JUVENILE PASSION (*Gala*) Unusual, occasionally revealing, Japanese film about their own jive-happy, promiscuous youth. Rather too novelettish for comfort, it has some well-observed love scenes and a bizarre and spectacular climax at sea. (Miye Kitahara, Masahiko Isugawa; director, Yasushi Nakashira.)

KING CREOLE (*Paramount*) Tale of night-club violence and infidelity, providing a violent vehicle for Elvis Presley, as a misunderstood son. Aimed directly at Presley's following, it should have no difficulty in scoring a hit. (Carolyn Jones, Dean Jagger; director, Michael Curtiz, VistaVision.)

KINGS GO FORTH (*United Artists*) Wartime love drama with racial complications, with Tony Curtis as faithless seducer, Frank Sinatra as the honest soldier who swears to kill him and marry the girl he jilted. Curtis again strengthens his reputation as an actor of talent as well as star quality. (Natalie Wood; director, Delmer Daves.)

***LITTLE ISLAND, THE** (*Rank*) Made by young Canadian artist Richard Williams, this is an ambitious, often exciting attempt to combine the conventions of the animated film with more abstruse philosophical conceptions. Alternately comic and grim, and in total effect extremely striking. (Eastman Colour; part CinemaScope.)

***MATCHMAKER, THE** (*Paramount*) Thornton Wilder's stage comedy filmed with little concession to the new medium. The story of the miserly merchant of Yonkers trapped into marriage remains rather static and wordy, despite Shirley Booth's virtuous playing. (Anthony Perkins, Shirley MacLaine; director, Joseph Anthony. VistaVision.)

***NEXT TO NO TIME** (*British Lion*) Whimsical and quite agreeable comedy about a bashful scientist on board the *Queen Elizabeth*, who finds the confidence to handle a tigerish financier during the "lost" hour after midnight as they cross the Atlantic. *Reviewed.* (Kenneth More, Betsy Drake, Roland Culver; director, Henry Cornelius. Eastman Colour.)

PROUD REBEL, THE (*M-G-M*) "Reb" from the South wanders in search of a doctor to cure his mute son, who finally finds his voice just in time to save his father from being killed. Smooth direction and bright playing from Alan Ladd, his son and Olivia de Havilland cannot camouflage the film's novelettish antecedents. (Director, Michael Curtiz. Technicolor.)

QUESTION OF ADULTERY, A (*Eros*) Catchpenny adaptation of Dan Sutherland's play *Breach of Marriage*, itself a far from subtle investigation of the case for artificial insemination. Made by the producer and director of *The Flesh is Weak*, with no less of an eye to the sensation market. (Julie London, Anthony Steel, Basil Sydney; director, Don Chaffey.)

***QUIET FLOWS THE DON** (*Gala*) The first part of Gerassimov's six-hour version of Sholokhov's novel seems solidly centered rather than poetically inspired. Much vivid detail of village life, a rousing battle scene and some theatrically tinged playing. (Pyotr Glebov, Elina Bystritskaya. Sovcolor.)

REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE (*Columbia*) The notorious Baron constructs, under the guise of charity work, a new monster with the brain of a dwarf. Peter Cushing plays the Baron smoothly, if a little shyly, but when the monster runs amok horror turns increasingly to farce. (Eunice Gayson, Michael Gwynn; director, Terence Fisher. Technicolor.)

ROCK-A-BYE BABY (*Paramount*) Jerry Lewis, nursemaid to a film star who has given birth to triplets, involved in the usual mishaps with nappies and irate relations. Some lively jokes, some too tired for even an energetic Lewis to re-invigorate. (Marilyn Maxwell, Reginald Gardiner; director, Frank Tashlin. VistaVision, Technicolor.)

SEA FURY (*Rank*) Set in a small Spanish port, this is a story of ageing passion and tug-boat daring. The story hangs fire until Stanley Baker's lengthy last struggle with a drum of sodium, though the seascapes are always watchable. (Victor McLaglen, Luciana Paluzzi; director, C. Raker Endfield.)

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD, THE (*Cinerama Productions*) Another large-screen world tour, taking in the sights of Greece, Japan, India, etc. Travel by Cinerama is losing its novelty value, and this instalment carries excess baggage in the form of Lowell Thomas's deadening commentary. (Various directors. Technicolor.)

SOUTH PACIFIC (*Fox*) High, wide and generally unhandsome Todd-AO version of stage success, stodgily directed by Joshua Logan. Happily the songs survive from a welter of weird colour effects and jungle decor. (Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. Technicolor.)

****WILD STRAWBERRIES** (*Contemporary*) Ingmar Bergman's Berlin prizewinner, a brilliantly constructed account of the twenty-four hours in which an ageing university professor relives past experiences and discovers understanding. A major work by an important talent. (Victor Sjöström.)

WINDJAMMER (*Rank*) Elaborate travelogue in *Cinemiracle*, the latest wide screen process, following the 18,000 mile voyage of a three masted-rigger. Plenty of seascapes but hardly enough ideas to keep the screen filled. (Directors, Louis de Rochemont III and Bill Colleran. Eastman Colour.)

WONDERFUL YEARS, THE (*Rank*) Syrupy piece, somewhat indebted to *Peyton Place*, about teen-age lovers who shake some sense into their neurotic parents. Attractive playing by John Saxon; something murky in the ruined bandstand. (Teresa Wright, Sandra Dee, James Whitmore; director, Helmut Kautner. CinemaScope.)



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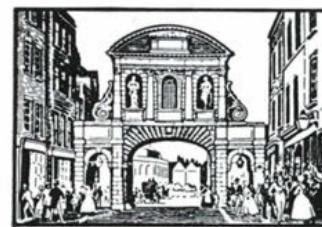
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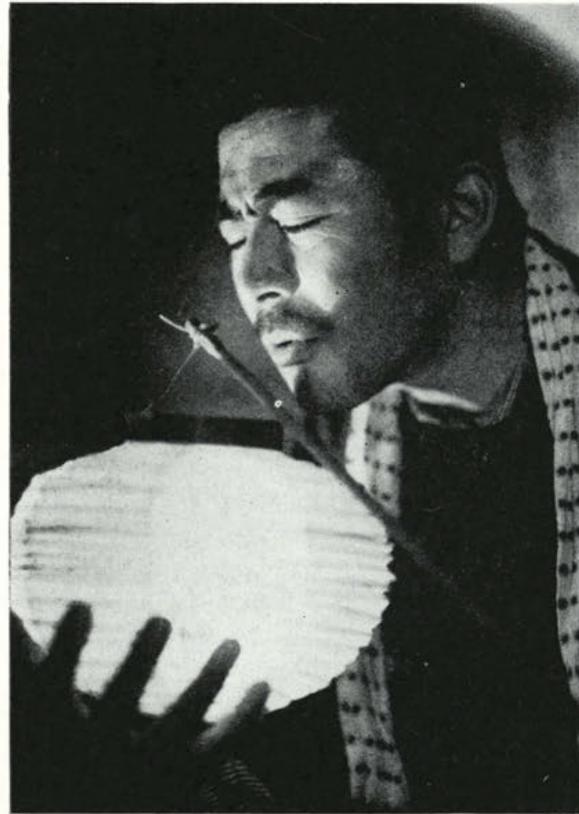
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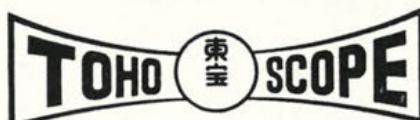
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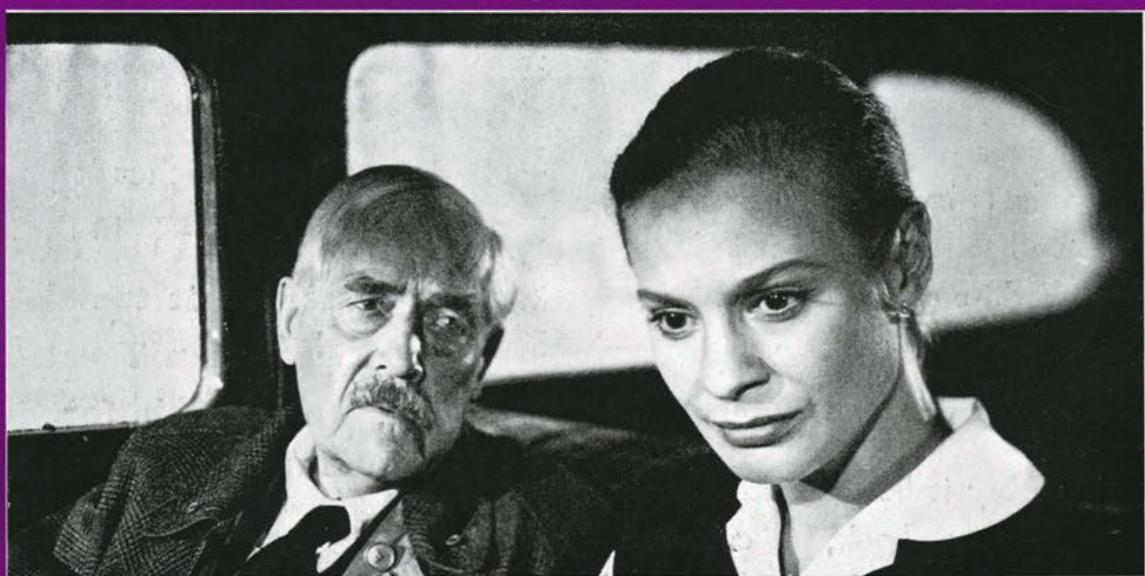
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